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MARCH 35c

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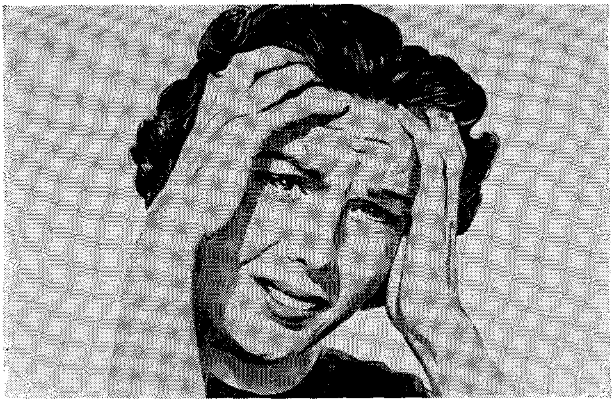

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21	16.20	8.25	4.40	1.60	33	21.25	10.85	5.75	2.10	45	41.70	21.25	11.25	4.00
22	16.30	8.35	4.40	1.60	34	22.25	11.35	6.00	2.20	46	44.55	22.75	12.05	4.25
23	16.45	8.40	4.45	1.60	35	23.25	11.85	6.30	2.30	47	47.70	24.35	12.90	4.55
24	16.65	8.50	4.50	1.65	36	24.40	12.45	6.60	2.40	48	51.20	26.10	13.85	4.85
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first middle last

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number and street city, zone, state

Employed by .... Duties or job title ....

Height .... Weight .... Date of birth ....
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Have you ever had or been treated for heart trouble or high blood pressure; cancer, diabetes, tuberculosis, epilepsy or nervous disorder; stomach trouble or any ailment of the kidneys, gall bladder or liver? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Have you been examined or treated by a doctor during the past two years? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Please explain fully any "yes" answer. Include date, reason, doctor's name and address.

....

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The above answers are complete and true, and any physician who has examined or treated me is authorized to disclose any information thereby acquired. I agree that the insurance will become effective only when, while I am in good health, a policy is delivered to me and the first premium is paid in full and accepted by the Company. If the policy delivered differs from that applied for, this application shall be for such policy, except that no change shall be made as to amount, classification, plan or benefits, unless agreed to in writing by me.

Date........................19.... Signed:...

10-127 ☐ PLEASE SEND ME ADDITIONAL APPLICATIONS FOR AGES 333

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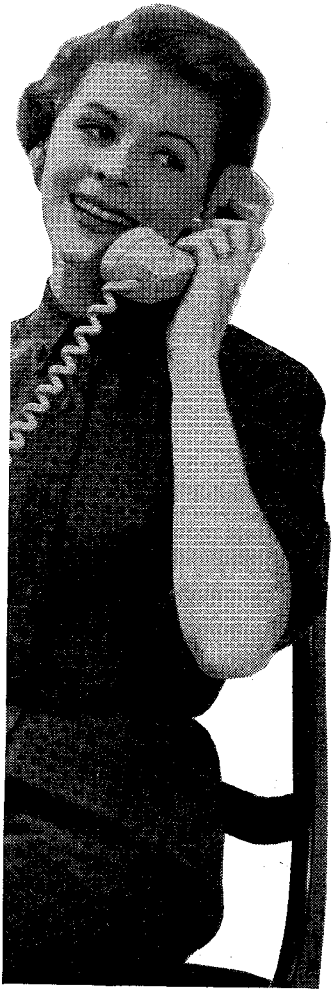

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Dear Reader:

Readers often write us about our "off-beat" stories, telling us how much they like them. But what they especially want to know is how we find these colorful, sometimes exotic, but always off-trail subjects.

Most of these reportorial gems are unearthed by writers who shun the popular mines of source material and prefer, instead, to poke around in little-known areas. In this issue they have struck it rich with such finds as Railroad Jack, a veritable walking encyclopedia, who boasted he knew 60,000 facts and made a living answering historical questions for 5¢ each (page 78); and a dynamic Jeeves who built a business doing seemingly impossible chores for celebrities (page 158).

Sometimes, as in the case of Jack Denton Scott (page 70), these subjects literally jump up and bite our writers. A vicious shrew nipped Scott one day and instantly impressed him with its story possibilities.

You may find this hard to believe, but more interesting things seem to happen to writers than to ordinary mortals. Geoffrey Bocca, for example. He was casually driving along a Paris boulevard one day when, for no reason at all, a policeman stopped him and gave him a ticket. Driving on another block, the fuming Bocca got another ticket—again for no apparent reason. His curiosity as well as his temper aroused, Bocca rode around and noticed dozens of other motorists getting tickets. Investigating further, Bocca found the police were on a "slow down" strike, and handing out tickets for every minor violation was their way of tying traffic in knots.

"This must be the wackiest police force in the world," Bocca said, and went on to prove it by writing the article on page 29. As it turned out, it is just the ticket for good reading—"off-beat," of course.

Author Bocca: nabbed whimsically by police.

Author Scott: nipped impolitely by a shrew.

The Editors

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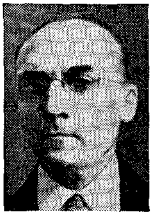

Wins Writing Success at 56

"I enrolled in N.I.A. because I wanted to convince myself whether at 56 an old dog could learn new tricks. At my first try, I sent a manuscript to the New York Times, and it was accepted. Another story was also sold to the Times."—Michael I. Passarelli, 25 Spring St., Millburn, N. J.

CORONET

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HOSPITAL & SURGICAL — both Accident and Sickness

Benefits are paid DIRECT to the member from the first day of hospitalization, in addition to indemnity for loss of time under accident or sickness insurance, and regardless of any community or employee's group insurance he may carry.

Hospital Room for as many as 60 days for each accident or each sickness, per day	**$ 3.00**	**$ 6.00**	**$ 9.00**
Surgery as scheduled, up to maximum	85.00	170.00	255.00
Operating Room, Anaesthesia, X-ray, Laboratory Fee, in hospital *each*	10.00	20.00	30.00
Blood Transfusions, maximum for 3 or more, *total*	12.00	24.00	36.00
Current Quarterly Cost	$ 2.50	$ 5.00	$ 7.50

IMPORTANT! See coverage details on page at right!

PLUS $75.00 weekly

for Loss of Time . . . (about $325 per month)

Optional Hospital and Surgical Benefits

Serving its chosen members direct and solely for their mutual benefit, this non-profit association gives protection AT COST. Membership charges are based solely on the full cost of insurance protection, necessary reserves and operating expenses. 74 years' experience and accumulation of $10,000,000 reserves have provided marked stability of cost. Membership may be terminated at the option of either the member or the Association. Specimen policy available on request.

All kinds of accidents covered except suicide or losses caused by war or while engaged in military service in time of war, insurrection or riot or as a passenger in a military aircraft or a pilot or paid crew member of any aircraft. *No other accident exclusions!* Sickness and Hospital & Surgical insurance also cover all kinds of sickness originating more than 30 days after you join, even loss of time due to cancer, heart trouble, tuberculosis or hernia and hospitalization for hernia arising after you've been a member 6 months. We are licensed both in New York and Canada.

Age Limits and Benefit Reductions — 18 to 55 for joining. Only reduction of accident insurance is an 80% reduction of death benefit at age 70; Sickness Insurance is reduced 40% at age 60 and discontinued at 65; Hospital & Surgical benefits which by the terms of the policy cease at age 65 may nevertheless be continued beyond that age if, when you reach age 60, you elect this new feature and pay a moderately higher rate.

YOU SEND NO MONEY NOW, but do mail the coupon for the FACTS booklet more fully explaining our coverage, and an easy-to-complete blank for applying.

The above benefits are for business, professional and technical MEN, students and other preferred male risks. EMPLOYED WOMEN and students are offered at slightly different cost similar loss-of-time and hospital benefits, with smaller principal sum; pregnancy, miscarriage and childbirth excepted. An inexpensive broad-coverage Accident Expense policy is also offered to HOUSEWIVES and other preferred-risk women not necessarily gainfully employed.

Mail Coupon. No Obligation. No Solicitor Will Call.

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Send, without any obligation, your free FACTS booklet and an easy-to-complete application blank.

My Name is MR. MRS. MISS .... (PLEASE PRINT)

Address ....

....

Are you now over 18, under 55? .... Occupation ....

Likeable Lemmon

Six comedies in a row have established Boston-born Jack Lemmon as an adroit laugh-getter. One, *Mister Roberts*, won him an Academy Award as the best supporting actor of 1955. The secret of his success is canny script selection. Says Lemmon, "I look for one scene in which I can let myself go."

However, in *Fire Down Below*, his latest film, the 32-year-old Lemmon tries his hand at dramatic acting. Made in Trinidad, the movie pits him against Robert Mitchum in a battle for Rita Hayworth's favor. Lemmon says he welcomed the role because it not only gave him a change of pace, but because it gave him a change of scenery in which to mull over the breakup of his six-year marriage. When he wasn't working before the camera, he was working out his tensions by pounding the piano.

Lemmon taught himself to play by ear, and his pockets usually bulge with song fragments. "My ambition is to write a hit tune, but I keep turning out show-type ballads that are hard to sell," the 5′11″, 160-pound actor recounts wryly. "I'm determined to get a song published. But I may have to buy a music company to do it."

John Uhler Lemmon III ("with a name like that how can you live without a sense of humor?") credits his gay Scotch-Irish disposition and theatrical ambitions to his jovial father, a well-to-do executive and frustrated entertainer. Lemmon recalls, "My father was always singing and dancing at benefits, although he wasn't good at either. He took me on stage when I was four." From his mother, a former singer, Lemmon inherited a fondness for music. After attending Andover and Harvard, he borrowed $350 and headed for New York to make good as an actor.

As an undiscovered talent, Lemmon worked as pianist in a night club featuring Gay Nineties melodramas. A young radio actress, Cynthia Stone, coached him in broadcast technique and helped him find soap-opera roles. After their marriage, they teamed on three television shows, and movie scouts finally spotted Lemmon in a Broadway play. Now legally separated, the Lemmons have a son, two.

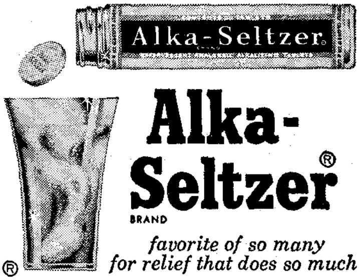
Part of their marital problem, says Lemmon, may have been his increasing preoccupation with his work. "It takes ferocious concentration," he says. "You can play any part at least five different ways, and you can spend most of your time picking and choosing, and changing."

(*Continued on page 14*)

Feel UP to the fun
that's so good for you...

When a headache, upset stomach or tired-achy feeling keeps you from having fun...

take the medicine that's so refreshing



Alka-Seltzer®
BRAND

favorite of so many for relief that does so much!

When a family reunion, or some other happy event is in store, you want to feel good enough to enjoy it. When a headache, upset stomach, or that tired-achy feeling comes along, take ALKA-SELTZER for refreshing relief. ALKA-SELTZER is *fast-acting*. It becomes a completely dissolved, buffered solution—this is the form your system uses most easily and naturally for relief. ALKA-SELTZER is *effective!* It soothes and neutralizes an acid upset stomach, then quickly goes on into your system to work for relief of that headache and tired-achy feeling. Take ALKA-SELTZER to help you enjoy the fun that's so good for you!

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD... discover how pleasantly and effectively ALKA-SELTZER relieves the ache-all-over feverish feeling. Makes a soothing gargle, too. Let ALKA-SELTZER help you feel better while you're getting better.

MILES LABORATORIES, INC. ... *for Better Health*
ELKHART, INDIANA

THE HAPPY ROAD. Director-Star Gene Kelly injects warmth and humor into this poignant story of two youngsters who run away from school in Switzerland, determined to hitchhike to Paris.

Aided by youthful conspirators *(above)* along the way, the children elude police and their pursuing parents—a widowed American businessman in Paris (Kelly) and a French divorcée (Barbara Laage). The head-on collision between American drive and French *laissez-faire* adds flavor to a good-natured, charming comedy which the entire family will enjoy.

THE YOUNG STRANGER. A "crew-cut" team of producing-directing-writing talent under 30 years old has turned out a perceptive, sensitive study of a 16-year-old boy in trouble with the law.

The switch in this drama is that the boy—arrested for a theater scuffle *(below)*—comes from a wealthy Beverly Hills home. Unable to convince his parents (James Daly, Kim Hunter) that he acted in self-defense, James MacArthur fights a lonely battle for understanding. In his movie debut, MacArthur convincingly portrays teen-age emotions.—MARK NICHOLS

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Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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...Relax-A-cizor The New Way to Reduce at Home...

BY LOIS CRISTY

Now there is a way to reduce without diet or weight loss. It's Relax-A-cizor...a new method of trimming away inches from hips, waist, abdomen...while you rest at home.

It often reduces hips an inch or two the first week or so. It can be used on most parts of the body. And...it is used without effort, while you rest...at home.

Relax-A-cizor is the method you read about in the October issue of Coronet under the title of "It Buzzes Away the Bulges." Other magazines like Vogue, Mademoiselle, Harper's Bazaar, and Glamour have recommended it to their readers.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

This small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercise" without making the user tired. No effort is required; she simply places small circular pads or "Beauty Belts" over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen...and other parts of her body, turns a dial...and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests ...*at home.*

When used during a diet regimen, the tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused by weight loss.

New kind of "Facial"

A "Facial" attachment gives tightening, lifting exercise to the muscles under the eyes and chin. Chest *muscles* beneath the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing, massage-like exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

Relax-A-cizor looks much like a small make-up case. Measures 11″ x 9″ x 6″; weighs about 9 pounds.

This new method requires only 30 minutes daily use...even less after the first month. It is used while the user rests, reads, watches T.V....or even during sleep.

It is completely safe. Because there is no effort the user gets the full benefit of active exercise—but without any feeling of tiredness. The results are as beneficial as the usually prescribed "reducing exercises."

Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment, in the home. Expertly trained consultants are available for both men and women.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Relax-A-cizor gives no-effort beautifying exercise to trim away excess inches from hips, waist, thighs...while the user rests at home.

COSMOPOLITAN

Users Report Results

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

The machine is used for only 30 minutes per day. However, as a "test case" Mrs. E. D. Serdahl used the machine for 8 hours a day for 9 days. She did not become tired...and reports the following reductions: Waist 2″, Hips 3″, Upper Abdomen 1″, Upper Thigh 2″, Knee 1½″, Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue...In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine...whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" says: "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" praised it in a double-page editorial story.

"IT BUZZES AWAY THE BULGES"

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in October CORONET

Has Many Uses

Relax-A-cizor has uses for the entire family. Husbands use it to trim down their bulging waistlines...and, also to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a day of bending over a desk. High school sons use it to exercise sore throwing arms. Big sister finds it helpful for exercise of chest muscles. Grandfather uses it for soothing, massage-like exercise of back, feet and leg muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you mail the coupon or telephone one of the numbers listed below. There isn't any cost or obligation, of course.

TELEPHONE: New York MU 8-4690; Newark MA 3-5313; Philadelphia LO 4-2566; Boston KE 6-3030; Detroit WO 3-3311; Chicago ST 2-5680; Cleveland PR 1-2292; San Francisco SU 1-2682; Los Angeles OL 5-8000; Honolulu 9-5276; Mexico City 25-18-34; La Cresta, Panama 3-1899.

FREE MAIL TODAY

RELAX-A-CIZOR, Dept. CT-12

980 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles, Calif. OR
665 Fifth Ave., New York City, OR
Suite 1200, 17 No. State St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send in PLAIN envelope FREE information about reducing size of waist, hips, thighs, abdomen.

No cost. No salesmen will call.

(PLEASE PRINT)

NAME....................................

ADDRESS..................................

CITY.............ZONE....STATE.......

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Use margin for more writing space CT-12

YOU

Furniture fatigue; bachelor hazards; things you can teach your heart

ALWAYS TIRED? If you are, don't blame it all on your job. Your fatigue may stem from such far-fetched (at first glance) causes as too much furniture, the wrong colors on your living-room walls, or even from having failed to plan an evening of recreation after work. So suggests Dr. William Sherman, who says that lack of elbow space causes frustration, which in turn causes fatigue; and that certain colors—white, purple, brown, orange—can give people that tired feeling. A factory survey of men all doing the same job for the same length of time, says Dr. Sherman, showed that while some were actually ready to drop from exhaustion at the conclusion of the day, others were wide awake and full of bounce. The lively ones had this in common—each was looking forward to some kind of activity during the evening.

PITY THE POOR BACHELOR: A number of surveys, as you may have read, indicate bachelors don't live as long as married men. If so, here are two reasons adduced by Dr. Dewey Shurtleff of Arlington, Virginia. First, the married man, because of his responsibilities, is generally more careful. Result: he has fewer fatal accidents than the unmarried man. Second, he's less likely to allow an ailment to get out of hand because his watchful spouse is there to look after him or, if it becomes necessary, send him off to the doctor. His stag friends, alas, merrily burning the candle at both ends, often cook their own goose before they get around to finding out what's troubling them.

HEART "HABITS": Though the underlying causes of high blood pressure are still a mystery, Johns Hopkins University investigators have come up with a unique theory:

(Continued on page 20)

You Hear Strange Things About Catholics

Yes, you can hear some strange things about Catholics.

You hear it said that Catholics believe all non-Catholics are headed for Hell... that they believe non-Catholic marriages are invalid.

Some think Catholics believe the Pope is God... that he can do no wrong... that they owe him civil allegiance and that he should have the political power to rule America.

It is said that Catholics want religious freedom only for themselves... that they oppose public schools and separation of Church and State as evils which should be destroyed.

The claim is made that Catholics pay the priest for forgiveness of their sins... that they must buy their departed relatives and friends out of Purgatory... that they adore statues... are forbidden to read the Bible . . . use medals, candles and holy water as protection against loss of a job, lightning or being hit by an automobile.

But what is worse, some say, Catholics corrupt the true teachings of Jesus Christ with the addition of pagan superstitions and practices that are nothing less than the inventions of the devil.

If all these things—or any of them—were true, it would be a pity. For at least one out of every six Americans is a Catholic—and it would be a national tragedy if one-sixth of all Americans entertained such erroneous ideas.

The Knights of Columbus is an organization of more than 1,000,000 Catholic men of reason and intelligence. In our ranks will be found statesmen, scientists, historians, physicians, movie stars, lawyers, educators and others representing every cross-section of American life. And for each of them loyalty to the Catholic Faith is the act of a reasonable man.

We are deeply interested in the welfare of our Church and our Country. And we believe the interests of both will be served best when fair-minded people know the Catholic Church as it is—not as it is sometimes mistaken to be.

If you have heard and believed any of these false claims, and want the truth, we will gladly send you a free booklet which explains many aspects of Catholic belief and practice. It will come to you in a plain wrapper—nobody will call on you. Write for Pamphlet No. AC-1.

FREE

MAIL COUPON TODAY

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Please send me Free Pamphlet entitled "You Hear Strange Things About Catholics" AC-1

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(*Continued from page 18*)

that the heart muscle, like other muscles, can "learn," and even form habits. Thus, a man whose life has been marked by times of repeated stress—during which his heart beat faster and his blood pressure rose—may find himself suffering from high blood pressure today even though the stress itself has vanished. His heart has learned a habit too well—and keeps on acting as though it were still under the same excitement. The Johns Hopkins doctors suspect that this is the pattern in some types of hypertension that have continually baffled medical men.

OH SEX WHERE IS THY HEX! What makes girls popular with boys on campus, and what makes boys attractive to girls? Willingness to neck and pet? Sex appeal? Good looks? Money? Guess again. Here are the top six traits considered the most important by both men and women students at the University of Michigan: 1. Being pleasant and cheerful. 2. A sense of humor. 3. Being a good sport. 4. Naturalness. 5. Considerateness. 6. Neatness. Finally: three-fourths of the girls disliked men with "fast" reputations, and nearly three-fourths of the boys preferred the girls who had no reputation for necking and petting.

DADDY'S LITTLE WORRIERS: Children, as we know, often surprise us by their remarkably sane approach to life. A case in point is underlined in a recent study by James H. S. Bossard, which shows that youngsters are far less impressed by the size of Daddy's income than you'd think. What really concerns them is that their father's job shouldn't keep him away too much and interfere with a normal home life. Their next important interest is their father's social standing. Here's how they ranked the influence of Daddy's occupation on their own development: Home life, 79 per cent. Social status, 70.4 per cent. Economic aspects, 35.8 per cent. Least important, apparently, were the kind of people that Daddy brought home to be his guests. The figure—a low 29.6 per cent.

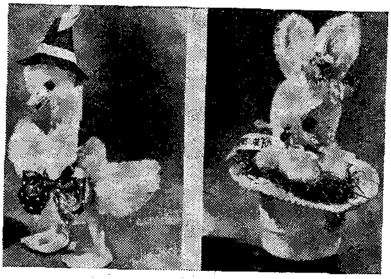
The difference between this...
and this...
is often this...
Johnson's BABY POWDER Johnson & Johnson
Johnson's BABY OIL Johnson & Johnson

CHAFE-GUARD your baby...with the powder that protects baby skin *even when wet!* It has a special ingredient that neutralizes the irritants in diaper moisture.

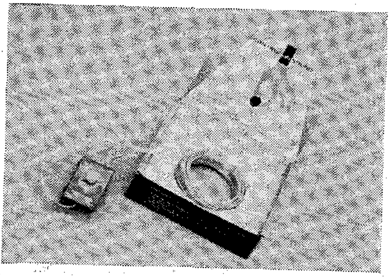
SAFE-GUARD your baby . . . with the *purest* baby oil. It's specially blended with soothing lanolin to guard against irritation, cleanse thoroughly yet gently.

Products on Parade

Edited by FLORENCE SEMON

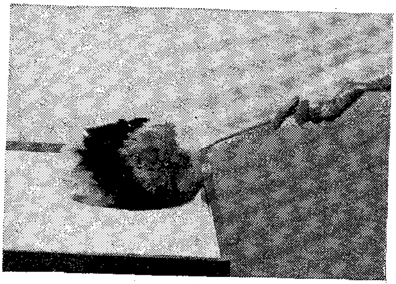


WIND THE BASE of the hat and the Easter Bunny goes "round and round" to musical accompaniment. Yellow Duckling quacks when you bend his wing. Made by Gund. Bunny-in-hat, overall height 12", $6.50 pp. Duckling 15", $5.50 pp. Andover Sales, Dept. C, 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.



CONTROL-A-SOUND permits you to regulate the volume of your TV or radio (even turn off commercials) from your easy chair. Simply installed in any make or model TV, radio or phonograph. Complete with 20 feet of cable. $4.95 pp. Federal Sales, Box 364-CN, Rockville Centre, New York.

JUNIOR takes on Dad's Ivy League look in this handsome three-piece outfit by Kaynee. Beige chino boxer shorts. Button-down broadcloth shirt in multicolor stripes and matching buckle-in-the-back Ivy Cap. Sizes 2 to 6X. $6.48 pp. Jim & Judy Shop, Dept. C, 6 Parkway Shops, Berea, Ohio.



BO-PEEP DUSTER combines beauty and utility. 100% New Zealand virgin wool, it picks up dust like a magnet. Washable and color-fast. Will not scratch delicate objects and surfaces. Assorted brilliant colors. $3.35 pp. Lighthouse Craft Shop, Dept. C, 111 East 59th St., New York 22, N. Y.

(Continued on page 24)

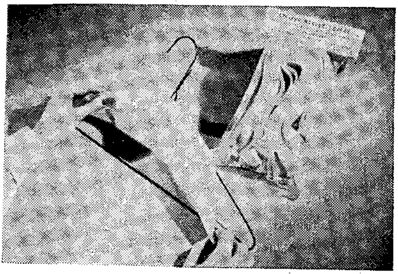
Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

"THAT'S MY HENRY...
YELLOW PAGES

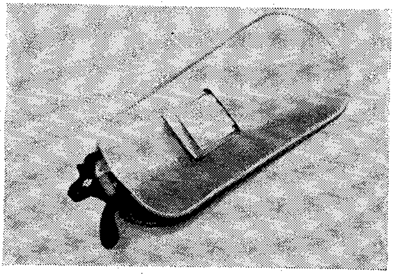
. . . I keep telling him,

If you want it fixed right and fixed right away look under television service in the **Yellow Pages!"**

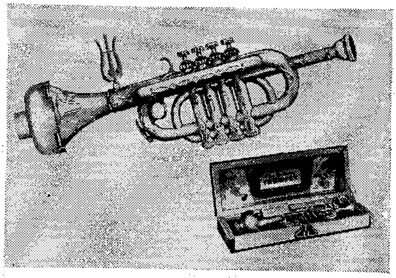
Products on Parade



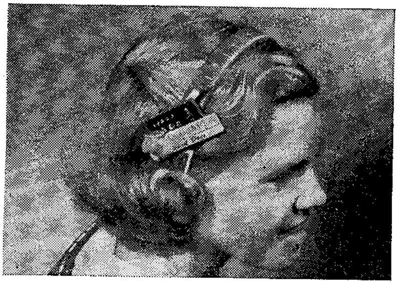
COLORFUL FOAM-FEATHER STRIPS convert ordinary wire hangers into shoulder-fitting slip-proof garment holders. Strips stretch snugly along top of hanger and form generous padding, eliminating creases. Package of 12 in assorted pastel shades. $1.00 pp. Buyways, Box 469-C, Caldwell, N. J.



LOST EYE GLASSES will find their way home in this Rolfs genuine leather case with plastic pull-out for name and address. Case is heavily padded protecting glasses if dropped. Made for men or women in green, pale blue, pink, gray, black or brown. $3.25 pp. Meredith's, Evanston 4, Ill.



PROFESSIONAL-LOOKING toy trumpet, gold-plated, is a wonderful way to introduce a child to music. Easy to play. Comes with book of 40 songs, two mouthpieces and "Wow-Wow" mute; all in cardboard carrying case. 16" long. $3.98 pp. Brown & Kane, Dept. C-1, 800 Broad St., Newark, N.J.



DELIGHT your little girl (and keep her hair in place) with this ruler headband. Made of bright red felt and trimmed with miniature apple, pencil, blackboard, ruler and books. Attractive hair decoration with school-day theme. $1.95 pp. Edwin House, C-7, 145 West 4th St., N. Y. 12, N. Y.

For additional mail order products and services see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 164.

You can be just a Christian...

Has it ever occurred to you that you can be just a Christian ... nothing more nor less than a plain Christian? Yes, even in the midst of the religious confusion of our creed-bound, denomination-divided age, it is possible for you to be just a plain Christian!

What does it mean to be just a Christian? Well, being a Christian means so much more than merely being a good moral person ... more than just going to church on Sunday . . . more than giving mental assent to certain beliefs . . . more than having one's name on a church roll.

Being just a Christian means trusting and obeying Jesus Christ just as Paul and Philip and the early Christians did in the first century after Christ. It means going back beyond all the distinctive Catholic and Protestant doctrines of today to find Christ just as He is revealed in the inspired New Testament. You see, there were no different denominations in the beginning of Christianity. The early disciples were all *one body*. They were called simply "Christians" (Acts 11:26). They did not follow different creeds, but were guided by "the faith once for all delivered to the saints" (Jude 3). The New Testament, first as the spoken word and later as written down by "holy men of God" as they were guided by the Holy Spirit, was their only rule of faith and practice (II Peter 1:21). We have this same New Testament today and can reproduce the same pure Christianity which flourished in the first century after Christ. *We can be just plain Christians!*

To find out the details of just how you may become and remain just a plain Christian like Peter and Barnabas and Acquila, you must open your own New Testament and read for yourself. We suggest that you begin with the Acts of the Apostles. You will find that Jesus built only one church, and God added everyone who obeyed the gospel of Christ to this undenominational church, the body of Christ (Matthew 16:18) (Acts 2:47). The Bible teaches that you will be added to this same body today when you believe in Jesus Christ as God's Son, repent of your sins and are baptized for the forgiveness of sins (Acts 2:38). Why not become just a Christian and worship and work in the non-denominational church of Christ?

If you would like to know more about Jesus Christ and his Church or Kingdom, read your New Testament. Consider the plea for the restoration of pure New Testament Christianity. Write for your free copy of the 34 page booklet "You Can Be Just a Christian."

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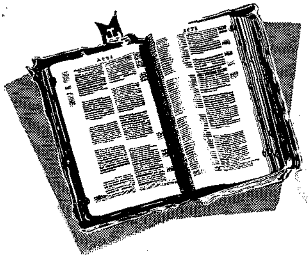

FREE—Mail Today

Please send me a free copy of the pamphlet "You Can Be Just a Christian."

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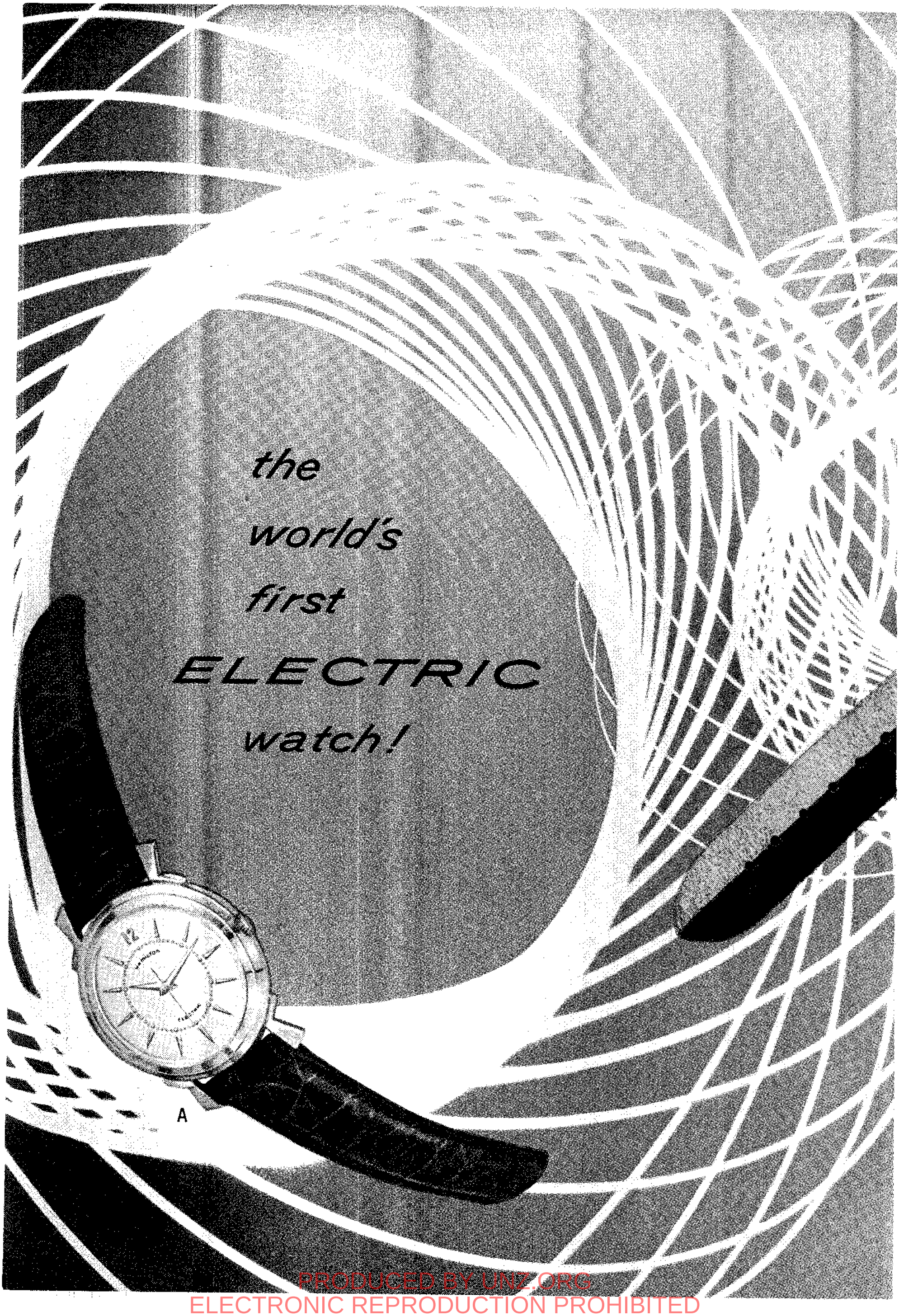
the
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first
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watch!
12
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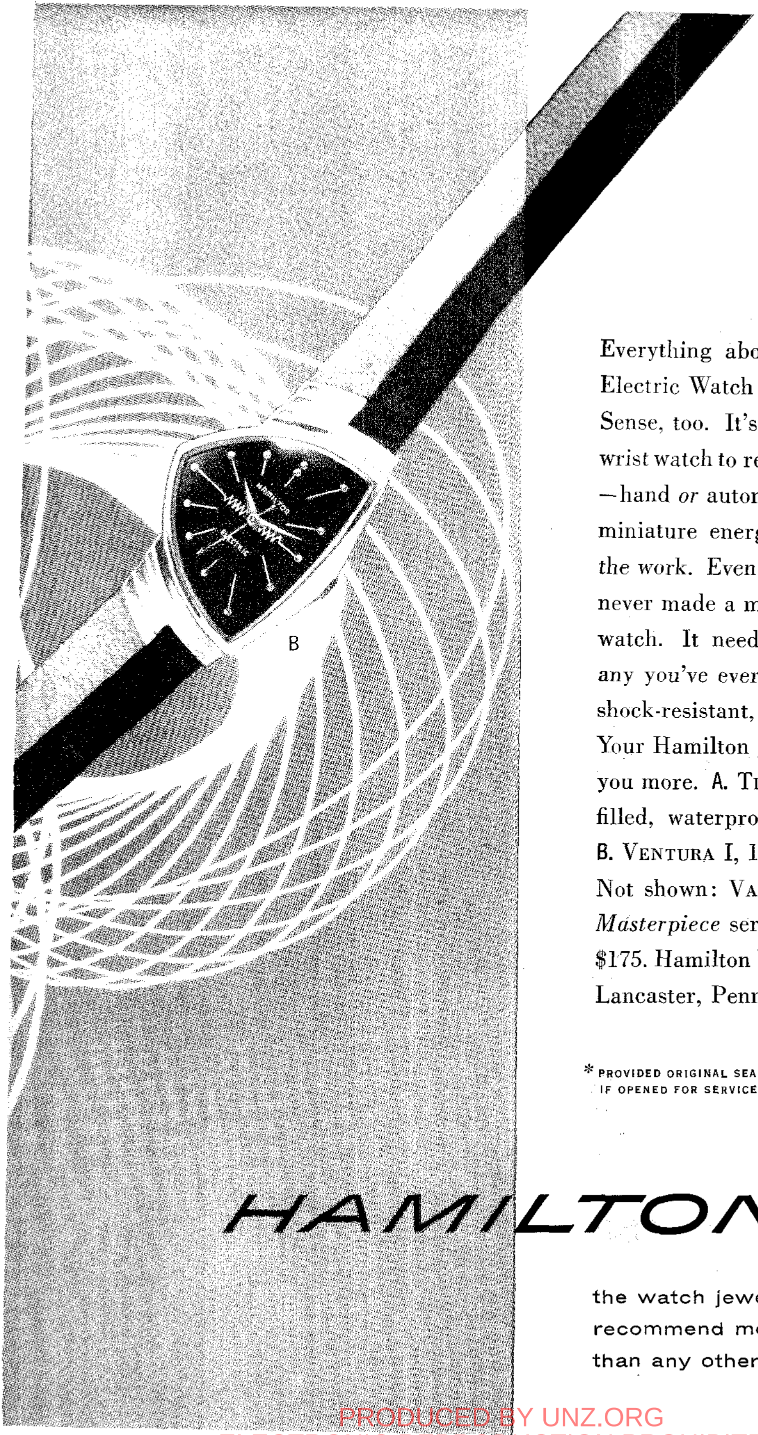

Everything about the Hamilton Electric Watch makes history. Sense, too. It's the first wrist watch to require no winding—hand *or* automatic. A single miniature energy cell does all the work. Even Hamilton has never made a more accurate watch. It needs less care than any you've ever owned. It's shock-resistant, anti-magnetic. Your Hamilton jeweler will tell you more. A. TITAN, 10K gold-filled, waterproof*, $89.50; B. VENTURA I, 14K gold, $200. Not shown: VAN HORN model, *Masterpiece* series, 14K gold, $175. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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HAMILTON

the watch jewelers
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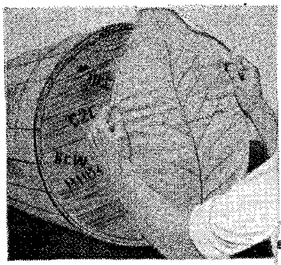

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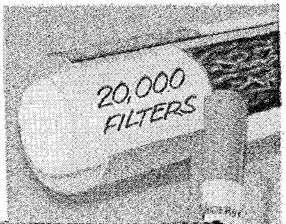

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Twenty-first Year **CORONET** **March 1957**

Those Wacky... Whimsical... Wily French Cops

by Geoffrey Bocca

NOT LONG AGO, burglars looted a home in Angoulême, France, of jewels and cash. In passing, they gave a saucer of milk to the cat, wrote "merci" in toothpaste on the floor and pinned on the wall the owner's theft insurance policy.

At about the same time, one of France's ace detectives was making a pilgrimage to a cemetery at Amiens to place a small bunch of white carnations on the grave of an English girl whose murderer he had sent to justice.

These two incidents somehow typify the spirit of the world's most colorful crime war, where criminals of wit are pursued and caught by detectives with romantic imaginations.

Visiting police officials from Scotland Yard sometimes swallow hard when they see their French colleagues giving vital clues to pretty girl reporters, airily revealing secrets at press conferences, sometimes light-heartedly walloping a suspect. Yet, somehow, the system works and the French police force, despite its many eccentricities, is perhaps the finest in the world. And perhaps it always was.

It is a model of how a police force should *not* be run. Yet matched against a criminal element which is more dangerous because it is more intelligent than in most other countries, the police keep the law by being more intelligent still.

"Cherchez la femme" is a phrase invented by the French

police and it summarizes their approach to crime. In other words, it means this: never forget the human passions involved in any case. A man is found dead. Never mind the fingerprints. What were his loves and hates, his childhood habits, his ambitions? Is there a woman involved? Of course, say the French police. There always is. When a woman is found dead, the same principle applies in reverse.

About a year and a half ago, for instance, Janet Marshall, a 29-year-old English schoolteacher on a solitary holiday in France, was found murdered in a wood near Amiens.

At first, the solution of the crime looked easy. A well-known thug, "Le Blond," was picked up in the vicinity. The local police locked him up and declared the case closed. Unfortunately, when they got round to cross-examining him later they found his alibi watertight. Vexed, they finally let him go.

Inspector Henri Van Assche of the Police Judiciare at Lille then took over the case. His salary of $45 a week plus $1 a day for personal expenses while on the job has not dimmed his enthusiasm for a profession he considers an art as fine as music or painting.

Inspector Van Assche had little enough to go on. Pulling at his neat film-star mustache, his French mind went from physical clues to human motives. Who would kill Janet Marshall? A tramp, probably. And how would he make his escape? In a bus or train? No, he wouldn't have the money. On foot? No, he would have been picked up by gendarmes in a few hours. He must then have been a cyclist, and Van Assche had a sudden hunch that the bicycle was stolen.

He set out to trace every stolen bicycle for hundreds of miles, review dossiers on every known bicycle thief in France. ("Bicycles!" exclaimed Van Assche, beating his forehead. "At night I dream about those *sacrés* bicycles.") British detectives breathing down his neck and giving him advice—Janet being an English girl and British public opinion more than a little indignant—made his task no easier.

An inspector from Scotland Yard looked in with an English suspect named Heaton who had been overheard making apparently incriminating remarks. "This may be the man you want," said the inspector to Van Assche, in a way which Van Assche considered patronizing.

At the moment, Van Assche happened to be at a disadvantage. He

à bas les flics!
MORT AUX VACHES!

was dirty and unshaven from looking for bicycles, and he had not slept in days.

The Scotland Yard man, big and smart, exuded confidence that riled the little French detective. He cross-examined the suspect for a few minutes, then said, "Bah!" into the English detective's face and let the suspect go. Then he went out after more bicycles.

Eventually he found the one he sought, and pounced. Robert Avril, a tramp—as Van Assche guessed he would be—was taken by surprise and admitted the murder. It was detective work of the highest order and Van Assche felt justifiably pleased with himself.

"Eh, bien," he snickered to a pretty English journalist, giving her a pinch. "We are not so stupid as the English think, are we?" After which he returned to the books he was studying for the examination which would make him a chief inspector at $15 more a week.

THE WAR the French police fight against criminals, however, fades into nothing compared to the war among the various police departments themselves. The rivalry common in every country between the local constabulary and the central police authority is, in France, carried to an extreme of fury and bitterness, with several completely different police divisions competing against one another and no holds barred.

The *Sûreté Nationale,* the national law enforcement agency, is comparable to the FBI. It has five divisions—four of which have public police functions. There is, for instance, the *Division of Public Safety,* whose riot squads break up assemblies and mobs; the *Division of Territorial Surveillance* (better known as the *Deuxième Bureau*) which handles top secrets and counter-espionage; the *Division of Judicial Police* to carry out investigations; and the *Division of General Information* which keeps exhaustive files on all persons who have come to the attention of the police.

On a local level, there is the tough and efficient *Préfecture de Police* in Paris, the *Police Municipale* in all other large cities and the *Gendarmerie* (Army police) in small cities and rural areas.

When the functions of these different organizations overlap, no one gives way without a fight. As in 1947, at Strasbourg, when the Police Judiciaire and a mobile brigade of gendarmes converged on some gangsters. The gangsters escaped and the two French corps cleverly succeeded in trapping each other. Only after a pitched gun battle in which an inspector was wounded did they realize their mistake and

call off the shooting—reluctantly.

Police jealousy may have led to a serious miscarriage of justice in the brutal murder of the Drummond family in 1952. Sir Jack Drummond, distinguished British public servant and scientific adviser to the Ministry of Food during World War II, was on a camping holiday with his wife and small daughter in a remote section of the French mountains near Lurs. One night an assailant burst into their sleeping quarters and, after killing the father and mother, pursued the fleeing child and shot her down.

The murder was, of course, too serious for the local gendarmerie to handle alone and Commissioner Sebeille of the Marseilles Mobile Police Brigade was called in. He met nightmarish opposition almost from the beginning, although few of his difficulties were directly concerned with the murder. The British Government was angry; and the French Government, embarrassed, pressed for an arrest at all costs. The population of Lurs assumed a mask of hostility and met questions with evasions or lies. The passive resistance of the local gendarmes proved most difficult of all. Though they did not court trouble by actually blocking the investigation, they went out of their way not to help. Among other things, Sebeille discovered that several important depositions were mysteriously missing and a vital bit of testimony, taken originally by the gendarmes, fell into his hands only by chance.

In the end, Gaston Dominici, an old peasant farmer whom Sebeille had begun to suspect early in the case, was arrested and after a sensational trial found guilty and sentenced to death. It seemed obvious at the trial that Dominici's sons, a vicious brood, were lying their heads off to implicate the old man, who shouted back at them in a frenzy of hate. Obviously, too, Dominici was guilty; but was he alone guilty?

Now the Sûreté Nationale from Paris took a hand in the sophisticated person of Divisional Commissioner Charles Chenevier who turned up at Lurs to face the undisguised anger of the local police. As the Lurs police tried to freeze out Marseilles, so Marseilles now tried to freeze out Chenevier.

Eventually the investigation bogged down. Chenevier believes that someone else killed Drummond and his wife, while the old man killed only the little girl. But he could not persuade the judge to reopen the case.

Meanwhile, Dominici, now 79, remains in prison. His sentence of death is believed to have been changed to life-detention, due to his age. But the police clearly hope he will drop dead before there is further controversy. A nasty business in every way which shows up the French police at their best and worst.

Just as American policemen assume by training and tradition a hardboiled and implacable attitude, the French detective feels obliged to be mercurial, brilliant and temperamental. It is expected of him. In France, crime and the detection of crime combine with romance, artistry and even poetry into an exciting whole, as they always have.

Five hundred years ago, François Villon ruled as the "vagabond king" of Paris. Murderer, thief, poet, no crime proved too mean for him, no imagery beyond the reach of his poetic genius. And as one of France's greatest lyricists was a criminal, so was France's greatest detective, François Eugène Vidocq. Though a jailbird, Vidocq's unique brilliance still gives inspiration to the French police.

Escaping from the galleys at Brest, Vidocq lived for several years in the Paris underworld, then offered his services as a police spy in 1809. He rose rapidly and when the Paris detective service was reorganized Vidocq was made its head and a body of ex-convicts placed under his command.

After a brilliant career, Vidocq retired. But he found life dull and re-entered the police service doing political work. Then he plotted to get back into the detective department by a scheme typical of his adventurous rogue mind. He planned a sensational theft, with the idea of subsequently solving it himself. But the police found him out and that ended Vidocq.

What found Vidocq out, actually, was the system of information built up by his contemporary, the dread opportunist, Joseph Fouché. "The greatest traitor of them all," Napoleon, on St. Helena, called him. Fouché managed to survive as chief of police almost continuously from 1799 to 1815, during the Directory, the Consulate, the Napoleonic Empire, the restoration of the Bourbons, the return of Napoleon from Elba and the second restoration of the Bourbons when, his coat having turned so often it could turn no longer, he finally fell out of favor with Louis XVIII.

From the time of Fouché onwards—until its eclipse by the Soviet secret police—no security service in the world could compare with the French. By an incomparable system of inside information and contacts with the underworld and all walks of French life, the police have made it impossible for a man to disappear. They know the movements of every foreigner and Frenchman in the French Empire.

Roger Wybot, chief of the Deuxième Bureau, probably best exempli-

fies the Fouché-Vidocq tradition today. In Paris they say that Wybot has "something" on every leading political figure in France, one reason he has kept his job through 15 Prime Ministers since the end of the war. An intellectual, a graduate of the Polytechnique, one of France's best schools, he is about 44 years old, blond, with cold blue eyes.

Sent to Morocco to investigate the riots in 1955, Wybot, in true French fashion, promptly arrested half the French police force in Casablanca and threw them into jail, putting in their place his own men from Paris.

When not fighting criminals or each other, French policemen sometimes keep in trim by fighting the long-suffering French public. Some years ago, the Paris police went on a strike, for more pay and better pensions, which resulted in a slow-down of traffic and other police matters. The *flics* (criminal slang for a cop) halted traffic sometimes for 15 minutes at a time while they laboriously scribbled out tickets in great detail. One driver took half an hour to travel half a mile and picked up two incomprehensible tickets on the way.

The French police know their own weaknesses and their own strength and apologize for neither. Recently, a delegation of British policemen arrived on a good-will mission. The French gendarmes were highly excited at the prospect of seeing the London "giants" who kept the law without guns. (It is some time since the Metropolitan Police Force, desperate for recruits, abandoned its old rule that London police must be at least six feet tall.) The disappointment of the French reception committee verged on the comical. *"Parbleu,"* cried one, "they are no bigger than we are!"

With tongues in cheeks they took their phlegmatic British comrades to the nudest night clubs in Montmartre. "Blimey," remarked a pink and perspiring bobby, "if we saw this sort of thing going on in London we'd arrest the lot of them." Then he added, "Glad we aren't in London."

Tough and erratic the French police may be, yet their sense of humor and humanity rarely fails them. This is the secret of their cheerful, cocksure, slangy, jolly-good-fellow charm. Come to think of it, Maurice Chevalier could almost have been a French policeman.

Retort Courteous

ETHEL BARRYMORE was the belle of Broadway at the outset of her career. One evening she was introduced to an elderly admirer who had been trying for months to meet her. Night after night he had watched her performance from the front row center and, confident he had made a terrific impression on her, he drew her aside and asked:

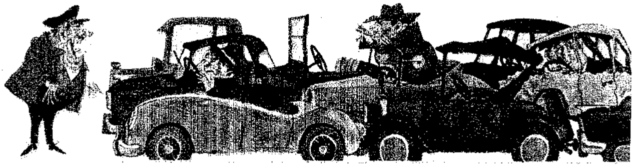
"Did you see me wink at you during the third act tonight?"

Miss Barrymore, who hadn't even noticed him, gazed at him quizzically, yet kindly.

"Of course," she replied. "Didn't you hear my heart beat in response?"

—JOSEF S. CHEVALIER

GRIN AND SHARE IT



DURING a recent visit to New York, my wife and I rode a cab from the station to our hotel which was located on a one-way street. Since cars lined both sides of the street, there was no place for our driver to stop except in the center, or moving, lane. Traffic quickly backed up, but it didn't seem to bother him or cause him to hurry as he deliberately made change and placed our bags on the sidewalk.

Finally, an impatient motorist began blowing his horn. Our imperturbable cabbie at first seemed to pay no attention; but when the honking continued, he turned a baleful look upon the noisemaker and said, "O.K.! Your horn seems to work all right. Now try your lights!"

—H. H. BELL, JR.

* * *

A SALESMAN, trying to sell a housewife a home freezer, pointed out, "You can save enough on your food bills to pay for it."

"That's fine," answered the woman, "but you see we're paying for our car on the carfare we save. Then, we're paying for our washing machine on the laundry bills we save, and we are paying for the house on the rent we are saving. It looks to me like we just can't afford to save any more at the present time."

—*Electrical Dealer*

* * *

THE MANAGER of a local Department store was puzzled recently when it was discovered that a certain cash register showed more than 100 "no sales." An investigation disclosed that a teen-age clerk was punching the "no sale" button every time a customer walked away without making a purchase.

—*Indianapolis News*

AN ARMY COLONEL of 78 startled the community by marrying a beautiful girl of 19. When she presented him with an eight-pound son a year later, the overjoyed colonel assembled his entire regiment, mounted the bandstand, cleared his throat, and announced:

"I have called you together to tell you that my wife gave birth this morning to a fine baby boy. Gentlemen, I thank you!" —*A. M. A. Journal*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

The Worrisome World of

by JOHN REESE

She was hemmed in by a myriad of teen-age anxieties. But the greatest torment was living up to a show-business name already made famous by her father and Uncle Bing

A BLUE AND SILVER Mercury convertible whirled into the parking lot at the CBS television studios in Hollywood. It stopped with a flourish, and out jumped a shapely, blue-eyed girl of 17 who looked as though she had left home in a hurry. Her rumpled cotton dress had cost $8.45 at The May Company. Her jet black hair was in curlers. She wore no make-up except twin streaks of hurried lipstick across her rather full mouth.

As she ran down the steps to the performers' entrance, carrying a dress and a pair of high-heeled shoes, the autograph-seekers that always lurk there surged toward her. She stopped to sign her name for them.

"Don't slip me any blank checks, now," she said, with a demure twinkle. "I'm the wrong Crosby for that."

She had borrowed that line about Uncle Bing's wealth from her father, Bob Crosby, but she handled it so well that it sounded like a spur-of-the-moment witticism.

Tom Armstrong, the door guard, saw the warm flush that colored her faintly olive skin and waited a moment before rescuing her from the fans. He knew—Cathy Crosby was enjoying herself.

Tom remembered when her dad first brought Cathy to CBS. She was a shy, chubby, changeable child who sometimes was impossibly bratty, but who could bubble unexpectedly with a charm that won everyone around her. Now he saw a mature woman with a nice figure and adult poise.

No 17-year-old girl ever had brighter prospects than Cathy Crosby. Today she is one of four girl singers on her dad's show, though she will not be appearing regularly until she finishes high school. But her contract is with CBS, not Bob. Any time network officials feel she's ready, they can move her to another show—or to one of her own. That's what they are shooting at—a Cathy Crosby Show.

But no girl ever had a more difficult adolescence, either. For Cathy had all the mixed-up personality problems of any teen-ager, plus some peculiar to her moody Crosby heritage, plus a few that were distinctively her own.

"Being a star's child is difficult enough," says a CBS official, "but Cathy wasn't just a Crosby, she was a Crosby *girl*. Everything she ever did was in front of a picture window of publicity. She had no chance to work out her teen-age difficulties in private, like other youngsters."

IN SEPTEMBER, 1938, Bob married June Kuhn, only child of the late Dr. Leroy Kuhn, a famous Chicago surgeon. Cathy, born Cathleen Denise on June 21, 1939, was their first child. The others are Chris, 14; Bobbie, 12; Stevie, ten; and Junie Malia, five.

The two strong individualists who are Cathy's parents decided, while she was still in her bassinet, that they would not push her toward a theatrical career. But neither would they influence her away from it, if she wanted it.

"June and I made up our minds that this girl of ours was going to develop her own resources of character," Bob says. "Whatever she became, she'd know deep in her heart that it was all her own. That's the big thing, when you've got a name that someone else has made famous—to have something else all your own."

PHOTOGRAPH BY WARNECKE AND SCHOENBECHLER

So there was no career talk when Cathy, at the age of ten, appeared on her uncle's radio show. That was just one of those cute-kid things. It could happen to any child in America—provided, of course, that her uncle was Bing Crosby.

Cathy does not remember the next four years pleasantly—she was having trouble in school. She first went to St. Paul the Apostle School in West Los Angeles. There are many explanations for her mediocre grades there. An important one was her failure to mix with other children. She was shy, and she developed some deep antagonisms. The normal child's most normal need—to conform, to get happily lost in the neighborhood herd—was impossible for her.

Cathy begged to be sent away to school under a different name. Bob told her that he had once decided upon the same solution to the same problem. "I was going to change my name too," he said, "to Sam Crosby." It wasn't funny to Cathy.

She was enrolled at Westlake, an exclusive girls' school, in the hope that she would feel less conspicuous among the daughters of wealthy families. For a while, she did do better work.

But she still made few friends. She fluctuated between extremes of mood, long periods of melancholy, silence following sudden seizures of gaiety. At school she was homesick; at home, she hid in her room and brooded, or bickered with Chris.

The Crosbys are not a demonstrative family. Bob admits that some of this reserve carried over into his relations with his children, and that he is probably not the most articulate father in the world, when it comes to expressing his love for them.

THE rhythm-and-blues craze was sweeping the country's teenagers. Cathy loved it, but her father had always been a "pure Dixieland" man. One moment Cathy felt guilty about liking R&B; the next she was resentful because she could not listen to it like other youngsters.

Then one night she overheard a neighbor ask Bob, as a jazz expert, what he thought of R&B.

"I'm all for it," was his unexpected reply. "I'm for anything that makes the kids dance! Maybe you and I don't understand R&B, but in their hearts the kids do, and that's good. Any music that comes from the heart is good. Oh—there is some bad R&B, but bad only to a musician. And even if it is, let 'em have it—let these kids have their own language."

Bob probably wondered why Cathy threw her arms around him and kissed him when he came in that night. Now he knows.

But Cathy, despite her reserve with Bob, had always been close to June. Now suddenly she became secretive, rebuffing all her mother's efforts to talk.

What had happened was that Cathy, then 14, had set her heart on a career in the entertainment field. It was no sudden whim. Rather, it was the inevitable result of the pressures under which she lived. She had had her father and uncle thrown up to her so many times that the need to achieve individuality had become torment. The screen of the family TV set became the magic looking glass into which, like Alice, she could escape.

"But every time I hinted about it to Dad, all he'd say was, 'Well Cathy, it's up to you!' " Cathy recalls. "I thought he didn't want me to do it. I didn't mention it to Mother because I knew how she felt, after the way Daddy had been on the road with the band so many years."

Bob suspected at times what she was going through, because he had gone through it himself. The indecision, the fear, and yet the burning,

Because she was "grotesquely fat," she almost missed out on her big television chance

driving need. But Cathy had to find the answer for herself. It had to come from so deep inside her that it would not be denied by anything.

Cathy dropped the subject, but not the dream. When Gil Rodin, producer of her father's show, asked her if she'd like to work up a song number and try out, Cathy said, "Daddy wouldn't let me."

"Let's try it anyway," he told her. "I'll fix things up with Pop."

Cathy was surprised when her parents consented. She worked hard at her number, and tried not to let Bob and June know how much it meant to her.

So Cathy, at 14, made her TV debut. The public saw a cute but somewhat pudgy youngster, pretty but certainly no raving beauty. Her voice was small but pleasant—no great range or volume, but real promise of the throaty, emotional wallop people expect from a Crosby.

The mail was enormous. Some writers saw her as just one more talentless youngster being handed opportunity on a silver platter. This was what Bob had anticipated when he insisted that Cathy work things out for herself, at whatever cost in emotional distress. If she had it, these letters would only make her work harder. If she didn't, the sooner she found out the better off she would be.

But by far the largest proportion of letters was favorable. "This is all hers," Bob said to June, "and she's entitled to the credit. It's hard, but so is show business."

Cathy waited for word from CBS—but nothing happened. She ached to ask Bob what the reaction had been in the front office. She kept her silence, not knowing that Bob would have given his right arm to know the same thing.

The school term ended and Cathy was left to more moody hours in her bedroom, more fights with Chris. Several times, she threatened to run away from home.

In desperation, June finally let her take a job in an exclusive Beverly Hills lingerie shop. Cathy did not tell her mother, but secretly she was planning to save her money, run away, change her name, and get a steady job somewhere. Any kind of a job, anywhere.

Cathy, just turned 15, went to work as a salesgirl and was an instantaneous success. Customers had no idea who the plump, blue-eyed youngster was, but they did know she had taste, ideas, and an infectious enthusiasm.

That was good for Cathy. It taught her she could rely on her own instincts, her own talents. It proved she was not just another Crosby.

But where the boys were concerned, that was what she still was. She had a few dates, but the minute a boy asked her what Uncle Bing was really like, or how it felt to see her father on TV, something died in Cathy. So after a while she gave up on boys.

School started again and she had to give up her job in the lingerie shop. Then CBS, after the elephantine delays with which a big corporation makes up its mind, offered Cathy a contract!

For days, the girl stumbled around in a dream. She avoided her father, terrified that he would say no. As for Bob, although it was the realization of a dream for him, he stuck to his resolution to keep hands off.

So June dealt with the network negotiators. She insisted on a clause guaranteeing Cathy her high school diploma. Cathy's grades were up a little this year, but the double schedule of TV appearances and classwork proved too much. The school said Cathy was simply not college material, and recommended a European finishing school, where Cathy would not be eternally on the defensive about her family name. Bob and June reluctantly agreed upon a Swiss school.

IT WAS Cathy's most successful school year, and she came home the following spring with a quiet determination to pick up where she had left off at CBS—and make good.

She also returned, in the words of June, "grotesquely fat." Cathy had always been chubby, but something drastic had happened to her in Europe.

Then began the most difficult part of Cathy's young life. She could suddenly talk freely with her mother, and with a new, easy seriousness to her father. She was ready for her adult career, and it was ready for her. Only she was too fat, and CBS officials told her so, kindly but firmly.

Cathy dieted until she became light-headed from sheer malnutrition. But she could not lose weight. Sometimes she even gained, for no apparent reason.

Doctors prescribed other diets, exercise, medicines. They injected her with vitamins and hormones. Nothing worked. But whatever the doctors demanded, Cathy did, with the glint in her eyes that friends call "the Crosby look."

Finally she went to her mother in tears. "Can't I go to a hospital and stay there until they find out what's wrong?"

Cathy checked in that day at Huntington Memorial Hospital, in Pasadena. A week of tests and her new doctor stopped all medication. He put Cathy on a salt-free diet and told her to go home and stop worrying. There was, he said, no specific medical name for her problem, which is not exactly rare. An excess of sodium ions caused her body to retain fluids. By reducing salt intake, she would reduce the sodium ion imbalance, and rid her body of the excess fluid.

To Cathy, what happened then was a miracle. Within a week, none of her dresses fitted. She returned to the show with a new, carefree poise. The other girls—Paula Kelly, Carol Richards and Joanie O'Brien—smiled.

"Cathy," they said, "has discovered her legs. She doesn't hurry like a nervous teen-ager any more. Now she knows she has pretty legs, and she doesn't care who else knows it."

Television lost its glamor and ceased being an exciting way to vent her adolescent rebellion. Show business, Cathy discovered, was an exacting grind that required hours of rehearsal, dancing lessons, voice lessons and dramatic lessons—all in addition to her school work.

Cathy proved she could work. When her mother fell ill, Cathy took over the job of running the house, too. She did the cooking, washed the dishes, and got the younger ones off to school. She ran the vacuum cleaner holding a card that had her next week's lines and the lyrics of her next week's song in one hand, memorizing as she cleaned.

She thrived on it! Her voice improved rapidly, not merely in range and volume, but in that mysterious thing called, in show business, emotional timbre. Until recently, Gil Rodin would let her sing only "rhythm" songs, with a strong beat, but requiring no great emotional conviction. Lately he has been trying her out on ballads, the sentimental songs that made her uncle and father famous.

"Cathy is still experimenting, still seeking a style all her own, and we're glad to go along with her," a CBS official says. "She is far older than her years. She does not smoke or drink. You have never heard of her being on a wild party, or making a spectacle of herself in any way.

"This girl has character, intelligence, sensitivity. Something about her reaches people. One of these days, Cathy is going to walk up to that mike, throw back her head, and sing straight out of her heart. And that is when you'll hear a voice!"

Cathy Crosby has grown up.

No Dignity Allowed

OPERATION EMBARRASSMENT—that's what practically every burglar encounters as he keeps trying to possess things that don't belong to him:

A SHOPKEEPER grabbed up a toy pistol and threatened two burly holdup men with it. He forced them to call out, in unison, "Police," at the top of their lungs, for ten minutes. Then the police arrived and bundled them off to jail.

BURGLARS went through thirteen offices in three different buildings in Boston one night before they gave up. They got just nine dollars for their trouble.

FIVE CHICAGO GUNMEN held up a well-dressed elderly gentleman who had only a quarter on him—a nickel apiece.

—MURIEL ANDERSON

The Blind Machinist Who Rebuilt Boys

by KENNETH D. JOHNSON, *Dean of The New York School of Social Work at Columbia University*

as told to DON ROMERO

Though blind, he had a special magic in his fingers, and there was nothing he couldn't make whole—even emotionally wrecked youngsters

YEARS AGO, when I was a judge of a juvenile court in New England, a village repairman named Joe Dorne "learned" me something about "mendin' youngsters."

Joe was one of those mechanics with a special kind of magic in his fingers. Yet when people asked him what his secret was in repairing machines, Joe would smile kind of slowly and say, "Ain't no secret. I guess it's just that I love to see 'em hummin' and happy."

Joe's phrase stuck in my mind, and one day I asked him if he really did love the machines he worked on. Joe looked at me with a strange expression. "Why, Judge, you can't fix 'em unless you love 'em. I kinda figured you'd know that—being a judge." And then he smiled. "Yes sir, I reckon love's just about the best tool I got in my kit."

About a month later, Joe was doing a repair job in a metal factory when a spray of steel splinters flew into his face and cut deep into his eyes. The company got Joe the best doctors. But it was no use. Joe would never again see another machine "hummin' and happy."

I went to see Joe expecting to find him numbed by despair. But he met me with his usual cheerful grin. "I feel fine," he said, before I could ask him. Then he took my arm and led me into his living room. "Been kinda hopin' you'd drop around, Judge. Got a favor to ask. You always said there wasn't anything I couldn't fix."

"That's right, Joe."

"Then how about letting me fix

one of those youngsters they keep bringing into your court?"

It took me a minute to realize what he meant. "Joe," I said gently, "I don't think you fully appreciate what is involved. Straightening out an emotionally disturbed boy is a complicated process. It takes psychological understanding. It takes . . ."

"Look, Judge," Joe said patiently. "I know what it takes. And what it takes, I got. Just let me have a boy for a few weeks. If I can't mend him, I'll be the first to know—and the first to say so. And don't worry about my being blind. A man don't need eyes to see how to mend a boy."

I told Joe I'd think about it.

I knew his idea was impossible. (I was only 32 at the time.) But I kept thinking about Joe and how he loved to see things "hummin' and happy."

A FEW WEEKS later, Tony was brought into my court—a thin, sinewy, high-strung youngster of 15, eyes smoldering with anger. He had kicked school equipment to splinters, broken every window in his classroom, smashed the street lights in front of his home, even taken a swing at his father.

I brought Tony into my chambers and tried to get him to tell me about himself. He put his head down and muttered a few replies. He wanted to talk, but he couldn't. I was hoping he would lift his head and look at me. He tried to, but he couldn't.

The next day I had Tony's parents in court. "Send him to jail, Judge," they screamed at me. "Put him where he belongs. We've licked him till our arms ached. It don't do no good. He's just bad."

That night I signed the papers that placed Tony in Joe's custody. . . .

For Tony, living with Joe was like entering a new world. What instantly fascinated him was that Joe kept using words like "look" and "see," and that he was always talking about how beautiful and happy things were. "Look at this old chair," he told Tony, running his hands over the back and arms. "Ain't it a beauty? Fella that made that really knew how to use tools. You gotta love making chairs to make 'em that good, son."

That was another thing—the way Joe began calling Tony "son" right from the start. Every time he did it, Tony's head came up a little. After a while it stayed up.

Joe and Tony spent their first two months together in Joe's little repair shop. Joe taught Tony how to use all the tools and machines he had there. And then one day Joe said casually, "Son, if you had a magic wand and could make any wish come true, what do you figure you'd wish for most?"

The boy looked at the blind man's face for a moment. "I dreamt once that I . . . owned an automobile."

Joe gave a quick nod. "Then that's what it'll be."

That afternoon Joe took Tony down to his small junk yard on the edge of town where he had accumulated a pile of wrecked cars which people had paid him to haul away. Joe pointed to the mass of jumbled parts and twisted steel. "That's where you're going to get your automobile from, son. From the pieces you pull out of there, you're going to build your own car. I'll show you how—but you're going to build it."

For the next 14 months, every day after school, Tony crawled over and around that pile of junk hunting for parts. Nut by nut, bolt by bolt, rod by rod, he pulled out what he needed. Then they'd haul them in a handcart back to Joe's workshop. There, with Joe sitting forward in a chair, his ear cocked attentively, Tony would drill, grind, cut and bevel.

"Easy, son," Joe would say. "Your drill's getting hot. I can hear it, and I can smell it. Better put a little oil on it." After a while Tony would bring the part over to Joe, and Joe's fingers would go over it slowly. "Feels like it's getting close, son. Let's put the mike on it. What's it read? Yup—better take it down another five thousandths. Gently now, son, gently."

Tony's hands, once so fumbling, became swifter and surer. Instead of wrecking, he was building. Often they worked far into the night.

Finally the day came when the job was done. Joe and Tony stood by the car; Joe with his hand on it and smiling, Tony staring at it wide-eyed and trembling a little. "Okay, son," Joe said quietly. "Get in and see if it'll start." And when Tony didn't move, Joe reached out and gently pushed him.

Tony got in the front seat and put his foot on the starter. For an endless few seconds there was just the labored grind of the engine. Then it roared into life.

The next day Joe came to my chambers. "The car's built, Judge." He stood thinking a moment. And then, as an irrepressible smile of happiness flooded across his face, he added, "And so is Tony. . . ."

Joe Dorne died about eight years later—but not before some pretty wonderful things happened to him. People soon began to talk about the fine job he had done on Tony, and it wasn't long before he was running a foster home for boys sent to him by juvenile agencies, churches and welfare organizations. At times Joe had as many as eight youngsters living at his home. "You know, Judge," he used to say to me, "this is the kind of mendin' I shoulda been doing all along."

Tony lived with Joe for five years. He graduated from a nearby technical school as an automotive engineer and was all set to go to Detroit on a good job when this country entered World War II. Tony enlisted in the Army, and was assigned to the maintenance section of a tank division. A year later he was made a lieutenant and sent to North Africa. Three months later he was killed.

The captain of Tony's outfit wrote Joe a long letter and sent him a package containing Tony's personal things. He particularly called Joe's attention to Tony's birth certificate. "Tony and I were together right from the start. He spoke of you often. Once he told me, 'I got myself born the day I went to live with Joe.' I know now what he meant."

On his birth certificate Tony had crossed out the names of his father and mother, and in place of them he had written just the one name—Joe Dorne.

ngs
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a
kel

NOW 90 YEARS OLD, the nickel was once America's favorite coin. But World War II mortally wounded its purchasing power; and its popularity died as each item, starting with a cup of coffee, began to skyrocket in price. Even the "five-and-ten" has become—in a change so subtle it was almost unnoticed—the "dime" store.

During the nickel's golden age, however, it brought rich satisfaction to every member of the family. Youngsters traded it for an ice-cream cone, a fistful of "jawbreakers" or an all-day sucker at the corner candy store. Mother returned from shopping with a box of table salt, kitchen matches or a card of 12 shirt buttons. On a family outing, Father could treat to a hot dog, a nickelodeon movie, or a piece of pie. And teen-agers splurged on a jukebox tune, a phone call or soda pop.

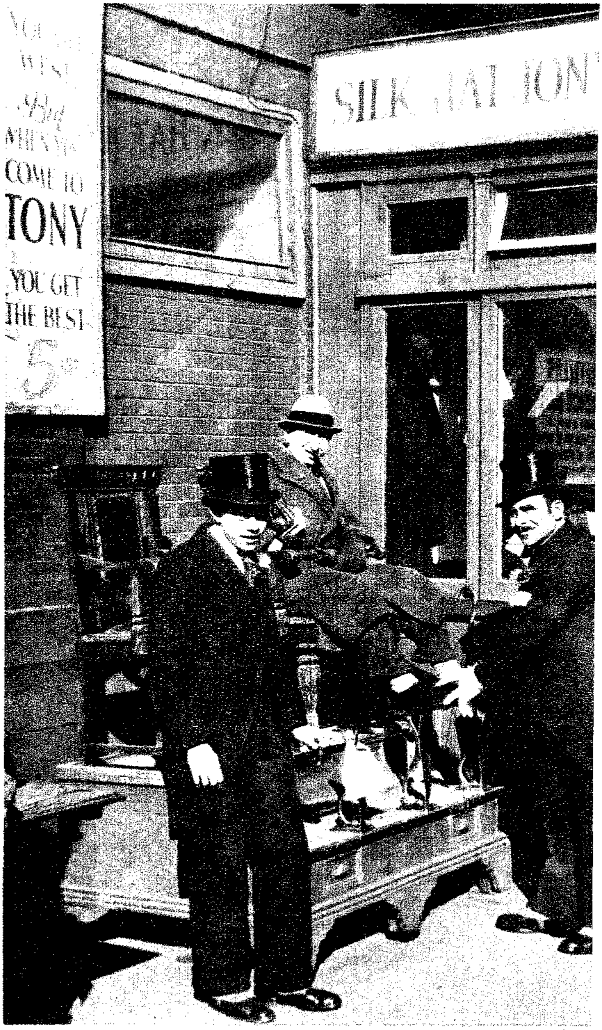
Gone—but still mourned—is the five-

. . . Fondly remembered, too, is the

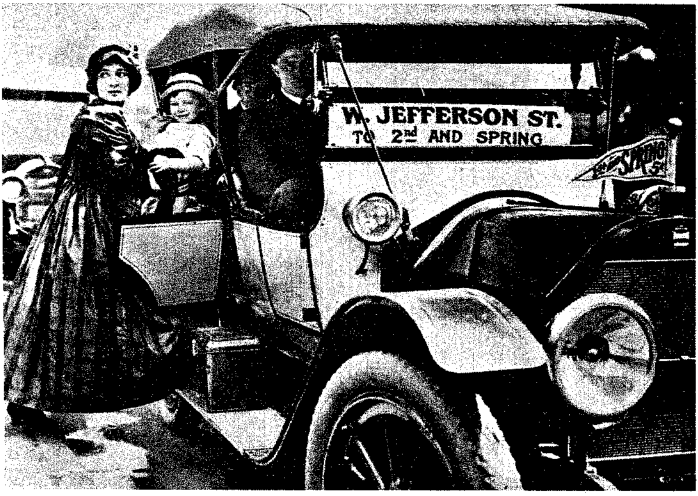
CASH REGISTER

cent glass of beer . . .

fat old five-cent cigar.


COME TO
TONY
YOU GET
THE BEST
5¢
SILK

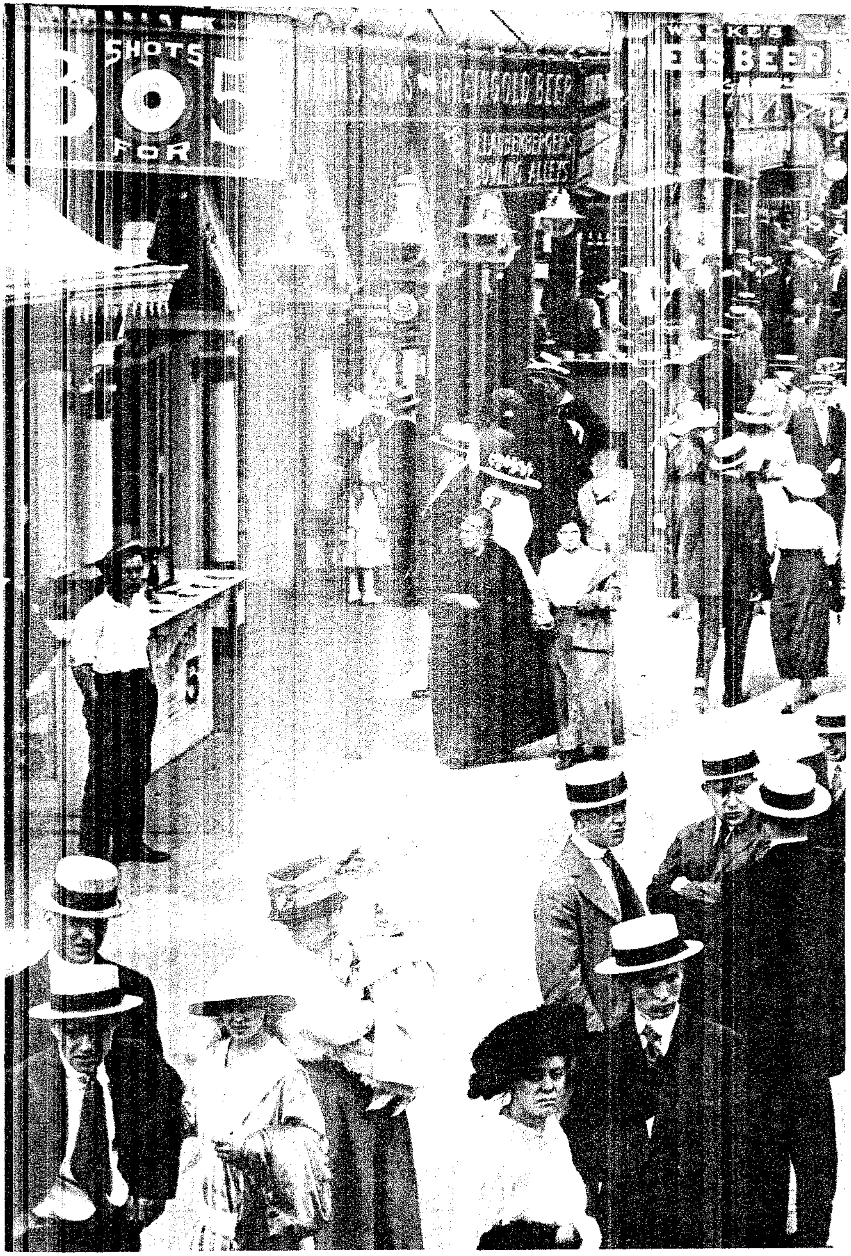
Nickel shoeshines kept New York's most formal bootblack outfitted with dozens of white gloves.


W. JEFFERSON ST.
TO 2nd AND SPRING
SPRING 5¢

Citizens piled gratefully into five-cent taxis, dubbed "jitneys" during trolleymen's strikes in pre-World War I era.

ICE CREAM
MILK 5¢

In those days, the customers provided their own pails and the grocer ladled into them rich milk—at a mere nickel a quart!


SHOTS
FOR
RHEINGOLD BEER
BOWLING ALLEYS
BEER

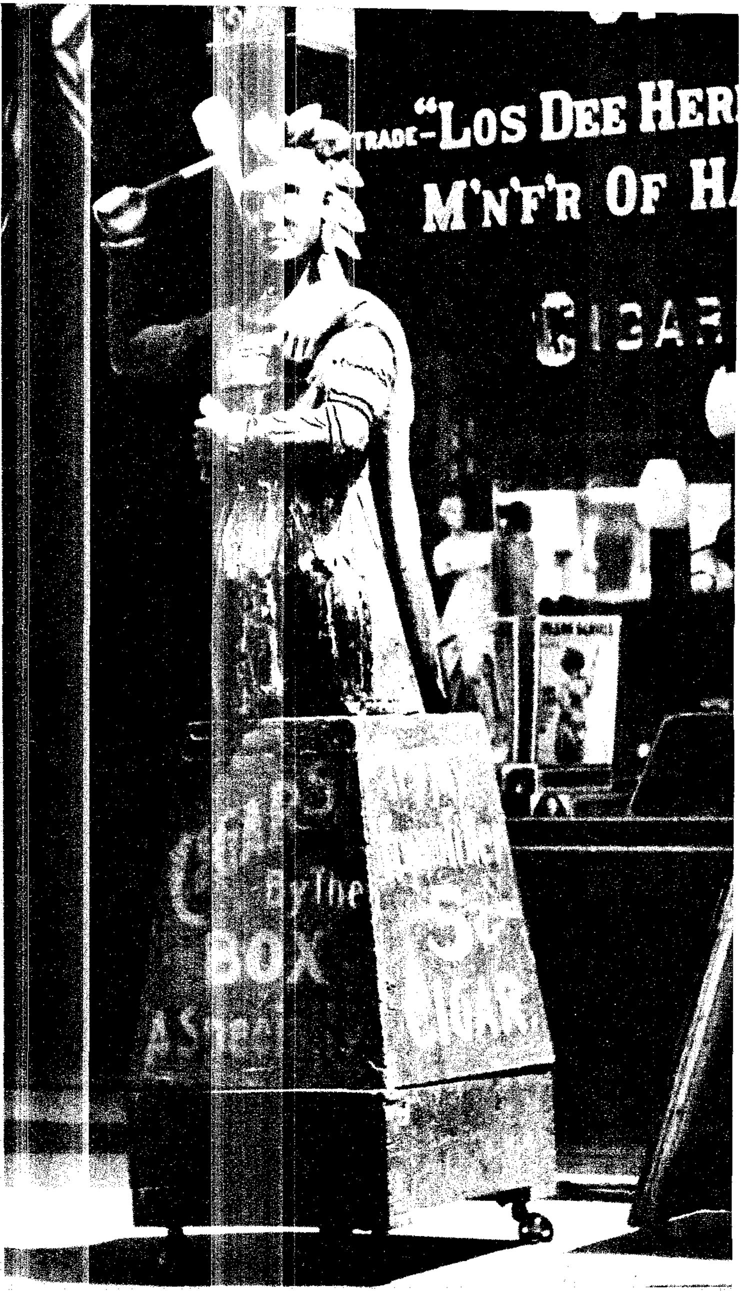
People didn't need a stuffed wallet for a day of fun at the beach. New Yorkers rode the subway 20 miles, from Times Square to Coney Island, for five cents. And Coney's concessions—a gaudy hodgepodge of shooting galleries, hamburger stands and peep shows—vied for nickels.

Florida Bath Sponges
15
5¢
10
HAMOIS SKINS
E.S. LEVY

Divers risked their lives to find sponges that retailed for a nickel.

SINCE 1866, when Congress authorized the nickel (made of 25 per cent nickel and 75 per cent copper) the U.S. has spent—and saved—Liberty heads (1883), Buffalo nickels (1913) and Jefferson jitneys (1938). But in the past 15 years the nickel has sunk to the level of the penny—mostly good for making change. "What this country needs is a good five-cent nickel," quipped humorist Franklin P. Adams during the depression. A lot of people think we still need one today—during the inflation.

At these low fares, customers packed trolleys to the roof—and beyond.


TRADE-"LOS DEE HER
M'N'F'R OF H
CIGAR
By the
BOX
5¢
CIGAR

They've succumbed to the hatchet hand of time: the Indian that symbolized the cigar store, the nickel that symbolized an era. The Indian has vanished. The nickel still lies moldering.

Grandma Gastronome

by JACK DENTON SCOTT

She can barely boil an egg—but she runs America's only school for chefs

ONE EVENING last March, at a posh restaurant near Fort Lauderdale, Florida, two men laid down their napkins at the end of their dinner and asked to see the chef.

When the white-hatted maestro appeared out of the kitchen he looked so young that the diners stared in surprise. "You responsible for this elegant meal?"

The chef shook his head. "No, gentlemen," he said. "A woman who can hardly boil an egg is responsible. Mrs. Frances Roth of New Haven, Connecticut."

If you have noted an improvement in the food in your favorite hotel or restaurant lately, it is probably due to the efforts of this gray-haired grandmother who, oddly enough, does have trouble whipping up a simple meal. Oddly too, before she took up the culinary profession she was a lawyer, the first woman member of the Connecticut Bar Association, in fact. And as Prosecuting Attorney in New Haven City Court, she had organized the first Bureau of Domestic Relations. She was also well-known in New Haven for her success in any project she started.

During World War II, the Connecticut War Council asked her to head a social protection committee. Mrs. Roth called a meeting of hotel and restaurant owners and managers and enlisted their cooperation in her "war of decency." From then on, vice had a hard time in New Haven. When the war ended, the New Haven Restaurant Association came to Mrs. Roth with a problem.

"We can't get cooks," they said. "Americans, even those who like to cook, are discouraged from entering a profession that they have been led to believe is menial. And there just aren't enough trained, foreign-born chefs to go around."

They said they had discovered

that hundreds of GIs had learned cooking in the Army and would like to continue, but that there was no school that concentrated on the culinary arts. They asked Frances Roth to start one.

Intensely interested in helping returning soldiers readjust, she soon found herself seated at the desk of the State Commissioner of Education.

"These boys really *want* to improve their cooking techniques," she told him. "And they are desperately needed. Jobs for trained chefs are going begging. Did you know that head chefs in hotels and restaurants get as much as $15,000 to $25,000 a year?"

The Commissioner approved the Culinary Institute of America under the GI Bill of Rights—if Mrs. Roth would organize it, on a non-profit basis, and supervise the operation.

The school started off in a modest building on State Street in New Haven with 55 students, little equipment, a skeleton curriculum—and its most valuable asset, Directress Frances Roth.

Just a few weeks before, she had told the New England Hotel and Restaurant Show in Boston, "As you know, there is no central school in America that trains chefs. Ours does. But we're broke and need the tools to train. I'm not asking for money, but there isn't a law in the land that would prevent you people from contributing equipment."

As she finished, an usher handed her a note from the General Electric Co. "When we move our Ohio show we'll send it on to you. It's a complete professional kitchen."

From that point, gifts and students poured in. The school building became too small and Mrs. Roth turned to a friend, Mrs. James R. Angell, with whom she had worked on wartime projects, and told her of a 40-room mansion for sale near the Yale Divinity School. Proving that there really is something in a name, Mrs. Angell guaranteed the purchase of the house for the Institute.

Mrs. Roth put on old blue jeans and with the students' help turned "an old Victorian mansion that looked as sad and somber as Wuthering Heights," into a dignified home for future kitchen greats.

The new paint had scarcely dried when a group of residents complained to the New Haven Zoning Board that they didn't want a cooking school in the neighborhood. Dr. Liston Pope, Dean of the Yale Divinity School, heard of this and wrote Mrs. Roth: "Glad to welcome you, for while we train the technicians of the soul, you will train the technicians of the body. We shall be good neighbors." The Zoning Board thought Dr. Pope had made a good point.

In traveling through the country lecturing before food people and asking their support, Mrs. Roth developed a technique of tracking down master chefs to act as instructors. When she ate an especially good meal, she found out who the chef was, his salary, and if he were happy in his job. Hotelmen and restaurant owners, who lost their finest cooks to the Culinary Institute, began to call her "Ruthless Roth."

A faculty member once tipped her

off that she had just had the pleasure of eating the best pastries she had ever touched tooth to at the Wequasett Inn on Cape Cod. Mrs. Roth hopped a plane at once and within 36 hours persuaded Jacob Tanner, famous Swiss pastry cook, to join her faculty.

The Institute's 13-man faculty includes: five famous chef-instructors, a steward, two bakers; a salad and dining-room, a management and accounting, and a mixology instructor; and two sanitation instructors.

"It took some time for me to discover that the chef was the boss of the kitchen," Mrs. Roth recalls. "After I learned to walk on pullets' eggs when dealing with them, and gave them a room of their own that they used just for arguing, we got along fine."

The Culinary Institute is licensed under the Connecticut Department of Education and, although it has scholarships and grants-in-aid from American industry, it is a non-profit organization.

It is open to any man or woman between the ages of 17 and 39 who has graduated from high or trade school, or has the equivalent in experience in the hotel or restaurant industry. Tuition for a 40-week course is $1,000; and the student must supply white cook's uniforms, aprons and caps, and a kit of essential knives. The Placement Office hasn't yet failed to find a graduate a good job.

Both Mrs. Roth and her chefs believe that simple menus and simple recipes are the best. This Culinary Institute recipe illustrates the point that most good things are quite simple:

Veal Chop Italienne

8 oz. lean veal chop
1 slice *prosciutto* (Italian) ham
1 slice Swiss cheese

Have your butcher "butterfly" the veal chops; roll a slice of cheese around one of *prosciutto* and insert in the chop. Press together firmly. Make a breading of ⅔ fresh white bread crumbs, ⅓ grated Parmesan

Grandma's kitchen, where today's pot-wallopers become tomorrow's top cooks.

cheese, a pinch of chopped parsley, another of chopped leaves of celery; mix in 1 mashed clove of garlic; season to taste with oregano, sweet basil and rosemary. Mix this well. Dip chop in whipped egg, then in flour and special bread mixture. Sauté slowly in clarified butter for 20 minutes.

When students step from the Institute as graduate cooks, they are prepared to work in the best kitchens of the world. All students take nine months in food preparation, service and procurement. Included are sanitation, personal hygiene, nutrition, accounting, English, and business law. The course runs from September to June, and students are given summer jobs in top commercial kitchens to help on the practical side.

When this schooling is completed, the graduate is qualified as a chef's helper and cook, but if he wants to go on to become a first cook he needs nine months more and another full working-summer. This additional study includes menu-making and learning trade secrets such as that *mirepoix* is a mixture of vegetables with herbs added, and is used as a taste supplement for meat and fish. That *Bordelaise* is a brown sauce made by combining *mirepoix* and Burgundy wine with onions and carrots. That the term *Orly* means fillets of beef, chicken or fish sautéed in butter. That wine vinegar, wines and Tabasco are ingredients used to add a sharpness to neutral sauces.

They also learn that timing is the key in cooking, but especially in making all sauces; and that the sauce is ready when a coating forms on the spoon when it is dipped in to test. That salt and pepper and *all* seasonings should usually go in at the beginning of preparation so that they soak into the meat or fish and give it an "all-through," not just a surface flavor. That basic to all good soup is a meat, chicken or fish stock, usually clarified with *mirepoix* and beaten egg whites, that no soup should be fatty, and a cute chef's trick in getting fat off soup is blotting it with ordinary paper toweling.

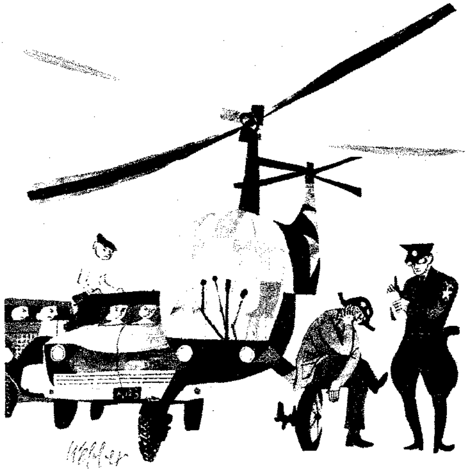
They learn that making a perfect omelet means that you *don't* add salt to the whipped eggs because it breaks down the albumen; and that when cooking it should be rolled from the edges like a cigar, so that the outside becomes the inside.

One chef-instructor explained to his advanced students: "There's a big difference between a place that writes *hamburger* on the menus and the dining room which gives the meat and the chef the dignity they deserve by calling it *Bitoke of Chopped Beef.*"

It is this dignity of cooking that Directress Frances Roth of the Culinary Institute of America is trying to preserve. "In Europe," she says, "the chef is esteemed and his job respected. . . . Why then in this country do teachers everywhere think that a boy should be a cook or a baker only if he can't make the grade in anything else?"

Asked why she didn't take up cooking herself, Frances Roth said: "I've tried and I'm no good at it. Besides, I don't want to spoil my record. The one way to succeed with chefs is to keep your hands out and your taste in."

MATCHLESS MOTORISTS



The patrolman couldn't believe his eyes when he saw a helicopter land on the street in Bowling Green, Kentucky. Puzzled, he asked the pilot what was going on. "I stopped to let off a couple of passengers while en route to Tennessee," replied the pilot.

After pondering this a moment, the patrolman wrote a traffic ticket. The pilot was double parked.

—*Associated Press*

My stepfather is one Texan who never uses profanity. He demonstrated his marvelous self-control the day I climbed in beside him for my first ride in his brand new 1957 Ford. Since this was his first hydromatic shift, he wasn't quite accustomed to its operation. Consequently, after he switched on the ignition, instead of moving in reverse as intended, we shot forward and hit the cement livestock watering trough.

Stepping from the car, he calmly surveyed the badly damaged front end, now resting in the trough, and commented, "Well, go ahead and *drink*, consarn ya, go ahead and drink!"

—MRS. ROGER BAIRD

How can children have an incentive to study when they see adults miss a question and win a Cadillac?

—RAYMOND DUNCAN

A young man entered an automobile office in Massachusetts and asked for maps and tour books for a trip to the Middle West. After the travel counselor had finished his detailed information about the route, the customer asked: "Is this route heavily traveled?"

"It certainly is," the counselor assured him.

"It'd better be," the young man replied. "I'm hitchhiking."

—*New York Motorist*

A Chicago policeman told a man who had just collided with a woman driver: "I'd settle if I were you, sir. After all, it's your word against literally thousands of hers."

—*News and Views*

A motorist entered a New York garage and asked how much it would cost him to have his brakes relined.

The garageman looked the brakes over, then said, "Today, $22.85. Tomorrow, $122.85."

The customer was furious until

the garageman explained, "By tomorrow, you are going to be needing a front bumper and a radiator grille, too." —ROY BLACKBURN

In Chillicothe, Mo., the local newspaper, publicizing an auto safety inspection campaign, sent its own station wagon through the line and received this report: no emergency brake, faulty muffler, dim signal lights, missing tail-light, two broken windows . . . —*Casualty and Surety Journal*

A Bismarck, N. D., man has devised what he calls the "first realistic two-car garage."

One door reads: "Hers"; the other: "His."

"Her" door is two feet wider. —MRS. BETTY RUSSELL

Township trustees in Fryburg, Ohio, have posted a notice that reads: "Effective immediately, there will be no parking at the No Parking signs." —*Time Magazine*

A Victoria, B. C., publisher, who was fined $15 for speeding, explained: "I was on my way to a Chamber of Commerce meeting where I was to speak in favor of 50 mph highway speed limits." —*Casualty and Surety Journal*

About a block ahead of a northern California policeman who was looking for parking meter violations, a young woman scurried along, inserting a coin in every meter that showed a red flag.

On the front seat of each reprieved car she left an envelope and this note:

"Dear car owner: You have overparked, and there is a policeman only a few cars away. I have put a penny in your meter, giving you an additional 12 minutes. You have been saved $2.50 for a parking ticket. Will you please put a portion of that money into the attached envelope?"

The envelopes, stamped and addressed to the County Home for Children, brought in a really substantial sum. —*A.M.A. Journal*

A man who was suing over an automobile accident was being questioned by the defendant's lawyer.

"Did you, or did you not, at the time of the accident when asked if you were hurt, reply that you weren't?"

"I did," said the plaintiff, "but it was like this: I was driving along the road with my old horse and wagon when along comes this fellow and knocks us into the ditch. You never saw such a mess in all your life.

"There I was flat on my back with my legs in the air. And there was my horse on his back, with his legs in the air.

"This motorist gets out of his car and looks at us. He sees my horse has a broken leg. He goes back to his car, gets a gun and shoots him. Then he turns to me still lying there and says, 'Now, what about you? Are *you* hurt?' " —CLARE JAMISON

Two women who were maneuvering their car into a tight parking space gave up after a valiant struggle when the driver shut off the motor and said to her companion: "This is close enough. We can walk to the curb from here." —*The Widen News*

The Fantastic Mountbatten Clan

Like a fiction writer's fantasy is the rags-to-riches saga of the British family which today wields power second only to royalty

by GRAHAM FISHER

NEXT TO Royalty, the fabulous Mountbattens are Britain's most influential family. Through half a century they have been on the inside of everything, whispering in the ears of staid old Queen Victoria, her frolicsome son Edward VII, salty old George V, the man who was Edward VIII for 11 months, his brother George VI, and now Elizabeth II.

The saga of this amazing family starts with two sons: one, the offspring of a runaway marriage between a minor German princeling and a beautiful commoner; the other, the son of a German-Jewish businessman of modest circumstances.

This son was Ernest Cassel, who landed in Britain at 16 with a bag of clothes and a violin. He soon discarded the violin, however, in favor of high finance.

His first job—in a grain merchant's office—brought him a meager $2 a week, but in approximately three years he was making nearly $25,000 a year with a firm of London financiers. He branched out on his own then.

The death of Cassel's wife after only three years of marriage left him with a single ambition—to amass a fortune. He became hard and ruthless, though scrupulously honest, and his spider's web of high finance soon included railroads, mines, canals, irrigation schemes. Whether he settled some of Edward VII's gambling

Prince Louis of Battenberg, father of the present Earl Mountbatten.

debts is a matter for speculation, but he certainly advised that rich-living monarch on his investments.

Cassel had a Midas touch. In 40 years he accumulated at least $30,000,000 and began collecting rare books, paintings, objets d'art, though he knew little enough about them. He acquired a mansion in London's exclusive Park Lane and imported 800 tons of Italian marble to line the rooms.

He could be lavish, and parsimonious. He gave millions to charity, sanitoria, radium research; but insisted on attending city banquets minus the customary white waistcoat because he grudged the 20¢ laundry charge. "I've better use for my money," he'd growl.

In this environment, Cassel's granddaughter Edwina, now Lady Mountbatten, an intense, passionate whirlwind of a woman with a svelte model's figure, was brought up.

At the age of 17, eight years after her mother had died, she moved into Cassel's home and became virtual mistress of the great Park Lane mansion. But old Cassel allowed her only $20 a week spending money. She had to travel third class, was not permitted to use lipstick, and was expected to preside over her grandfather's sumptuous dinners with 15 footmen waiting at the table. But after Grandfather died, Edwina, still in her teens, received over $4,000,000.

This tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed goddaughter of Edward VII was 19 when she went to a dance given by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt of New York. Mrs. Vanderbilt slipped an arm round her and said, "Edwina, I want you to meet Dickie."

The girl turned and saw a dark-haired, square-jawed young naval officer still tanned from touring Australia with his cousin, the Prince of Wales. It was love at first sight.

"Dickie" Mountbatten was the second son of Prince Louis of Battenberg, offspring of the runaway marriage between the princeling and the commoner. Prince Louis, Dickie's father, had been a man with one ambition: to become Britain's First Sea Lord. He discarded his German citizenship, joined the Royal Navy, and by sheer merit achieved it.

Entirely due to him (with the connivance of that wily old war horse Winston Churchill) the British fleet already stood at action stations when war with Germany came in 1914. But Britain's reward was to hound him from his post, as a "Hun."

Prince Louis Battenberg anglicized his name, and as plain Mr. Mountbatten received from King George V the title of Marquess of Milford Haven. Dickie, his son, who later became Earl Mountbatten of Burma, turned from a society playboy to an inventive genius who helped make possible Allied victory in World War II. And today, himself Britain's First Sea Lord, the son must get a deal of satisfaction from having avenged that insult to his father.

Despite a touch of paunchiness which stems from his desk-work, Mountbatten, at 56, is still a dynamic, forceful, commanding individual who likes his own way and is not above using histrionics to put a point over. He enjoys the sound of his own voice.

When his father died, Mountbatten had already slipped into the worthwhile post of Aide-de-Camp to the Prince of Wales, and his loyalty to the man who became Duke of Windsor has continued over the years. He saw Edward VIII as an echo of his own father—a hard worker martyred by the fickleness of public opinion—and was sufficiently quixotic at the abdication to offer to go with him into exile.

In the days of the "Fort Belvedere Set," Mountbatten was in the center of the gay goings-on which surrounded the Prince of Wales and Wallis Simpson. And long before that the Prince of Wales—quite literally—handed Mountbatten the key to future happiness.

WHEN HE FIRST MET Edwina, Dickie was due to sail again as the Prince's A.D.C. He begged Edwina to go to India at the same time. But she, though her grandfather was dead, had not yet come into her inheritance and could not afford the passage money. "Borrow it," suggested Dickie.

A romantically minded aunt obliged with $400, and Edwina stayed at a cheap little back-street hotel in Delhi, seeing little enough of Dickie, busy with his official duties. Then the Prince of Wales heard how things were between them. "Maybe this will help," he said with

The Mountbattens thrive on informality. Here is Lord Mountbatten driving Lady Mountbatten (*far left*) and daughter Patricia (*right*) in a jeep.

Skilled in the arts of peace as well as war, he played in champion polo match as recently as 1950.

a crinkle-faced grin, tossing Mountbatten the key to his private sitting room.

It opened the door of a room in which Dickie proposed marriage and Edwina accepted. They still have the key among their sentimental souvenirs, and years later, as Viceroy and Vicereine of India, they took time out to spend a few minutes holding hands in that room in Delhi where their love story started.

After they married, they rented a fabulous Park Lane penthouse. In those mad, carefree years, Dickie and Edwina became the leaders of the bright young things who Charlestoned and black-bottomed their way through the Gay Twenties. Edwina's income amounted to some $150,000 a year (after taxation) and she reputedly spent half of it on clothes and adornment. The gossip columns were full of Edwina, her clothes, hair-styles, dancing and parties.

Mountbatten, with Edwina's money to smooth his path, was on his way up. As Edward VIII's A.D.C., it seemed inevitable that he must become a victim of the shake-up after the abdication. But when the smoke cleared, Edward's A.D.C. had become George VI's personal naval A.D.C.

To Mountbatten, as to his father, the navy has been more than a mere profession; it has been a lifelong passion. The thoroughness with which he prepared to climb to the top had something Teutonic about it. He spent all his spare time studying. He wrote textbooks on radio, revised the Anglo-French naval dictionary, qualified as a naval interpreter in German, and invented minor improvements to ships' radio.

As a ship's captain, Mountbatten actually said to his men such things as, "Well, Perkins, how's your daughter, Mary? I must get my wife to call on her when she's next in Portsmouth." He kept an intricate card-index of domestic detail, a system his nephew, Philip, is said to copy.

Mountbatten's destroyer, the *Kelly,* was mined in the Mediterranean, torpedoed off Holland and finally sunk off Crete. Mountbatten survived it all.

At sea, he displayed courage, determination and drive. But as head of Britain's Combined Operations he showed his weaknesses, too. He would order someone else to do a job and then plod through it himself. He became involved in interdepartmental squabbles. But his obstinacy, ruthlessness, charm and salesmanship always won out in the end.

He was the driving force behind PLUTO (Pipe Line Under The Ocean) and the Mulberry harbors. When the first sample of Pykrete, the ice and wood-fiber mixture used for the floating platforms, came his way, he took it round to show Churchill. He found the old warrior enjoying a hot tub. "Try this in your bath," said Mountbatten and tossed him the sample.

At the Quebec conference he had to "sell" the idea to the U.S. commanders. He did it with his usual histrionic dash. A sample was wheeled in along with an ordinary block of ice. Mountbatten drew a revolver and fired at the ice. It shattered. Then he fired at the Pykrete. The bullet ricocheted off and narrowly missed the chief of the British Air Staff.

"Good heavens, they've started shooting at each other!" cried an alarmed staff-man outside.

On D-Day-plus-one Mountbatten received a tribute from the Anglo-U.S. war chiefs who agreed that the

Lord and Lady Mountbatten with the Royal Family acknowledging cheers on the Buckingham Palace balcony during Elizabeth's birthday celebration.

invasion of Europe was made much more possible because of the techniques that he inspired and encouraged.

Edwina, the social butterfly, underwent a quite startling transformation meanwhile. She closed down the penthouse, trained as a nurse and soon took efficient command of London's ambulance volunteers. Unhelmeted throughout the bombings, she made her rounds of hospitals and shelters, cutting red tape, using her social connections to go straight to the top when things went wrong.

After Mountbatten received the appointment as Supreme Commander in Southeast Asia, she went there also, again short-circuiting officialdom on her visits to hospitals and first-aid centers. She slept in jungles, traveled in troop trains, and when the enemy capitulated in Siam she flew in with the first wave of occupying troops. When the Japs revealed the existence of prison camps in Sumatra, Borneo and New Guinea, she had flown in and established contact before a single Allied soldier landed.

Her husband's appointment as Supreme Commander proved far from universally popular. He clashed with his deputy, tough U.S. General Stilwell, who jeered at Mountbatten's splendid uniforms, multitudinous decorations and apparent vanity. Yet even "Vinegar Joe" found the man inside those flashy uniforms likeable enough.

"That's what makes him so damned dangerous," Stilwell admitted. "Even I like him."

Some, picturing Mountbatten still as the playboy friend of the Windsors, nicknamed him "Lord Noncombatant" and the "Kandy Dandy." And since Philip married Elizabeth there has been a new one—"Kingmaker."

Mountbatten resents this. For when he first "adopted" his young nephew, the son of the exiled Prince Andrew of Greece, he could not possibly have foreseen the abdication, close though he was to the Prince of Wales at that time. Later, though, there can be little doubt that he considerably smoothed the path towards a Philip-Elizabeth alliance.

Seen together, Philip and Mountbatten could easily be mistaken for father and son—even two brothers slightly apart in years. Mountbatten is dark while Philip is fair, but they have the same square jaw, the same long nose, the same laugh, the same deceptive charm, the same love of their own voices, the same tenacity of purpose.

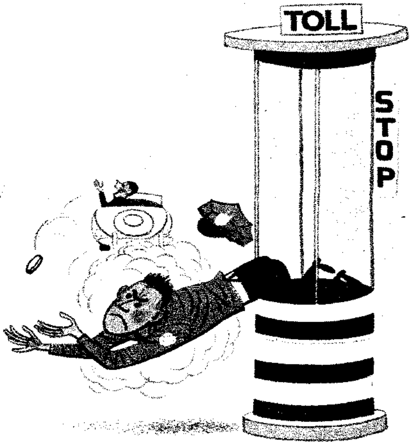
The rumors that Mountbatten is the power behind the throne, the man who influences the Queen's husband, are not true. Philip, though he may influence Elizabeth, is too much of a Mountbatten in upbringing and environment to be influenced by anyone else.

But he brings the Mountbatten determination, the Mountbatten drive and the Mountbatten intolerance when things go wrong to the new look he is bestowing upon the English monarchial system. And one day in the future, a Charles III will occupy the throne of Britain and carry on the vigorous, resourceful, cunningly adaptive Mountbatten tradition.

How They Torture the Toll Collector!

by Harold Mehling

As the target of motorized screwballs, he must endure everything—from water gun barrages to red-hot coins



No matter where you drive these days you're bound to meet the toll collector. Palm outstretched, he stands along 3,000 miles of turnpikes, parkways and superhighways, and at hundreds of tunnels and bridges. His job may seem dull, but it never bores him. Because while most people may just give him tolls, others give him tolls and/or trouble—in various degrees and in some pretty amazing and ingenious forms.

Take the tollman, for instance, who has to collect quarters from a motorist who can't stand being touched. This motorist drives up and extends the toll in a clothespin, with a match holding the coin tightly in place. Sometimes the collector has to work change back into the homespun device—always being careful not to touch the man at any time.

Collectors are generally indulgent toward such quirks, but there are times when they are less charitable toward their fellow men, like when their fellow men almost kill them with their cars.

"Late at night you hear them coming at you in the dark," Albert Brattesani, a tollman on New York's Saw Mill River Parkway, explains. "Faster and faster they come with their lights out and a handkerchief or a bag covering their license plates. All of a sudden they're going by the tollbooth at 50 miles an hour."

In more than one instance, the speeding drivers have missed the lane, ripped through tollbooths and sent collectors to the hospital.

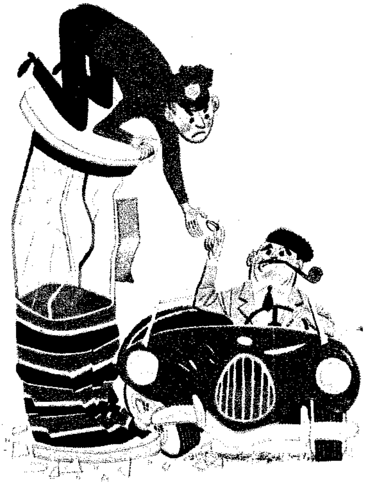
Analyzing such conduct, a psychiatrist says: "It's not the money involved, usually, but the thrill some people get out of defying authority. A toll collector wears a uniform, which makes him a figure of power, so the complex-ridden driver feeds him to his hungry ego."

Tollman Brattesani has suffered other dismaying consequences of warped human nature. "Some people heat a coin red-hot in their cigarette lighters," he says. "They take it out with a glove just as they're coming up to the tollbooth and drop it into the collector's bare palm. You can hear them laughing as they drive on."

The toll collector can be excused if he doesn't laugh too, especially when he meets the "grabbers." These are the motorists—usually big, hearty fellows—who close a fist over the collector's fingers after handing him the money. "Yay-bo!" they shout happily as they twist his fingers.

"Those people mean well," a collector on the Maine Turnpike grins wryly, "but I wish they'd mean it somewhere else!"

Many tollmen can predict the behavior of motorists on the basis of changing weather. When thousands pass through on a sunny Sunday morning bound for the beaches, there's not a scowl in sight.



But if they're rained out an hour later, the collectors get set for high irritation. That's when coins are thrown by drivers who won't stop, and $50 bills are handed over with malice aforethought.

"I assume no one enjoys paying a toll in the first place," one collector explains, "so I try to be as pleasant as I can. It's hard to be angry with me if I give you a big 'Good morning!' when you've come the wrong way and have to pay another toll to get back."

The collector's smile thins out, though, when a driver decides to settle down before the tollbooth and talk a while. "This is somewhat embarrassing when traffic is heavy," A. M. Gault, manager of the International Bridge at Laredo, Texas, says. "We find it difficult to return this friendliness and still keep traffic moving."

A New Jersey collector describes the slowdown this way:

"On a cold day a car stops with the window closed. The driver opens it and looks for change in every pocket. Then he decides he has none. He locates his wallet, leafs through and comes up with a $20 bill. When he gets his change he wants information about roads, restaurants, hotels and scenic attractions. Well, none of that bothers us—we've got all day—but what it does to the temper—and vocabulary—of drivers behind him couldn't be printed."

Many collectors counter one kind of delay with a dash of psychology. They find that when father gives his child the toll they invariably have to wrestle the coin from the youngster's grip. When they make change, therefore, they hand it to the child with the smiling comment: "Here, young fellow, your dad doesn't need this. Buy yourself some ice cream." On the next trip, dad pays the toll himself.

A delaying factor that no one has been able to defeat is the motorcyclist, who takes twice as long to get through as the autoist. Norman Raab, of the California Toll Bridge Authority, describes the problem as a sartorial one. "Motorcycle drivers wear those tight pants," he says. "They can't get into their pockets for change without getting off their machines."

One type of delay, however, is not necessarily distasteful. "You'd be amazed," one collector explains brightly, "how many clothes a beautiful woman gets rid of while driving in 95-degree temperature."

Tollmen accept the motorists' humor with more or less grace, even though they may have heard the: "Two pounds of tollhouse cookies, please" gag a thousand times. Another perennial comes from the driver who pulls up and waits for the collector to say, "Twenty-five cents, please." At which he shouts, "Sold!" and climbs out of his car rocking with laughter. Not so, however, the practical joker who coats his coins with a substance that turns the collector's hand purple, or the teen-agers who specialize in water-pistol squirting as they dig away in low gear.

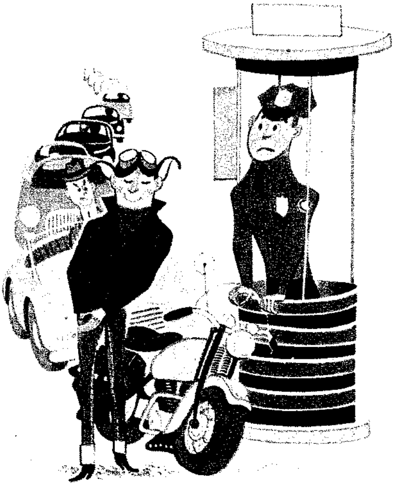
While many motorists give collectors a hard time, the tollmen agree that the troublesome drivers are in the minority. With some drivers, courtesy rarely falters. Bus and truck operators, for instance, never forget to pull away from a tollbooth slowly so the collector won't choke on exhaust fumes.

Occasionally a driver can be downright delightful, as was one on a Jersey toll road near Monmouth Racetrack. He clattered up in a woebegone car, paid the toll, then climbed out and handed the tollman the keys.

"I've had three breakdowns in 25 miles," he said, "and I've already missed the daily double. I know I had the winners. You can have this piece of junk."

The man hurried off to call a taxi, and two days later the collector received the car's registration slip in the mail. He took the motorist's description literally and sold the auto as junk, for $40.

Sometimes collectors even get drivers to join with them in an intramural gag. One famous incident



took place between parkway and bridge collectors in New Jersey.

When a driver paid his toll on leaving the parkway, he was asked this favor: "The bridge collectors are out of pennies. I'll just give you your bridge toll in pennies and you can hand them over when you get down there."

Obliging motorists poured pennies into the bridge toll point, where the collectors, weary of counting and wrapping, sent back as many as they could with motorists heading in the opposite direction. Some drivers extended the prank by offering whole rolls of pennies to the inundated collectors. If the war had not been ended, it might have become a penny Fort Knox.

One of the most interesting observations tollmen have made of drivers is that they will be devious in avoiding a toll, but conscientious when put on their honor. One collector has put up tolls for 41 forgetful drivers without being stuck. And at certain points where human collectors have been replaced by "Honest John" boxes, over 75 per cent of travelers have been found to play it honest. While that is not a perfect score for human integrity, it is good enough to be less costly than a human collector's salary.

Among the 25 per cent who can't resist cheating, some, not content with holding out on the Honest John boxes and letting it go at that, have to make sure their achievements are noticed. Therefore, they deposit, instead of money, shopping lists, unsigned IOUs, obscene comments, hair curlers, rusty spoons, earrings, pistachio nuts, French francs and vest-pocket Bibles.

The member of this tribe that authorities of one parkway would like to locate is the one who poured five gallons of molasses into an Honest John's mouth one sticky night. They are saving the mess for him.

Deft Definitions

MARRIAGE: The alliance of two people, one who never remembers birthdays and the other who never forgets them.

MISER: A person who is very close but can't be touched.

SUSPICION: A mental picture seen through an imaginary keyhole.

SOPHISTICATE: A woman who never lets a fool kiss her or a kiss fool her.

TRANSPARENT: A parent who's always traveling from place to place.

—General Features Corp.

THE AMERICAN WAY: Condemning a risqué movie; attending it to see if it's as shocking as advertised; complaining because the risqué parts have been cut.

—Phillips "66"

BACHELOR GIRL: Naturally, one who is still looking for a bachelor.

—Quote

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Incognito

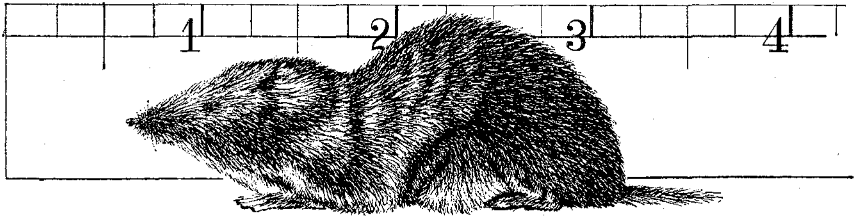
Success often comes to people under names very different from those on their birth certificates. Jan Murray, host of ABC-TV's "Treasure Hunt" (Fridays, 9-9:30 P.M., EST), should know. He was born Murray Janofsky. Quizmaster Murray invites you on a celebrity hunt. Match the original names in the left column with the well-known aliases on the right. Sharp detective work should expose at least 20 disguises, Jan claims. (Answers on page 72)

1. François Marie Arouet
2. Frederick Austerlitz
3. Lev Davidovich Bronstein
4. Joseph Barrow
5. S. Arlington Brugh
6. William Bonney
7. Arnold Cream
8. Cornelius McGillicuddy
9. William F. Cody
10. Aaron Chwatt
11. Charles J. Correll
12. Norma Jeane Baker
13. Amadine Dupin Dudevant
14. Charles L. Dodgson
15. Freeman F. Gosden
16. Gerardo Gonzalez
17. Greta Gustafsson
18. Phyllis Isley
19. James Jordan
20. Lucille le Sueur
21. Maria Magdalene von Losch
22. Helen Louise Leonard
23. Marion M. Morrison
24. Helen Porter Mitchell
25. Eugenio Pacelli
26. Gladys Smith
27. William J. Shields
28. Leonard Slye
29. Bruno Schlesinger
30. V. Skriabin
31. James Stewart
32. Adolf Schicklgruber
33. Ehrich Weiss
34. Willard Huntington Wright

I. Amos of Amos and Andy
II. Andy of Amos and Andy
III. Fred Astaire
IV. Billy the Kid
V. Buffalo Bill
VI. Red Buttons
VII. Lewis Carroll
VIII. Joan Crawford
IX. Marlene Dietrich
X. Barry Fitzgerald
XI. Greta Garbo
XII. Kid Gavilan
XIII. Stewart Granger
XIV. Adolf Hitler
XV. Harry Houdini
XVI. Jennifer Jones
XVII. Joe Louis
XVIII. Connie Mack
XIX. Fibber McGee
XX. Madame Nellie Melba
XXI. V. M. Molotov
XXII. Marilyn Monroe
XXIII. Mary Pickford
XXIV. Pope Pius XII
XXV. Roy Rogers
XXVI. Lillian Russell
XXVII. George Sand
XXVIII. Robert Taylor
XXIX. Leon Trotsky
XXX. S. S. Van Dine
XXXI. Voltaire
XXXII. Jersey Joe Walcott
XXXIII. Bruno Walter
XXXIV. John Wayne

nature's miniature assassin

by Jack Denton Scott



As one of the fiercest creatures in the world, the shrew first poisons, then literally tears its victims apart

I have just witnessed a brutal, ruthless killing and the chill still hasn't left my spine. It was committed by a shrew, smallest of North American mammals.

Though the shrew only weighs from 1/15 to 4/5 of an ounce—no species reaching a length of more than 6½ inches, most running less than three inches—it is probably one of the fiercest animals alive. "Anything smaller than a weasel that crawls, runs or flies is tempting to this insatiable little assassin," says Victor H. Cahalane, former Chief Biologist of our National Parks. "Most of its victims do not have a chance. If it is the short-tailed shrew, it poisons them when it snaps its tiny jaws. Secretion from the salivary glands, flowing into the wounds made by the long lower incisor teeth, slows the heart action and breathing of the victims. Then it easily tears them limb from limb and devours skin, bones and all."

Centuries ago, it was believed that the shrew could cast a spell over people and animals by biting them or by running over a part of their bodies; and the words "shrew-run, shrew-struck, shrew-afflicted, shrew-bitten" meant any animal or person with "his limbs suddenly taken from him."

Superstition, of course, but it does happen to be fact that the effect of the poison in the mouth juices of the shrew is much like that of the cobra. A recent experiment showed that six milligrams of ground-up salivary glands of the short-tailed shrew could kill a mouse that weighed 20 grams. The glands of the tiny shrew contained enough poison to kill 200 mice.

My Weimaraner dog "Mark" caught one of the creepy creatures at my place in Roxbury, Connecticut, last summer and brought it to me. This in itself was a rare action, for shrews have a vile smell and most animals avoid them. Though near death when my dog dropped it in my outstretched hand, nevertheless it nipped me in a series of little twitching movements. Immediately there followed a sharp, burning sensation not unlike the sting of a wasp. Pain lanced up my arm—and I had a hangover-like feeling for three days.

This beady-eyed specimen looked like an undersized funnel-nosed mouse with half its tail gone. It measured a fraction over two inches long. A dense, mink-soft fur covered its body, sort of velvet-gray above and a buff or cream on the underside. The fur was so fine that even the ears were difficult to locate. Its paws were white and looked like tiny delicate hands, and I counted 32 pin-like teeth.

Holding this minuscule powder-puff monster in my hand, it seemed hard to believe that it was one of the most voracious creatures for its size in the animal world. Bad tempered, on a never-ending, ravening hunt for food, the shrew has such a rapid metabolic process that it will starve to death in approximately two hours if it does not keep eating. It can consume the equivalent of its own weight every three hours.

Aware of the shrew's fantastic fighting ability, I decided to stalk one and watch it take a meal, preferably a mouse. I had seen the little creatures in the Northwest. Shrews consider the seeds of the Douglas fir a great delicacy and almost without trying I had counted as many as seven rushing from seed to seed as if they were starving to death. But although my place in Connecticut is in the center of 15 cleared acres surrounded by wild woodland, I hadn't seen a shrew there in seven years.

I spent four days looking for my myth-like mite before I had any luck. Then I remembered a discarded incinerator some 300 yards from the house, that had become a field mouse apartment.

I stretched out with a pair of binoculars to watch. Within 20 minutes a large white-footed field mouse minced out of the metal sanctuary and started nosing about. I searched an area of eight feet around the rodent in a concentric circle for any movement that might mean a shrew at work.

Then I heard the sound. And I will never hear it again—if I can help it. It started as a shrill, twittering noise, a kind of insane bird-sound that I couldn't identify. Dead leaves to the left of the unsuspecting mouse rustled, moved slightly, and out came the shrew looking not much bigger than a postage stamp and about as dangerous as a large raindrop.

The shrew didn't even seem to rush the mouse. It just came out from under the leaves, then suddenly was on top of the mouse, like a monkey on the back of a Great Dane, all the while uttering this shrill, nightmare sound that seemed to come off the top of the sonic scale.

The mouse tried to fight back, but it was like trying to dodge lightning. The shrew, still shrieking his kill cry, leaped off the mouse's back and twisted in so fast I couldn't even follow it. One word describes the whole scene: mad.

Then it was all over. Like some macabre butcher, the shrew sliced away at the mouse and before I realized it the mouse was gone—fur, head, tail and all—and the shrew was off in the dead leaves after another. It took about ten minutes to shake that nightmarish scene from my mind.

Technically classified as an insectivore, the shrew is supposed to feed largely on insects, insect larvae and earthworms; but W. Robert Eadie, Professor of Zoology at Cornell, proved that the midget mammal has other tastes, too. He conducted experiments to determine what the short-tailed shrew ate in open fields and, in 56 per cent of the shrew nests examined, he found that the occupants had been dining extensively on field mice.

A laboratory experiment by another zoologist, Ernest P. Walker, Assistant Director of the National Zoological Park, demonstrated that shrews are tremendously prolific. Mr. Walker acquired three shrews and saw one pair produce 66 young in less than a year. He marked the shrew's gestation period as not more than 16 days, sometimes as short as 12. In four instances a shrew gave birth, raised her young, and had another litter in 24 days. He discovered that shrews often have their first family when they are only three months old.

Fortunately for our small-animal population all shrews aren't cut from the same black cloth. Of the dozen different kinds, the most interesting are the elephant shrew, a gentle creature of four to five inches, with a long snout, not unlike the trunk of an elephant; the water shrew which, holding air bubbles in its feet, can actually walk on water; and the pygmy shrew that never weighs more than 1/14 of an ounce and doesn't seem to cause much trouble. The rarest of the shrews in this country is the Crawford, or gray shrew, whose short tail and enormous ears make it ludicrous looking.

But there is nothing remotely funny about the two most common, either the long-tailed shrew or the short-tailed speck of an animal that gives a new dimension to the word "monster."

Incognito

(Answers to quiz on page 69)

1. XXXI; 2. III; 3. XXIX; 4. XVII; 5. XXVIII; 6. IV; 7. XXXII; 8. XVIII; 9. V; 10. VI; 11. II; 12. XXII; 13. XXVII; 14. VII; 15. I; 16. XII; 17. XI; 18. XVI; 19. XIX; 20. VIII; 21. IX; 22. XXVI; 23. XXXIV; 24. XX; 25. XXIV; 26. XXIII; 27. X; 28. XXV; 29. XXXIII; 30. XXI; 31. XIII; 32. XIV; 33. XV; 34. XXX.

SUCCESS
HEALTH
SEX

what's eating middle-aged men?

by JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Gnawing their egos is fear—that they're losing their masculinity, that they're failures, that they're unappreciated. Here is an analysis of the problem, and a solution

For many a man, the most turbulent time of life is not adolescence. It is middle age. For 20 or 25 years after launching into adulthood, he sails along smoothly enough with the current. Then suddenly, in his 40s or early 50s, he hits the rapids.

For a time, things are pretty rough. He loses interest in his work and faith in his abilities. It's hard for him to concentrate or make decisions. He becomes cranky, and distrustful of his children, friends and associates. His wife bores and irritates him. He starts chasing other women. Erotic fantasies fill his mind. He is haunted by a sense of impending danger. Moments of elation are followed by spells of black depression. He starts hitting the bottle.

Every middle-aged man experiences one or more of these symptoms in some degree. People laugh when he says "Nobody understands me." But medical and psychiatric authorities who have been investigating his problems lately have found he's right. His carryings-on aren't symptoms of mental and moral breakdown. They represent the often misguided attempts of a normal human being to fight off a threat to three things which he doesn't want to lose—sex potency, success, and health.

"Poor sexual performance, or at least the fear of it, especially with their wives, is nearly universal in middle-aged men," says psychoanalyst Dr. Edmund Bergler. With few exceptions, the causes are purely psychological. The only thing he has to fear about sex is fear itself. In point of physical capacity, it's not nearly as late as he thinks.

What about "male menopause?" This has no biological basis whatever, Dr. Bergler states. Repeated attempts have been made to correlate man's peculiar behavior in the 40s and 50s with a readjustment equivalent to woman's change of life. But a comparison between two simple and undeniable biological facts proves that there can be no biological analogy between menopause and man's middle-aged revolt.

"Nothing comparable to the ovary's functional death occurs in man," says Dr. Bergler. "The prostate, the testicular system, the inner hormone secretions in man neither die out, disappear, nor cease to function at that age. Changes in prostate are by no means in direct relation to an alleged masculine climacteric. The middle-aged revolt in man, erroneously called 'change of life,' is a purely psychological phenomenon."

Aging has far less effect on the male sex glands than most people assume. The late Dr. Alfred Kinsey found in one investigation that 73 per cent of the males he studied were still sexually active at the advanced age of 70. Some men reported that the frequency of their sexual relations increased in their 40s or 50s. In general, however, frequency of marital relations was less than during the 30s but performance had greatly improved.

Many men, on the other hand, think it is normal to lose interest in sex after a certain age. But, actually, sex is one of the few areas of human experience where thinking so makes it so.

Subtle changes in character and outlook take place during the various stages of middle life. Very gradually, with the approach of middle age, the husband, though still fully potent, becomes less demanding of sex. For him, it is the coin of youth. He doesn't feel like squandering it.

His wife, on the other hand, becomes more acquiescent, willing, or demanding, as the case may be. As the children grow up, she finds more leisure and is less tired, while he usually finds less leisure and is more tired. His loss of sexual initiative to his wife tends to confirm his fears of waning potency.

Deliberately or unconsciously, a wife may use her new-found initiative as a club to get even for all the times her husband accused her of frigidity. At the same time, she begins to worry. Is it waning virility that makes him indifferent—or is it another woman? A lot of men would rather be accused of being unfaithful than of being unable. This makes the other woman seem all the more attractive—and necessary to save face.

The middle-aged man's revolt against marriage isn't all sexual. During his 30s, while proving himself in the world, he depends on his wife to share his goals and back him up with her faith and confidence, just as his mother did when he was meeting new challenges in school or college.

By middle age, a man has pretty well proved his capacities and his shortcomings. If his wife continues to count on him to do all those great things he was going to do, he accuses her of being too demanding. Why can't she be satisfied with what he has to give? But if she drops her unrealistic expectations, he accuses her of thinking he's all washed up. She no longer "inspires" him.

This puts the middle-aged man's wife on the spot. But she'll find him a lot easier to put up with if she understands how much success or lack of it means to her husband's self-esteem.

The middle-aged man, no matter how successful, is haunted by fear of failure. The 40s are a time of reckoning. He can no longer say, "I'll show 'em." He's had 20 to 25 years to do that. He cannot kid himself that if he doesn't get ahead in his present line of work he can always try something else. And so at last he must judge himself.

In a recent study of the middle-aged male, Dr. James S. Slotkin found that this painful self-appraisal follows a definite pattern. Beginning around the age of 43, the individual starts testing and examining his career to see whether it has worked out the way he planned. He arrives at one of these four conclusions:

a) He is a failure.
b) The results are inconclusive.
c) He has been partially successful.
d) He has been successful.

Only a few admit complete failure, says Dr. Slotkin. Of those who do, some try to escape—through alcoholism or even suicide, or by adopting a protective stoicism—"This is the way things are." The "grandiose failure," the embittered genius, rationalizes his failure by saying he is too good, too fine, too far ahead of his time for the world to understand or appreciate.

More people make the second adjustment—decide there is still some chance of achieving the goals they chose earlier in life. They keep going in the hope "something will turn up."

The person who makes the third adjustment and decides he has achieved partial success has the best chance of happiness. This person admits some of his goals were too high. Now he tries to modify his aspirations to suit his abilities and his circumstances. This means seeing one's self in a much less glamorous light. But it pays off because it enables the individual to achieve a sense of fulfillment during the years ahead.

How about the man who has actually achieved his goals? Ideally he should be the happiest. But, according to Dr. Slotkin, he may not be. The dissatisfied success often finds he chose the wrong goals, climbed the wrong mountain.

TODAY'S AVERAGE middle-aged man has had a tough time. He started earning a living during the great Depression. He was just beginning to hit his stride when World War II erupted. Today it's not unusual for a son to be making more money on his first job than his father earned after ten years of struggle.

For the wife, the pressure of work lightens as the children grow up. But for the middle-aged man, the pressure increases. The children need bigger allowances, more clothes, money for college, money to get started in a profession or business career. The family may have moved to a new home in a "better neighborhood," bought a more expensive car.

The man who looked forward to all this as a time when he could enjoy his children finds they have their own friends, their own special interests. His wife, too, has become more interested in clubs and church and civic organizations outside the home. Papa feels left out of it all. If he complains that his children have become strangers to him, he is told that he should have taken more interest in them while they were young. But suppose he had stayed home to play with them and sacrificed a promotion and a raise?

The middle-aged man often feels that all his family wants out of him is money. Often he is right. Is it any wonder he begins to ask: "So I've slaved for 25 years. And for what? Isn't it about time *I* had a little fun?"

Like most of his colleagues in medicine and psychiatry, Dr. Oliver Spurgeon English has seen a lot of middle-aged patients who have suddenly decided to enjoy life and don't know quite how to go about it. "A man deprives himself of happiness till he is 45," says Dr. English. "Then he runs around madly trying to find a doctor with a syringe who will inject the means of happiness into him."

Doctors have a name for what ails the middle-aged man. They call it "the-so-little-time" complex. There's a period when a boy is around 11 when it occurs to him for the first time: "I can die." He pretty much forgets about it until the early 40s when it suddenly hits him very hard. He has come to the point where he can look back on more years than he can look forward to. The time since childhood and youth seems very brief. Even less time remains to him.

He begins to wonder about those life expectancy figures—is it 62 or 72 or what? Another 20 years and he'll be in his 60s—or his grave. Every week or so he reads an obituary of someone he has identified with his own generation—a movie star, a baseball player, or a friend or business associate. Heart trouble, cancer, an automobile accident—he could go any time.

IN ACTUAL FACT, the greatest threat to his health comes not from the degenerative diseases of age but from the kinds of heart trouble and gastro-intestinal upsets which can usually be traced to "body language." This is doctor's slang for the tendency of the body to express through this or that organ an emotional conflict which the victim suppressed in the interests of getting ahead. The results are ulcers, ulcerative colitis, essential hypertension affecting the heart, brain or kidneys.

Middle age is a time of great preoccupation with the body, a University of Chicago study of middle age found. The reason is obvious. During his 30s, a man can overlook the changes that are gradually taking place in his appearance—thickening waistline, receding hairline and slackening muscle tone. But by 45 or so the cumulative effect can no longer be ignored.

The middle-aged man reacts to this in one of two ways. Often he switches from one to the other. He may become over-cautious, figuring that he can stay young so long as he keeps his body fit. He diets. He takes up golf or an active hobby to get exercise. He toasts under a sun lamp, not just to be healthier but to look healthier. He may come home with a modified crew cut. It is common in middle age for men to stop and start smoking and drinking every other month or so.

Or he may take the opposite tack, and try to prove his youth by showing that he can still take any amount of punishment. He laughs at those who diet and exercise. To show how young he is, he may lop ten years off his life expectancy.

Most of the middle-aged man's behavior quirks stem from his attempts to prove that he's still got what it takes, physically and mentally. He could save himself a lot of trouble and heartache if he let the facts speak for themselves.

Middle age is the most constructive and productive era of life, according to Dr. Roy R. Grinker, an expert on the aging process. It is also a period of inventiveness, and the time when a man is best able to try out new and original ideas.

According to past research using IQ tests, intelligence reaches a maximum in the 20s. But this popular belief was recently challenged by Dr. Nancy Bayley, head of the Child Development Section of the National Institute of Mental Health, who stated that research now indicates "that at least some intellectual abilities continue to increase to age 50."

In practically every industry, the responsible work is being done by men and women over 50, according to Dr. Leonard Himler of the Committee of Industrial Psychiatry. Careful surveys by the Committee and other agencies show that workers over 45 are generally more valuable to their employers than workers under 45. "The real problem of the middle-aged man is not declining usefulness," says Dr. Himler. "It's the defeatist and antagonistic attitudes that people have about aging."

These defeatist attitudes are the final answer to the question, "What's eating the middle-aged man?" If he wants to get rid of them, all he has to do is to change his own mind. For the United States itself has become a middle-aged nation. Around 1910, only 25 per cent of the population was over 40. Today, there are over 37,000,000 Americans between 40 and 60. The average age of the labor force is 45. The men who run our business and government average around 50. In the glamor department, stars like Clark Gable, Bing Crosby, Cary Grant and Gary Cooper aren't doing so badly. Life doesn't begin at 40, but it's still got a long way to go.

Signs of the Times

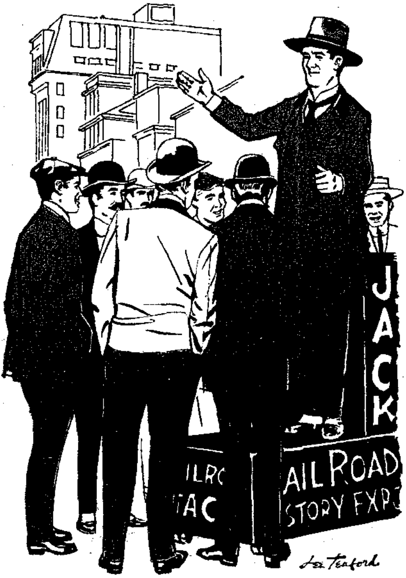
A GLENDALE, California, barbershop displays this sign: "Parking for Longhairs Only."
—MRS. L. J. RAY

SIGN on a tow truck in suburban Philadelphia: "Crash and Carry."
—KENNETH WRAY CONNERS

Railroad Jack—Highbrow Hobo

by HERTHE STRIKER

Billing himself as the "World's Greatest Memory Expert on All Things," he defied anybody to stump him—and never failed to put his hecklers up a tree



IF RAILROAD JACK were alive today he could win top prize on "The $64,000 Question" with ease, for answering questions was his hobby, his passion and his life's work. Though all Jack got for his answers was a nickel apiece.

He called himself "World's Champion History Expert," and when this struck him as too modest, "World's Greatest Memory Expert on All Things." He claimed that nobody on earth could match his memory feats, and every year he left his beloved Ann Arbor, Michigan, to travel thousands of miles to prove it.

He had no money and few friends. Time and again the few he did have—all people in high places—offered him contracts, cars and other worldly goods; but Jack only turned up his snub nose at them. For if anything was greater than his retentive mind, it was his hauteur.

Since he couldn't afford hotel rooms, Jack toured the country with a self-made hammock which he called his "Fresh-Air Bedroom," and a small handcart on which he had painted in big letters "Railroad Jack, World's Champion History Expert." He would wander into a town, set up his cart at some busy corner and defy passers-by to ask him a question he could not answer.

"Give me a date!" he would cry. "*Any* date! I'll tell you all about it."

Some pedestrians gave him a quick go-by because he was a weird-looking character in a cutaway coat and blue serge trousers always a little dirty and rumpled. A small man—about five feet seven—his shoulders were unproportionately broad, his head unproportionately large, his brow gigantic.

"Ask me, ask me!" he would shout. "You owe me 5¢ if I answer, but if you stump me you win a dollar. Give me a question or give me a date. Any date!"

Finally someone in the crowd started the ball rolling with, say, "1842!"

"1842? That's a wonderful year. That was the year Abraham Lincoln married Mary Todd. She was 23 then, and he 33. Darwin was 33, too. Queen Victoria was on the British throne—she was 23—and poor William Wordsworth was an old fellow of 72, getting booed by all the young liberal poets because he was turning conservative. William James was just born that year. As for his brother Henry, the writer, *he* was just being *conceived!*"

Someone in the crowd might voice surprise on hearing that William and Henry James were brothers, and immediately Jack would be off again.

"Of course they were brothers. They adored each other. Henry sent Willie his novels chapter by chapter, as soon as he got them off the typewriter, because Willie used to get so excited about them that he couldn't wait for the next installment to come out in the magazines. Willie had tremendous admiration for Henry's writing talents, while Henry would have given both arms, by heaven, to be a philosopher like Willie."

Jack's remarkable accumulation of facts awed scientists and the man on the street alike. One thing is certain: there were no tricks in his trade. He worked without memory boosters of any kind. Why his memory excelled that of ordinary mortals was a mystery even to Jack himself.

"I guess it's just hard work," he said. "There's nothing prodigious about my head—I wasn't an awfully good student. I just read a lot, and I always take notes."

That he read "a lot" is an understatement. Jack haunted libraries wherever he went. He would go on "reading sprees" that lasted for months, tackling the reference shelves each day at nine A.M. sharp, and complaining when librarians took his books away at the ten P.M. closing hour.

"He concentrated like no student ever did," librarians at the University of Michigan recall. "Once he was here every day for an eight-month stretch. There was no place in the world he'd rather be."

When admiring students asked him why, with all his knowledge, he kept learning more, Jack solemnly explained that he "must defend his title." But he had a hard time finding challengers though he offered $10 to anyone who could out-answer him. When he found no takers, he would gradually increase that to $100.

No one ever beat Jack at his own game, for his arsenal of facts was supplemented by a tongue that could side-track twice as many questions—and make a fool of the questioner in the process. If he *wasn't* the world's champion history expert, he can safely be named its greatest bluff artist.

"I am convinced," one of his old-time challengers says, "that Jack loved the sound of his own voice above all other delights."

Railroad Jack liked to call Michigan his home—but he never really had one. His strange life started quite prosaically on November 27, 1864, when he was born as Harry D. Cooper in St. Louis, Missouri. His parents were of Scotch-Irish descent, and too middle-class and stolid for Jack's restless temperament. He left home as soon as he could, and at 26 became a writer for a small Michigan railway magazine. Nobody is quite certain what he did with himself before that age. Jack loved to boast that he had no education, but certain records indicate that he not only graduated from high school (in Oshkosh, Wisconsin), but also attended Rush Medical College.

While working for the railway magazine he started to sign himself "Railroad Jack." Three years later he went to Chicago, and founded the short-lived *North Shore Eccentric,* a society news sheet worthy of his aristocratic tastes. While working on it he met Eugene Field, the first of many well-knowns who became his friends. Both writers and travelers, they shared many philosophical discussions while chain-drinking coffee in Chicago's shadier night spots.

"Why do you associate with that bum?" a friend of Field's asked.

"*Associate* with him?" Field laughed. "Listen, I practically had to *court* him. He may have holes in his shoes and dirt under his fingernails, but I'll have you know he's the greatest snob in Chicago."

In 1895, when Jack was 31, he cut his ties in Chicago and hit the road. His office became Main Street, U.S.A., his home any pair of sturdy trees that he could tie his hammock to. He traveled fast and light, usually hoboing by rail. Later, when the automobile came into its own, he became very adept at hitchhiking.

Although Jack didn't need much to live on—he boasted that he could manage on 60¢ a day—he did need *something,* and would burst into a torrent of abuse if anyone tried to make off with an answer without dropping 5¢ into his top hat. But when a vaudeville company offered him a $5,000 contract, Jack turned it down.

"No subsidy!" he roared—and stomped out to look for a convenient street corner. Though his nose was in the clouds, he could always reach earth long enough to pick up a nickel.

A natural-born speaker without a drop of inhibition, once he had his listeners he held them spellbound, for his versatility was awe-inspiring. He loved music, and could sing as inexhaustibly as he could talk. He would plunge into any number asked for—classical or popular, vocal or symphonic—and would take all the parts—soprano, alto, tenor, baritone, bass—filling in for the orchestra as well.

He had a passionate love for the theater, and knew more about John Barrymore's butler than most people did about the actor himself. He debated with anyone who'd take him on—including poet Tom Lovell, evangelist Will Allen, the bums on Cadillac Square, and Tom Bawden, single-tax expert.

Sometimes an audience tried to ask Jack personal questions. In fact, more than one woman slyly dropped a nickel in his hat and asked if he were married.

"I am a bachelor," Jack would say—adding sharply, "and I intend to remain one."

"But you must have some friends," questioners would suggest.

"None *you* would know," was his terse retort.

Despite his extrovert's front, underneath he was wary and secretive, and absolutely unwilling to divulge information on his private life. Asked about relatives, he claimed he had none.

"You *must* have had a *mother* once," one frustrated questioner insisted.

Jack gave this a full minute's thoughtful consideration. "Why yes," he finally agreed. "I believe I *did* once have a mother."

That was about as far as he would go. If an audience persisted in personal queries, he would pass around his hat and the crowd melted away in no time.

At first, Jack's habit of sleeping outdoors got him into trouble with the police in some big cities, but generally he could worm his way around the law. In Detroit, he actually managed to get the police department to issue a standing order permitting him to set up his hammock wherever he chose.

"Oddity is my specialty," he once said. "It is my aim in life to attempt to do something nobody else has ever thought of." As a matter of fact, he could rarely be caught doing anything other people *had* thought of.

Jack was of the rugged individualist school and prized his eccentricities as proof of his independence. He ate two meals a day—one at noon, the other at midnight. He didn't believe in taking baths, and never wore socks.

Jack had a strong Scotch streak in him, and was rarely known to pay for anything if he could help it. Either he'd work it out—or do without. His stinginess nevertheless enabled him for several years in a row to give $1,000 in prizes to young Michigan school children who did well in history.

HIS KEEN MIND, as well as his eccentricities, proved a constant source of amazement to his wealthy friends—particularly Henry Ford. The auto magnate had met Jack by chance one day along the road from Detroit to Ann Arbor, and immediately stopped his car.

"I'm in the auto business," he introduced himself. "I've heard you lecture at Cadillac Square, and I'd like to shake hands with an exceptional man."

Jack agreed to the handshake—but refused Ford's dinner invitation. Their friendship progressed slowly, Ford being forced to visit Jack three times before the latter deigned to return the calls. Again and again, Ford offered him an automobile, but Jack, hurling insults with equal vigor at the car and his would-be benefactor, always refused. Years later, however, he did accept an auto-tractor combination as a gift.

Almost every fall, Jack returned to Ann Arbor and spent the winter months washing dishes in fraternity houses to earn a roof over his head.

"We loved to watch him," a former student recalls. "He had such a grand air while standing at the sink. And he scrubbed with such kingly incompetence!"

Probably Jack selected Ann Arbor as his main nesting place because it is the seat of the University of Michigan. He loved to show the students that he knew more than they did—at 5¢ a question—and they were always ready to let him oblige. Fifty at a time they would corner him with questions—leading and misleading—and slink home in the end to enlist their textbooks and their professors in the search for more.

After hours, of course, Jack would not associate with students. But Dr. James Angell, late president of the University of Michigan, was a close friend of his. Members of the Board of Regents used to be a little stunned when they saw their dignified president stroll through the campus arm in arm with "that dishwasher who doesn't wear socks." But Jack, with his sharp wit and unique charm, knew how to keep Dr. Angell entertained.

Later, Jack became acquainted with other university presidents, including those of Wisconsin, Northwestern and Ohio State. Many an admiring professor tried to cultivate his friendship also, but Jack rebuffed such advances. Anyone below the level of president he considered unworthy of his attention.

At his death, in 1933, the only thing Railroad Jack had to part with was his body—but he did that with typical hauteur in his will, which read:

"I bequeath my body to the University of Michigan Medical School for proper study. The scientists will then reveal to the world the reasons for my remarkable memory . . ." But they never did.

Ladies' Choice

An American woman visiting London went to a bureau which provides American men as escorts. When informed that she could engage either a Northerner or Southerner, she asked the difference, and was told that the Southerners were gallant and debonair, while the Northerners were smooth talkers and romantic.

"Well, then," she said, "I'll take a Southerner from as far North as possible!" —*United Mine Workers Journal*

Consoling a young woman who weepingly complained about the cattiness of her female friends, Sascha Guitry commented: "It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women." —MILTON WAYNE

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

ism
hä·ni'clan
construction

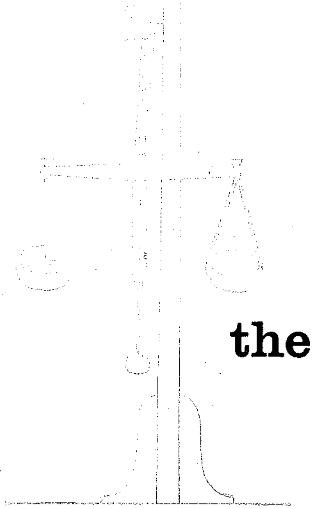
by ROGER B. GOODMAN

HAVEN'T YOU often thought, "If only I had the proper words to express what I feel!" Well, here's a quiz to sharpen your word sense. Below is a passage from the works of a noted author, with certain words missing. Fill in the blanks with *your* choice from the list below. Then check them with the writer's words on page 132.

WHEN the Disinherited Knight heard that 1————announcement, he fell to the ground 2————, and was for some days as one perfectly 3————with grief. He took no 4————and 5———— no word. For weeks he did not relapse out of his 6————silence, and when he came 7————to himself again, it was to 8————his people to horse, in a 9————voice, and to make a 10———— against the Moors. Day after day he 11————out against these infidels . . . He took no plunder as other knights did . . . he 12————no war-cry, as was the manner of chivalry, and he gave no 13———— . . . the "silent knight" became the 14————of all the Paynims of Granada and Andalusia . . . Thus the 15————of battle turned, and the Arab historian, El Makary, 16————how, at the great battle of Al Akab, the Christians 17————their defeat at Alarcos . . . it was 18————that the 19————20————seemed somewhat more easy in spirits after that famous 21————of arms.

Choose one word from each group in this list:

1. terrific, unusual, fatal
2. senseless, out cold, prostrate
3. distraught, dissembled, put out
4. condiments, nourishment, eats
5. said, evoked, uttered
6. habitual, moody, inhospitable
7. approximately, almost, partially
8. bid, call, restore
9. stony, hollow, strident
10. bid, move, foray
11. went, issued, launched
12. issued, spoke, uttered
13. shelter, quarter, protection
14. dread, foe, enemy
15. swing, tide, drift
16. tells, observes, recounts
17. made good, retrieved, re-established
18. remarked, told, seen
19. bumptious, wily, melancholy
20. Dane, slayer, warrior
21. feat, accomplishment, achievement



the wonder of weight

by Reed Millard

TODAY, practically everybody has something he wants weighed—from himself (to see if the diet is really working), down to such invisible microscopic creatures as the amoeba, and on up to such giants as hundred-ton locomotives. Weight engineers, though they can already boast of over 45,000 different kinds of scales, never know when they're going to get a job that will call for a weighing gadget that has not yet been devised.

Men have been tackling weighing problems since the dawn of history, and the earliest scale, a simple balance, probably dates back some 5,000 years before the Christian era. The early balance was a beam with a scalepan suspended from each end, and this simple device was used with variations and improvements until the 19th century when Yankee ingenuity went to work. For, in spite of its ancient history, the modern scale is essentially an American institution.

Back in 1830, for example, young Thaddeus Fairbanks, a stovemaker and also manager of a hemp mill in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, came home after a hard day, disturbed by the crude method of weighing merchandise by suspending the loaded wagon from one end of a huge wooden steelyard. Surely, he vowed, there must be an easier method of weighing big objects. Why, for instance, couldn't the whole load, wagon and all, be rolled onto a platform for weighing?

The stove business suffered while Fairbanks spent his time working out a complicated system of counterbalances that eventually became the world's first platform scale, one that could weigh not only wagons but railway cars and locomotives.

Today's engineers boast that no object that anybody could want to weigh is too big for the descendants of Fairbanks' scale, although they still find themselves facing some odd challenges. Take the case of a weight puzzler Toledo Scale Company engineers recently tackled for the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

When Robert Peary returned from one of his trips to the Arctic, he brought with him an unusual prize—a giant meteorite. No one knew how heavy the great mass of iron actually was for over half a century.

Then the Toledo people came up with a unique solution: hoist the meteorite up and they'd build a scale under it. They did just that, and showed the weight of the visitor from outer space to be 34 tons 85 pounds. King-sized scales like these may have a counterweight representing 7,000 times their own actual weight.

Recently, weight engineers tackled their toughest problem in weighing giant objects. How well they succeeded is illustrated by the case of the mystified trucker sailing down U.S. Highway #1 in Virginia a few weeks ago with an overloaded truck.

Suddenly a siren screamed behind him, a police officer ordered him to pull over and handed him a printed slip giving the exact weight of the truck and its load.

This was the trucker's first encounter with the neat way the weight engineers found the answer to the question: How can you weigh a truck in motion? They cracked this one with electronics—after every other means of weighing failed. The trick is a plate in the road which sends an electric current to an electronic device. The amount of current is instantly translated into weight—more weight, more current.

It is also speeding up traffic at the tollgates of the Ohio Turnpike. A trucker doesn't have to make a stop. His rig is weighed as he approaches the gate and the attendant there hands him a ticket with his proper toll classification. The exit collector can thus easily figure out the charge.

A different type of puzzler confronted chemists at Socony-Vacuum. They wanted a method of weighing microscopic particles in oil. Among other things, this would be a great aid in helping them determine the quality of the oil.

To do that, they dreamed up what is probably the world's most sensitive scale.

It consists of a cone-shaped vessel 3/8ths of an inch long and 1/16th of an inch in diameter, hanging from a beam made of strands of quartz much finer than a human hair. And it can weight particles as light as 1/100,000,000th of a gram!

STOP AT the checkout stand of a supermarket and you'll see one of the most common of all scales. It looks simple enough but it gave the scale designers sleepless nights.

"What we need," chain store operators had told the scale designers, "is a scale that will figure prices—so that a clerk can tell just how much to charge for so much of something at so much per pound."

It didn't sound too hard—until

the engineers checked and discovered that the number of price and weight combinations they'd need added up to a startling 129,000. To get that many figures on a scale small enough to set on a counter you'd need a chart the width of the scale, and 375 feet long!

The researchers ended up with a special aluminum cylinder measuring just 8½ by 13 inches. On it are etched, with almost microscopic smallness, the necessary thousands of figures. A powerful lens placed over the cylinder magnifies them to easy readability.

The weight engineers expend some of their most ingenious efforts on scales for use in the assembly lines of food, chemical and drug factories.

"Scales with brains," the engineers call them.

And well they may, as witness the contraption they rigged up for a meat processor. He was having some trouble packing bacon in the perfectly sliced, neatly wrapped, exact-weight packages buyers expect in supermarkets. Could they make him a scale that would do it?

What they made was something no one would recognize as a scale. A side of bacon slides underneath a whirling knife which zips off slices like mad. The slices fall onto a moving belt, which is really a scale in disguise. When enough slices to make a pound have dropped onto the belt, it tips a balance, which closes a circuit, which sends an electrical impulse to a hydraulic device, which stops the feeding mechanism.

All this happens in less than a second, before the knife has made a quarter of a revolution. When the bacon on the belt moves off it onto another belt, an impulse is flashed to the knife to start slicing another pound. No package is ever underweight, and none ever overweight by more than .25 per cent.

The weight experts *are* having trouble though, weighing *you*. In the days when few persons kept daily tabs on their avoirdupois, an inaccuracy of a pound or so didn't matter much. But now that millions are watching for ounces of change, there's a real need for highly accurate bathroom scales.

A scale designed for weights ranging up to 250 pounds requires a mechanism that has to be quite free of friction to be accurate. That means that when you step on such a scale the dial will spin freely for a time, but most people want to see the bad or good news right then and there. They protest about a dial that spins too much.

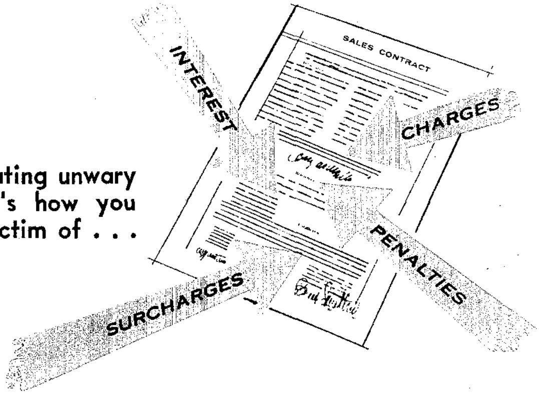
So now the engineers are working on new home weighing devices that will give anyone his weight, 99.99 per cent accurate, in two seconds flat. Wisely, the wizards of weight figure it's easier to change the scales than it is to change human nature.

◆

IF LINCOLN WERE ALIVE today, he wouldn't have such a hard time getting an education. His height would entitle him to a basketball scholarship.

—Peoria (Ill.) *Journal*

With installment gougers cheating unwary buyers out of millions, here's how you can keep from becoming a victim of . . .



The Big Boom in Credit Rackets

by Sidney Margolius

A man bought a car from a Washington, D. C., dealer recently, made a down-payment that left an $850 balance to be financed, signed the contract and happily drove off.

When he received his payment book from a local finance company, his wife noticed it called for payments totaling $1,300 over the next 12 months. This meant the finance charge was $450, a true annual interest rate of 98 per cent! But the man couldn't do a thing about it, for the charge was perfectly legal.

In Boston, another man signed up for a widely ballyhooed food-freezer plan. Soon thereafter, the food plan went out of business; and after four months, by which time he had paid $250, he let the finance company repossess the freezer.

To his amazement, the finance company got a court judgment against him for $400 more, even though it now had the freezer. The man did not know that he was legally responsible for any difference between his remaining debt and the present second-hand value of the freezer.

These are but two of the thousands of instances of credit gougers milking purchasers in the greatest wave of credit buying—and abuses—this installment-minded country has ever known. Incredibly, American families now pay a total of $3,500,000,000 a year in various types of finance and interest—and this is not even counting hidden credit costs such as inflated insurance charges on cars bought on time, exaggerated prices of some credit goods, and excessive repossession charges.

Finance gougers mock every effort of Federal and local authorities to stop them. In 1951, for instance, the Federal Trade Commission worked out a voluntary agreement to eliminate the "pack," the deceptive practice of lumping finance, insurance and other costs together. Now, five years later, it is so widespread that a Federal Reserve Board economist calls it the No. 1 problem of the auto trade. As a leading Legal Aid counsel puts it, "Yesterday's rackets have become today's established practice in the trade."

NOT ONLY is there an active fringe of deliberately shady dealers and finance companies, but many reputable lenders have fallen into negligent practices that enable amoral sellers to operate. One upstate New York bank, for example, financed $1,800,000 worth of food-plan sales contracts in 15 months for a single high-pressure promoter.

The Boston Better Business Bureau has estimated used-car buyers pay as much as $240,000,000 a year in various types of finance charges. Just the overcharges for collision insurance sold buyers by a group of large finance companies add up to an estimated $25,000,000.

The shocking fact is that most of the credit gouges plaguing American families are within the law. The Federal Government is almost powerless against them simply because most sales are not in interstate commerce. Local district attorneys are hampered because they generally have to prove fraud is *intended* and this is difficult even when a close resemblance to fraud exists.

Unknown to the general public, state laws permit unsavory practices that may expose you to financial damage the next time you buy a car or something for your house. Here are some of the loopholes through which the credit racketeers can gouge you:

1. Most states impose no limits on finance charges on goods as they do on interest rates on loans. People assume finance charges are interest and therefore regulated. But only 12 states limit finance charges on cars, and only Ohio on all goods. Only seven of the 12 require finance companies to be licensed, so an outraged buyer has a place to air a grievance.

Loopholes exist even in states that limit finance charges. The Maryland and Kentucky limits of $9 to $15 per $100 of balance actually legalize annual interest rates of 18 to 30 per cent—so high that scrupulous finance companies consider the ceilings perpetrate in law the excessive charges they were designed to curb.

Some sharp dealers skirt regulations by adding credit "investigation" and "clearance" fees, and "handling" and other spurious charges. Even though Ohio limits finance charges to $8 per $100 of balance (a true interest rate of 16 per cent a year), plus an extra fee on smaller bills, a sharp dealer or lender can sometimes build up charges with late penalties and "service" fees.

A Cleveland man wound up with a bill of $1,010 for a television set, washing machine and TV repairs that carried an original price tag of

$695. The finance company garnisheed his wages, but fortunately his employer and the Better Business Bureau considered the charges outrageous and intervened.

In the majority of unregulated states, while reputable companies keep the bulk of the credit charges at a relatively reasonable level, nobody can restrain the sharp fringe. Chicago's legal aid officials have reported finance charges of as much as 85 per cent in that city on used cars.

2. You are liable for repossession and court costs, and any difference between the contract price and the present value. Under most state laws, repossession costs can be surprisingly high. Dr. Persia Campbell, Consumer Counsel to the Governor of New York, estimates that legal costs, warehouse and other repossession fees may add one-third or more to the original debt.

The contract may even mortgage your other possessions. New York Assemblyman Bernard Dubin reports the case of a woman who bought a tire and set of chains. Her bill, including finance charge, came to $80 (for merchandise worth perhaps $35). Her payments lagged and the finance company seized the car itself. She had to pay a total of $145 to clear the repossession fees and the balance of her debt.

3. One of the main reasons for the existence of today's credit rackets is the fact that most dealers resell your installment contract to a bank or finance company. Financing installment sales has become big business, with finance companies and banks deeply involved in buying dealers' "paper." But the bank or finance company has no legal responsibility for any seller's claim. When the New York Banking Superintendent has notified banks of buyers' complaints of excessive fees or defective merchandise, the usual answer has been that the buyer should go back to the car dealer, jewelry store or other seller responsible.

The seller has an obligation to make good on defects, and honest dealers do. But the only way to compel an unprincipled one to meet this obligation is by court action, which most families cannot afford.

Reputable finance companies do check contracts to make sure dealers have not overcharged for credit. But in the scramble to win dealers' financing business, some banks and smaller companies blink their eyes at excessive fees, and rebate the excess to the dealers.

Let it be put on record that all finance companies give dealers a kickback, or "dealer's reserve." This is a customary part of the dealer's profit. Two states even recognized it by law: Ohio limiting it to 2 per cent of the debt, Michigan to about 20 per cent of the finance charge.

Reputable auto-finance companies often rebate about 20 per cent of the finance charge, although better dealers who sell to safer credit risks may get more. Dealers often even calculate what they'll get on the finance charge before they quote the variable price of a car these days. One state banking official reports dealers who admit finance rebates provide half their income. Some dealers keep on hand several official-looking charts quoting different rates and show the buyer the one they think he will go for.

In states where laws permit it, many conditional sales contracts even have a "no-defense" clause, by which the buyer agrees not to enforce any defense he may have against the seller. Similarly dangerous are the "confession judgment" notes allowed in contracts in some states. These permit the finance company to go into court and secure a judgment against you, and send in a demand for garnishment of your wages, without any trial of the case itself, unless you realize what's happening soon enough to get a lawyer.

WHAT'S THE SCORE ON TRANQUILIZER DRUGS?
Tranquilizers can be a blessing. But when used recklessly, a danger. A complete report on the "happiness pills" that are flooding the nation
IN APRIL CORONET

Such notes are often disguised in simple-looking contracts, reports J. M. Costello, counsel for the Cleveland Legal Aid Society. The way the law is written in Ohio, he says, it's easy for a sharpshooting finance company to omit even notifying the debtor before asking the court for a judgment.

Food-freezer plans of the night-flying variety provide a perfect opportunity for fast-dollar operators to exploit the practice of reselling contracts. Food-plan promoters sell an appliance and a service. The buyer thinks he has bought a package plan. But really he has made two independent arrangements, Mrs. Mary Tarcher, chief attorney of New York's Legal Aid Society points out. If the food bargain that wooed him into the deal is discontinued, the buyer still owes for the freezer.

4. Most states do not require finance companies to rebate a proportionate part of the finance charge if you decide to pay your debt ahead of time. Reputable finance companies and banks do make full rebate even without regulation. But you have to know with whom you are dealing. In Chicago, one man who bought a used car for $1,095, and financed only a balance of $295 to be paid in six months, was charged a fee of $125. One month later he became dissatisfied with the car and bought another from the same dealer. The finance company allowed him only $5 rebate on the finance charge for the first car. That is actually a true interest rate of 488 per cent a year.

5. You take a big chance when you sign a blank contract, another practice permitted in most states. Even reputable retailers often do this, although with no intent to defraud. They plead that the salesman can't calculate the finance charge at the time the deal is closed. Buyers often agree in order to save time.

Blank contracts are one of the chief reasons why buyers get into financial trouble, all authorities say. One man, for instance, made a deal with a highly promotional Cleveland operator to buy a car for $1,695 and trade in his own for $895. But when he received the contract, the price was listed as $2,095, and the trade-in allowance as $500. A New Yorker answered an installment-store ad offering a washing machine for $295 with a rotisserie thrown in free. But the price stated in the contract he had signed in blank turned out to be $425.

A trick sometimes used by salesmen, Legal Aid experts report, is to fill in one copy so the buyer thinks it is safe, and have him sign the other in blank.

Some dealers who advertise "no down-payment" have customers sign several documents. One turns out to be a note to a small-loan company which actually supplies the down-payment. Small-loan rates of 18 to 36 per cent are obviously costlier than the standard 12 to 14 per cent finance charge on new cars. They also have another device—balloon notes. Here the last payment is made very high so that many buyers are compelled to refinance. This costs them additional charges.

A blank contract is especially risky if it contains a wage assignment. Some of the cruelest ruses of this type have been operated in the jewelry trade, often on working people and youngsters most apt to buy watches and jewelry on time. One New Yorker bought a religious cross. The salesman said the price was $8 and the buyer could pay later if he would "just sign this paper." Later the buyer discovered the amount filled in was $80 and the "paper" included a wage assignment.

Chicago has been so troubled by canvassers who sell jewelry and other goods at factory gates, that Illinois recently passed a law that the spouse as well as the wage earner must sign any wage assignments. Salesmen had been pretending the documents were merely receipts allowing potential buyers to take home goods for a family confab before deciding.

Employers sometimes permit garnishees even when proper procedure has not been followed by the creditors, such as the requirement that an assignment first be filed in a local court. Unscrupulous operators sometimes need only threaten to send a wage assignment to compel payment even from buyers who realize they were victimized. In Atlanta, for example, some credit stores have been able to alarm debtors and employers simply with a spurious form headed "garnishee notice."

Significantly, and for your personal information, the more reputable retailers and finance companies do not take wage assignments even in states where permitted.

6. The F.T.C. and Better Business Bureaus have long wanted contracts to itemize the charges for merchandise, accessories, finance fee and insurance; but most states still permit them to be lumped. Only the handful of states that regulates installment transactions in general requires disclosure of each charge.

Lumping not only lets shady dealers pack the contract with hidden charges, but facilitates overcharges for the collision insurance required on time purchases of cars. Fringe dealers often use such devices as telling a buyer he is covered when actually they may provide as little as one month's coverage and he soon gets another insurance bill from the finance company. Even some of the largest finance companies, which usually don't play tricks, have overcharged. For some time they automatically billed buyers for the costly Class II rate for drivers under 25, unless the dealer specified there were no such drivers in the family.

7. Most states permit "add-on" contracts which make earlier purchases security for subsequent ones. For example, a woman had made all payments except a final $30 on a refrigerator when she bought a vacuum cleaner from the same store. The salesman said he'd add the $30 balance to the new contract. Not until her payments fell behind did she learn that not only could the vacuum be repossessed, but the refrigerator as well. Her payments had been applied partly to both items, but she hadn't completed payments on either.

The average buyer, unfortunately, does not evaluate the finance charge but only whether he can meet the monthly payments; and he tends to put too much faith in the good sportsmanship of the other fellow to think he might be putting something over.

In the absence of adequate state regulation, here are policies that will protect you more completely than faith in good sportsmanship:

Remember that any conditional sales contract means the seller keeps title to the goods and can take them back even if you owe only *one* payment. Read the contract to see what it obligates you for; and, preferably, have a lawyer read it.

Insist all spaces be filled in before you sign a contract, and that it itemize the cash price, finance charge, insurance premium, any other charges, total purchase price, downpayment, allowances, other credits, and the balance payable in installments.

Compare both cash and time prices for the same goods among several dealers. Sometimes a credit charge may be hidden in a high "cash" price; or a seemingly low cash price, "discount," or extra trade-in allowance may be offset by a steep finance charge.

Beware any dealer who insists you finance through him or pressures you to use time payments when you want to pay cash. He may be measuring you for a sizable finance charge.

How to Know the True Annual Interest Rate:

In buying on credit, here is how to compare finance charges. If the charge is quoted as a percentage of the balance to be financed, the true annual rate is approximately twice as much. That is because you are paying back part of it each month, and as a result your average debt is about half the original amount. For example, a charge of 6 per cent of the original amount is a true rate of about 12 per cent. If the charge is quoted as a monthly percentage of the declining balance, the true annual rate is 12 times the monthly rate. Thus a rate of 1 per cent a month on the declining balance is an annual rate of 12 per cent a year.

◆

A WOMAN, after looking over a selection of thermometers, told the clerk, "I'll take this Fahrenheit one. I know that's a good brand." —*Cedric Adams*

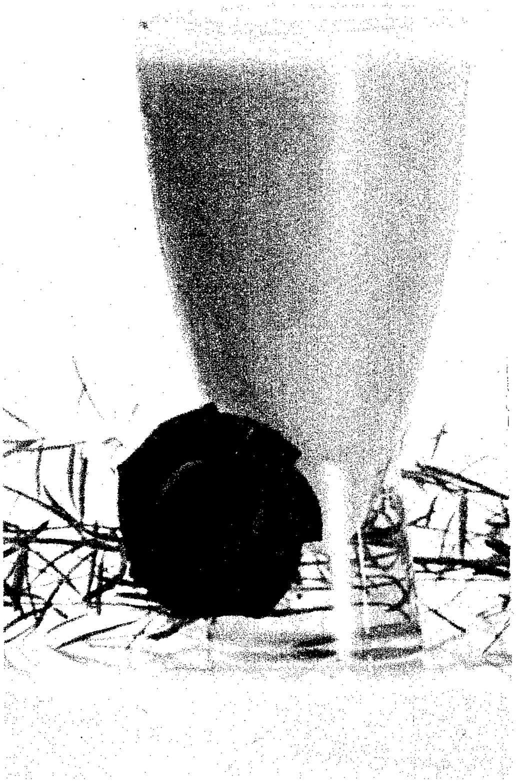
Master Bartenders' Secrets Revealed

Winners in Nation-Wide Professional Bartenders Competition

Here, and on the next seven pages, are a selection of exciting new drinks... all touched with genius.

These are more than recipes. Professional bartenders from America's finest hotels, bars and restaurants vied with each other in this competition, the first of its kind ever held. Each drink is a champion that fought its way through a series of regional taste-judgings to the Grand National Finals held in New York City.

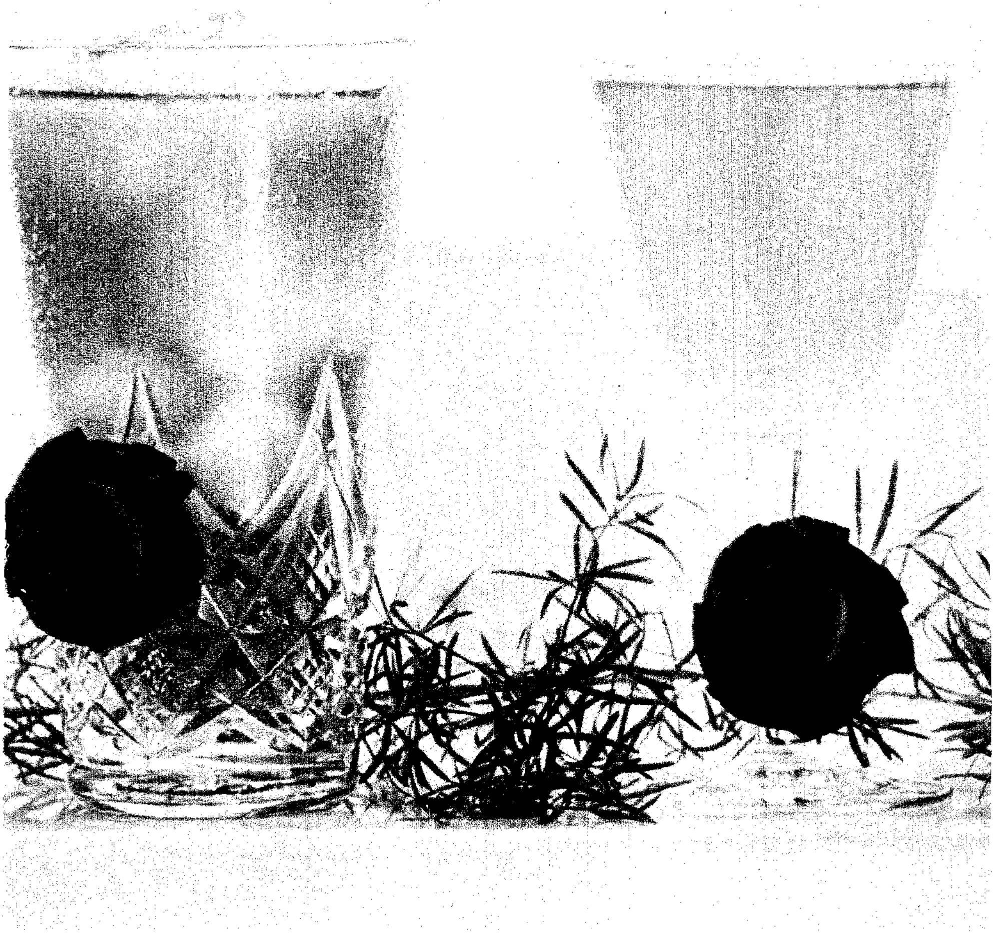
The results are the best new drinks in the United States today. Each of these award-winners is sensationally delicious. Add them to your repertory of drinks.



This competition was sponsored by the Early Times Distillery Company under the auspices of the American Society of Barmasters and with the cooperation of many bartender unions throughout the country and members of the National Licensed Beverage Association.

The Three

Your drinks will have the touch of genius when you serve these easy-to-make award-winning recipes at your next party



Grand National Champions

1-BRUNETTE

⅓ Early Times
1 Bar Spoon of Sugar
⅓ Cream
⅓ Kahlua
(Coffee Liqueur)

Shake ingredients with ice and serve in a whisky sour glass. No garnish needed.

***Created by* Joseph Schroeder, Wilmington, Del.**

2-K. C. COOLER

1½ oz. Early Times
½ oz. Black Raspberry Syrup
1 oz. Lemon Juice
2 oz. Ginger Ale

Shake ingredients with ice. Pour into 12 oz. glass over ice cubes. Add ginger ale.

***Created by* Alfred T. Hasenzahl, Kansas City, Mo.**

3-QUICKIE

1 oz. Early Times
1 oz. Light Rum
¼ oz. Triple Sec

Shake well with ice and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass.

***Created by* Joseph Niteavic, West Holyoke, Mass.**

Before Dinner Award-Winners

An old proverb says "Appetite is the best sauce." There's no question that a good before dinner drink helps make the meal more enjoyable.

OLD TIMER

1¼ oz. Early Times
Dash Lime Juice
½ oz. Apple Jack
¼ oz. Pure Maple Syrup

Shake well with ice, strain into chilled 3 oz. cocktail glass.

Created by
John A. Meadows, Mattapan, Mass.

EARL OF MANHATTAN

1¼ oz. Early Times
½ oz. Sweet Vermouth
2 dashes Bitters
1 dash Curacao

Stir in a mixing glass. Serve on-the-rocks with a lemon peel in Old Fashioned glass.

Created by
Fabian C. Fuentes, Wilmington, Delaware

After Dinner Award-Winners

A professional tip...Lukewarm drinks mean lukewarm guests. Good hosts pre-chill their glasses. Just fill your cocktail glasses with ice cubes *before* you mix your drinks. And remember to use Early Times, the core of the drink.

BAT & BALL

2 oz. Early Times
1 Cherry
1 Pineapple Wedge
1 oz. White Creme de Menthe

Shake with ice; strain into Old Fashioned glass, garnish with cherry and pineapple wedge.

Created by

CARIBBEAN COCKTAIL

1 oz. Early Times
½ oz. Orange Curacao
½ oz. White Creme de Menthe
¼ oz. Orange Juice

Shake well with shaved ice, and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass.

Created by
Bruno Giusti, Cranston, R. I.

MISSILE

1½ oz. Early Times
½ oz. Brandy
Dash Bitters
¼ tsp. Curacao
¼ tsp. Powdered Sugar

Stir well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Add twist of lemon peel.

Created by

Lunch or Brunch and "Cooler" Award-Winners

Early Times is the core of the drink. The taste of Early Times is the central flavor upon which these award-winning drinks are built. Early Times is the melody and the other ingredients provide the arrangements in which it's played.

ROYAL GRENADIER

2 oz. Early Times
Juice 1 Whole Orange
Juice 1 Whole Lemon
1 oz. Grenadine
Tonic Water

Shake well with ice. Pour into tall glass over ice cubes. Fill with Tonic Water and garnish with orange slice and cherry.

***Created* by John A. Xenos, New York, N. Y.**

RED LILY

1½ oz. Early Times
3 oz. V8 Juice
½ oz. Lemon Juice
Dash—Worcestershire Sauce
Dash—Celery Salt
Dash—Pepper

Shake well with ice cubes, strain into champagne glass and serve.

***Created* by Billy Kahn, N. Y., N. Y.**

All the drinks in this competition were built around the very definite and remarkably good taste of Early Times.

By itself Early Times is so good that...of all the fine whiskies made in Kentucky, and these are the world's best, Kentuckians themselves overwhelmingly choose Early Times over all other straight whiskies. You know you'll enjoy a bourbon with a recommendation this good.

Kentucky Whisky
THIS IS THE WHISKY THAT MADE KENTUCKY WHISKIES FAMOUS
EARLY TIMES
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

86 Proof Early Times Distillery Co., Louisville 1, Kentucky

Dessert Drink Award-Winners

LADY REBEL

1 oz. Early Times
½ oz. Apricot Brandy
½ oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 tbsp. Grenadine
1 oz. Sweet Cream

Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into 4 oz. cocktail glass.

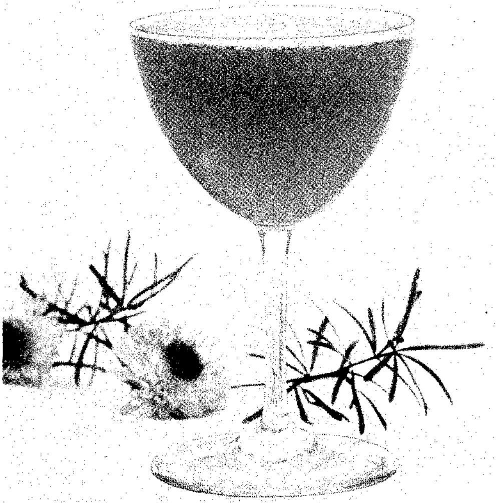
Created by
Joseph Tedeschi, Somerset, Mass.

FRENCH QUARTER

1 oz. Early Times
1 oz. Benedictine
¼ oz. Grenadine
½ oz. Lemon Juice
Tsp. Sugar

Shake with ice and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass.

Created by
Mariano Forti, New Orleans, La.



Dessert drinks are the most delicious of them all. Each sip is a delectable delight. They settle a good meal. They stimulate the conversation. They're fun. A dinner party is more successful when it ends with a dessert drink. *And Early Times is the core of the drink!*

Human Comedy

AT A New England college reunion, a genial professor was mingling with the crowds on the campus making an effort to recognize as many of his former students as possible. When a familiar face approached, he rushed up to the young man and expressed his delight at seeing him again after so long.

"What are you doing now?" asked the professor, his face beaming with interest.

"Well," stammered the young man, "this semester I'm in your 11 o'clock class." —HELEN W. GUNN

TWO FRIENDS were fishing in Arizona's Roosevelt Lake when one caught a 24-inch, 24-pound bass and landed him after a long, hard battle. Both stood admiring the fine fish. The winning angler beamed in pride, then suddenly tossed the fish back into the lake.

"Hey, what'd you do that for?" asked the other.

"No use taking him back to town," came the explanation. "Nobody'd ever believe we caught it."

—*The Wild West Jokebook* by OREN ARNOLD
Frederick Fell, Inc.

DURING THE VISIT of a Kansan and his wife to Los Angeles, the famed smog of that western city was very much in evidence. A friend, taking them around on a sight-seeing tour to the various points of interest of the city, said:

"Now, on a clear day you can see a range of mountains near Hollywood and Catalina Island."

"Well," drawled the visitor from Kansas, ruefully surveying the smog, "we ain't got much in Kansas, but at least, what we have got, we can see!" —*Arkansas Baptist*

A FEW EVENINGS AGO, I came into the house and found my husband with needle in hand trying to patch a pair of his overalls. I told him the thimble was on the wrong finger.

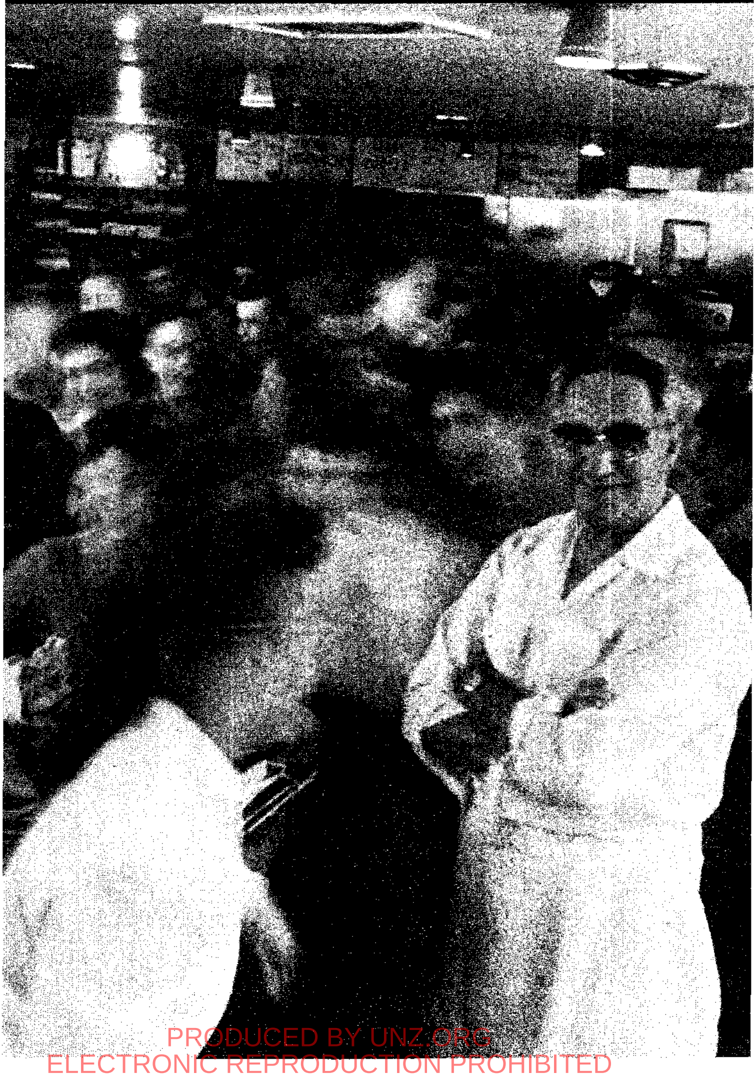
"Yes, I know—" he answered. "It should be on yours."—MRS. MAUDE FOWBLE

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Harold was usually restless when in church with his mother, so she was very pleased one Sunday morning to see him sitting with bowed head and clasped hands throughout a lengthy prayer. When, later, she expressed appreciation of his attentive manner, the boy's face widened into a smile.

"That fly," he said, "walked in and out of my hands exactly two hundred and sixty-five times!" —*Tit-Bits*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

een-Agers' Hangout



text and photographs by Arthur Shay

Typical of some of the 30,000 off-campus "eateries," catering to America's more than 7,000,000 high school students, is Ridge House Snack Shop on the North Side of Chicago, across the street from Nicholas Senn High School. The proprietor (also Dutch uncle and confessor) is Hy Kublin, 56, at left, who looks somewhat like Harry Truman. Assisted by his wife, Kublin contends with an invasion of hungry students that begins at 10:56 A.M., and continues through four shock waves until 4 P.M. By the time it ends, the horde has demolished 300 hamburgers, 200 hot dogs, 100 sandwiches, 800 cokes and uncounted gobs of ice cream. But Kublin's triangular, 25-foot-deep domain is not just a harried battleground for calories. It is also a way of teen-age life, as the pictures on the following pages show.

Thanks to the never-silent jukebox and the freelance accompaniment the sound level is often many decibels higher than sanity demands.

"Who listens?" says Hy with a smile. "I envy their energy"

If Hy envies his customers their energy, they envy his patience. As one teen-ager put it: "He understands us better than a lot of our parents do. Hy kinda digs the fact that noise is our way of expressing ourselves. At home and in school we're always told to 'Keep it down.' Here we can chow up (*right*) and blow off steam." But only up to a point. If the kids get unruly or the noise really unbearable, Hy shuts off the juke box. Nobody is allowed in if he's cutting a class. And all obnoxious students are politely invited to leave—permanently.

Despite the distractions of food and music, much serious study is accomplished at Hy's. Sometimes teen-agers take time to study each other.

"Tell Coronet's readers that 'teen-ager' and 'juvenile delinquent' are not synonymous"

The young scholarship winner who uttered this defense of his generation got a round of applause from his companions as he added: "Most of us are sick and tired of reading so-called teen-age exposes. Do you know that kids from Senn High School win many college scholarships each year, just like kids from other Chicago schools? Sure, we have our bad apples. But not any more than any other generation."

Senn High has 3,304 students, of whom 300 are "hard-core" customers of the Ridge House. They are mostly from upper-income families, and Kublin says the parents never complain about their offspring spending too much time in his place. The school authorities never complain either. Kublin carefully complies with all their regulations.

ociability is the key to Ridge House's appeal to the teen-
gers. In a kind of public privacy, one table can provide a
oisy base for cup-building projects, while another (below)
an shelter the quiet planning of a Saturday night date.

"What fun is it being young if you can't let go and have fun?"

"SOMETIMES I go to Lincoln Park Zoo," the sophomore philosopher continued, "and watch the big cats pace up and down, and I think, 'If it wasn't for dancing *that's* how I'd feel.' What adults don't realize is how restless and bored a teen-ager gets following every rule in the book. Now why don't the city authorities allow us to dance in a place like this, anyway? A state official steals a million bucks, and nobody cares. We dance at Hy's, and it's a Federal case."

With eating and studying done, teasing and gymnastics often take over in the endless teen-age search for new ways to burn up surplus energy.

Sometimes the only way to make yourself heard in the hangout is with an old-fashioned fanfare. Even then it takes three or four hot licks.

Though he is more like a favored uncle than a proprietor to graduating customers, Hy has learned to parry effusive farewells like this.

"Two years in this business make you feel ten years younger"

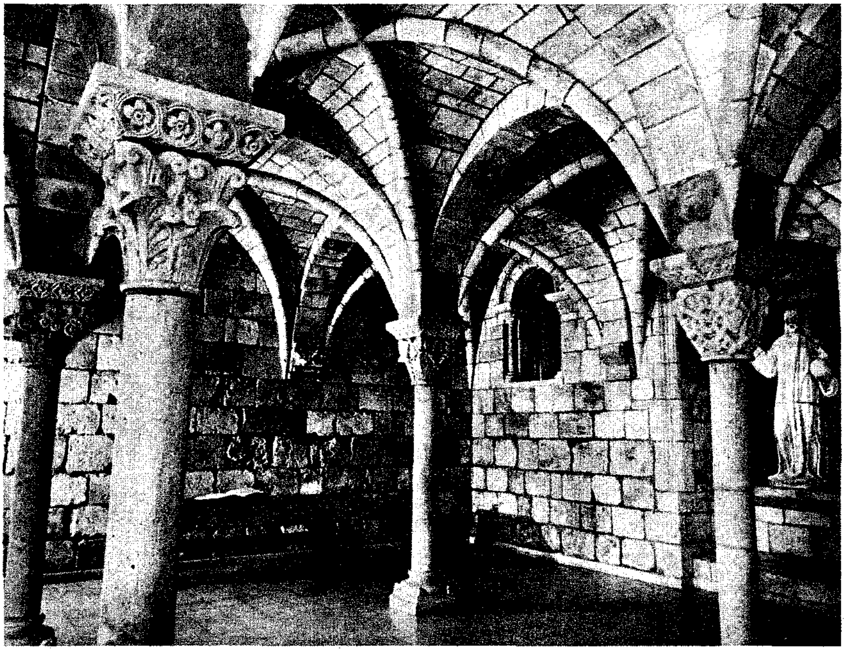
"SOMETIMES my wife and I sit here between rushes and try to think how it was when we were their age," Hy said recently. He shook his head. "Impossible! It's another world entirely. We raised two fine daughters, Sophie and I—with three grandchildren, God bless 'em. Our daughters are in their twenties—and even *their* world was different. Jet planes, color television, space satellites—who knows what's next? I think one reason the kids today are so restless is they're uncertain. Maybe it's the atomic business, the Russians—who knows?

"One thing I know is that these kids are wonderful. I don't say every one is an angel. But look over there—the one with the Elvis Presley sideburns. You know what he's collecting for with that coin box? Cerebral palsy! Last week it was muscular dystrophy. You want to stay young? Work around kids. You get so mixed up listening to their problems that you usually forget your own. You even forget your own age."

At day's end, the unaccustomed quiet lulls Hy to momentary rest on his broom.

Jigsaw Puzzle of the Spanish Monastery

by Robert James Green



Shipped here stone by stone, it took 19 months of toil and *$1,500,000 to reassemble this 11th century masterpiece*

The world's largest "jigsaw puzzle" contained 35,874 pieces, cost over $1,500,000 and taxed the abilities of dozens of skilled artisans to solve. For each piece was a heavy stone whose weight ranged from 100 pounds to a ton.

Today, the gigantic puzzle stands completed in North Miami Beach, Florida—a graceful 807-year-old Cistercian monastery, probably the oldest man-made structure still standing in the Western Hemisphere.

How it came there is an amazing

epic of human skill—and stupidity—of perseverance and ingenuity almost beyond belief. It began over eight centuries ago when Alphonso VII—King of Castile and Leon; self-proclaimed Emperor of Spain, Patron of the Church and King of the Men of Two Religions—decided to erect a monastery for the Cistercian monks.

For the building, Alphonso employed 94 of the finest stonemasons in Europe, Master Masons with Entered Accepted helpers working under a Lodge Master. Each "signed" the pieces he worked on with his own distinctive chisel mark, still plainly visible.

Moorish war captives did the rough work of quarrying the stones, building scaffolds and ramps, and swinging the great blocks into place. Some of them were highly skilled stonecutters and, working in chains, they carved delicate lace-like flowers and leaves for the columns.

Construction of the Monastery of St. Bernard of Sacramenia took nine years and was begun in 1141. And there it drowsed away the years in an isolated valley until 1835, when the Spanish government confiscated all monasteries and drove out their monks.

Almost a century later and halfway round the world, William Randolph Hearst, the wealthy American publisher, sent out a corps of agents to search remote corners of the earth for art treasures, and one of them found the Monastery of St. Bernard. A farmer was now using it as a shed and granary. Part of the columned cloister, the magnificent Chapter House with its fine ceilings, and the cathedral-like Refectory, were in ruins. But the agent recognized it as one of the finest remaining examples of Romanesque and early Gothic architecture.

Hearst paid a reputed $500,000 for the old structure; and ordered it to be dismantled and rebuilt, exactly as it had been, on his California estate.

This was no small task. First, architects from Madrid were hired to diagram the ancient building in detail, with numbers keyed to each of the thousands of stones, so that reconstruction would be easy and exact. Then Spanish workmen took the monastery carefully apart, treating the old hand-hewn stones like fragile china.

While they worked at the dismantling, carpenters made 10,751 shipping boxes. To obtain wood for them, Hearst had to buy a nearby forest and mill the wood. He even had to build a 40-mile road to the nearest railway before the stones, packed in freshly mown hay, could begin their journey to the New World.

When the Monastery was unloaded in New York, another problem arose. The hay, it seemed, had been cut in an area where there was an epidemic of hoof-and-mouth disease. The U.S. Department of Agriculture gave Hearst no choice but to reopen each box, burn the hay, and repack the stones in excelsior.

The boxes were moved to a quarantined warehouse and a crew of men went to work. They opened 50 boxes at a time, removed the stones with a derrick, and left them scattered about while the hay was burned.

In repacking them in excelsior—a job which took three years and cost a staggering $75,000—the workmen disregarded the carefully numbered stones and their corresponding boxes, recrating them in whatever boxes were handy.

The Depression prevented the publisher from completing his project and, instead of going to California, the Monastery remained in its thousands of boxes piled ceiling high over three floors of a dockside warehouse where it accumulated dust and enormous storage charges.

This eventually came to the attention of E. Raymond Moss and William S. Edgemon, two Cincinnati and South Florida builders and land developers, who were also admirers of medieval art and history. They proposed to restore the aged building rather than let it remain hidden. Hearst, however, declared he would never let it go as long as he lived. But when he died in 1951, his estate finally sold it to the two partners. They immediately set about one of the oddest reconstruction jobs in history.

THE CRATED Monastery was loaded aboard an ocean freighter, where it overflowed the hold onto the deck, and shipped to Port Everglades, Florida. There, a fleet of heavy-duty trucks, derricks and men, working in shifts night and day, moved the crates along the Dixie Highway to North Miami Beach.

Meanwhile, the partners searched the United States and hired a crew of eight expert stonemasons, craftsmen of the highest skill. For each stone had to go back where it had been originally. These experts estimated the rebuilding might take from six to ten months.

The first blow came on a preliminary study of the Spanish architects' 21 intricate diagrams, which had been made at great expense. They proved too involved and confusing to be interpreted. It could be seen that there had been 170 bays, or separate compartments, in the old Monastery and that each stone had been numbered as some part of the 170 groups.

Although many of the charts seemed duplicates and almost worthless, they appeared better than nothing and it was decided to try the 170 groupings anyway. So the first box was pried open.

The numbered stones inside didn't correspond to the number on the box! More boxes were opened, with the same result.

The partners came to the staggering realization that the crates must all be opened, the stones sorted, and then fitted together by trial-and-error—exactly like a great jigsaw puzzle.

Twenty-three men worked for three months at nothing but opening boxes; then another three months sorting the stones by shape, size, and a semblance of numbers. When this was done, the stones, columns and statuary lay spread over ten acres of Florida landscape.

The diagrams indicated that all stones from the north wall were supposed to carry the prefix "north" before the numbers, and so on for all four directions. Everyone agreed that this should be a great help. But they soon discovered that the Spanish workmen, when dismantling, had done the prefixing in their own language: *norte* for north, *oriente* for east, *sur* for south, and *oeste* for west.

To save work, they had gone a step further and painted a single letter to designate each direction. Thus, stones for both east and west walls carried the "O" prefix!

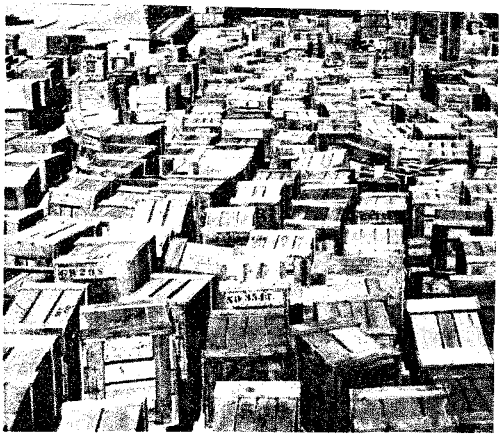
By now, no one dared make a guess when the riddle might be solved, how much it might cost to solve it, or whether it could be solved at all. But the partners accepted the challenge and the slow unraveling began.

Fortunately, Hearst's art agent had taken some photographs of the Monastery as he first saw it. These and the 21 complicated diagrams were the master masons' only guide.

They decided to start with one of the patio corners inside the Cloister, where the monks had strolled while murmuring their prayers. And the backbreaking jigsaw began.

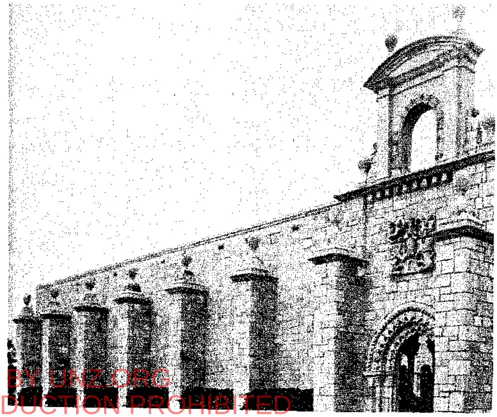
The masons assembled stones with allied numbers, fitted them loosely together on a huge platform, then checked the result against the diagrams and photographs. If a certain stone didn't fit the loose assembly as to appearance, number, diagram or picture, it was lifted out either by sheer manpower or derrick and another stone tried. Sometimes the men spent days searching for the right piece. When the assembly fitted it was moved to its proper location and cemented into place.

At last the patio walks took form, then the Cloister walls, columns,



The crates covered an entire dock . . .

. . . (*Below*) The finished edifice today.



Chapter House arches, Refectory ceilings and statuary. As they did so, expenses doubled, tripled and quadrupled. But the new owners, their enthusiasm and excitement mounting, ordered the workmen to keep on.

Finally they had the satisfaction of seeing all the 35,874 stones in place. The old Monastery's riddle had been solved, though it had taken a grueling 19 months and cost $1,500,000.

Now the thousands of crates had to be removed, no small task. For they contained lumber enough to build three medium-size houses, if it had been of suitable length. Immense bonfires burned for six days and nights. When the flames had died, seven tons of nails were recovered and sold as junk for $175.

Today, the Monastery of St. Bernard of Sacramenia stands amid 20 acres of landscaped tropic gardens at 16711 Dixie Highway. As near as can be determined, it appears exactly as it did eight centuries ago, when white-robed monks went about their secluded life within its walls.

Over the entrance gate is the same carved plaque that greeted arriving novices. It shows two soldiers holding a scroll with the Latin inscription: "HAEC SACRA MOENA CISTERTIA"—These Sacred Cistercian Walls.

The same inspiring statue of Christ, carved from two great pieces of limestone, looks gently down from a recessed altar as it did on the monks. The face and hands glow with some unknown kind of luminous coloring, making them more lifelike.

In the Cloister patio is a well—a part of the Hearst art collection—like that from which the monks quenched their thirst. Carved from red granite, part of its casing is older than even the Monastery stones, for inscriptions date its origin from the First Century, A.D. The faces of two horned demons grin down from the top of a column, perhaps to remind the brothers that the devil always lurked near.

So expertly has the Monastery been reproduced that, to the thousands of sightseers and art lovers who visit it annually, entering the old carved gateway is like stepping into the quiet, unhurried atmosphere of 800 years ago.

Ah Women!

A WOMAN is always ready to consider another woman charming—providing that the other woman is not charming. —*Quote*

THE DIFFERENCE between a man and a woman buying a hat is about four hours.

—HERBERT V. PROCHNOW, *Speaker's Handbook of Epigrams & Witticisms*

WOMANKIND is divided into two classes: The careless ones who lose their gloves, and the careful ones who lose only one glove.

—*Arkansas Baptist*

MERRY MIXUPS

A POET, out meditating in the country, noticed a farmer looking at him curiously.

"Ah," said the poet, "perhaps you, too, have seen the golden-red fingers of dawn speeding across the eastern sky, the red-stained sulphurous islets floating in a lake of fire in the west, the ragged clouds at midnight, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied the farmer, "not lately. I've been on the wagon for over a year." —*Tracks Magazine*

SHOPPING with a neighbor recently, I was curious when, after selecting a ham with great care, she had the butcher cut it into two pieces. When I asked her why, she said, "I don't know, exactly. My mother always did it this way and she's such a wonderful cook that I've always done the same."

Later, she asked her mother.

"Well," the old lady smiled, "I don't know why *you* do it, but *I* never had a pan that was big enough." —HELENE YORK

A RETURNING VACATIONER, when asked by a friend about his trip, reported this incident: "The first day out I noticed a woman at the side of the road looking helplessly at a flat tire, so I stopped to help her. After I had the tire changed the woman said: 'Please let the jack down easy, my husband is sleeping in the back seat.'" —FRANK FORDE

A HUSBAND was at work when he received word that his wife had just driven from their home to the hospital where their first child was expected momentarily.

Dropping everything, he rushed there and arrived just as they were wheeling the new mother back to her room.

"Is everything all right?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "Run out and check the car quick. I had to park in a two-hour zone." —*The Troy Record*

AN INSURANCE SALESMAN was having trouble getting through to his prospective customer.

"What is the maximum value of your husband's present policy?" he asked the housewife.

"What's which?"

"If you should lose your husband, for example," he explained patiently, "what would you get?"

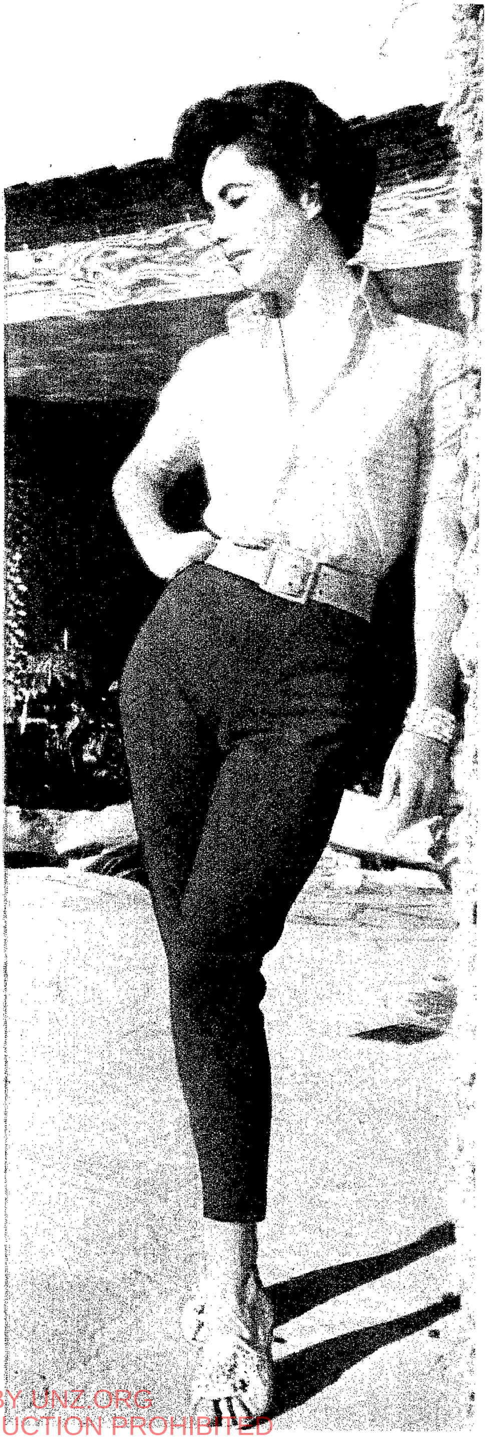
Thoughtfully, she looked around the rumpled, cigar-scented room. Then her face lit up and she brightly answered, "A parakeet!" —IVERN BOYETT

The Most Beautiful Girl in the World

by GEROLD FRANK

WHAT IS BEAUTY? It lies in the eye of the beholder, say the cautious philosophers. But there is beauty universal—a dawn, a sunset, the silver rippling of a brook, nature in all her magical manifestations. Woman's beauty, however, is controversy itself, a thing written in duels as well as drawing-room debates. Unless, of course, the woman is Elizabeth Taylor. A *femme fatale* even in her teens, today a strange combination of aloofness and sensuousness, she walks in beauty as few others. And this is so whether the camera catches her aware or unaware, under whatever light, in whatever fleeting mood, as the pictures on these pages reveal.

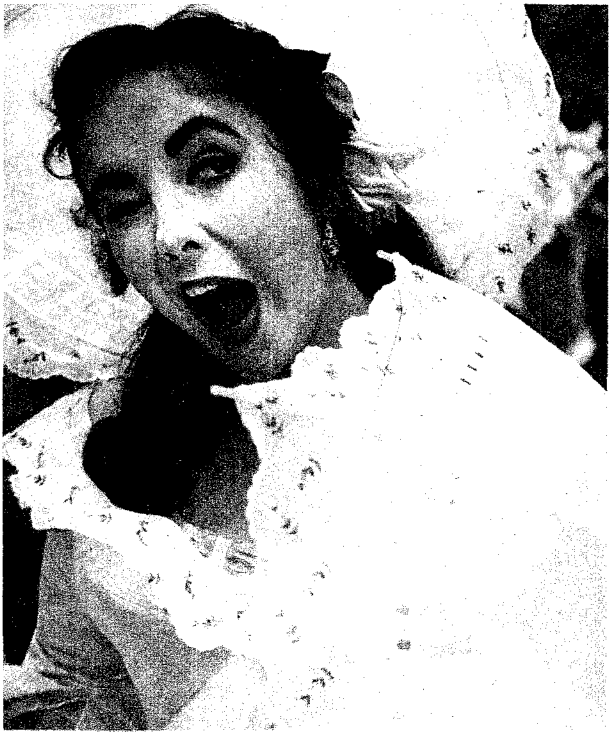
PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB WILLOUGHBY



ONCE she said of herself, seeking to explain a stormy emotional life which at 25 finds her on the verge of her third marriage: "I have a woman's body and a child's emotions." These may be matters for psychiatrists to ponder. But the spectator knows only this: that whether she poses as the languorous sophisticate, the dark-eyed siren of an ancient tradition, or as the modern girl in open shirt and tapered pants, grace and loveliness attend her.

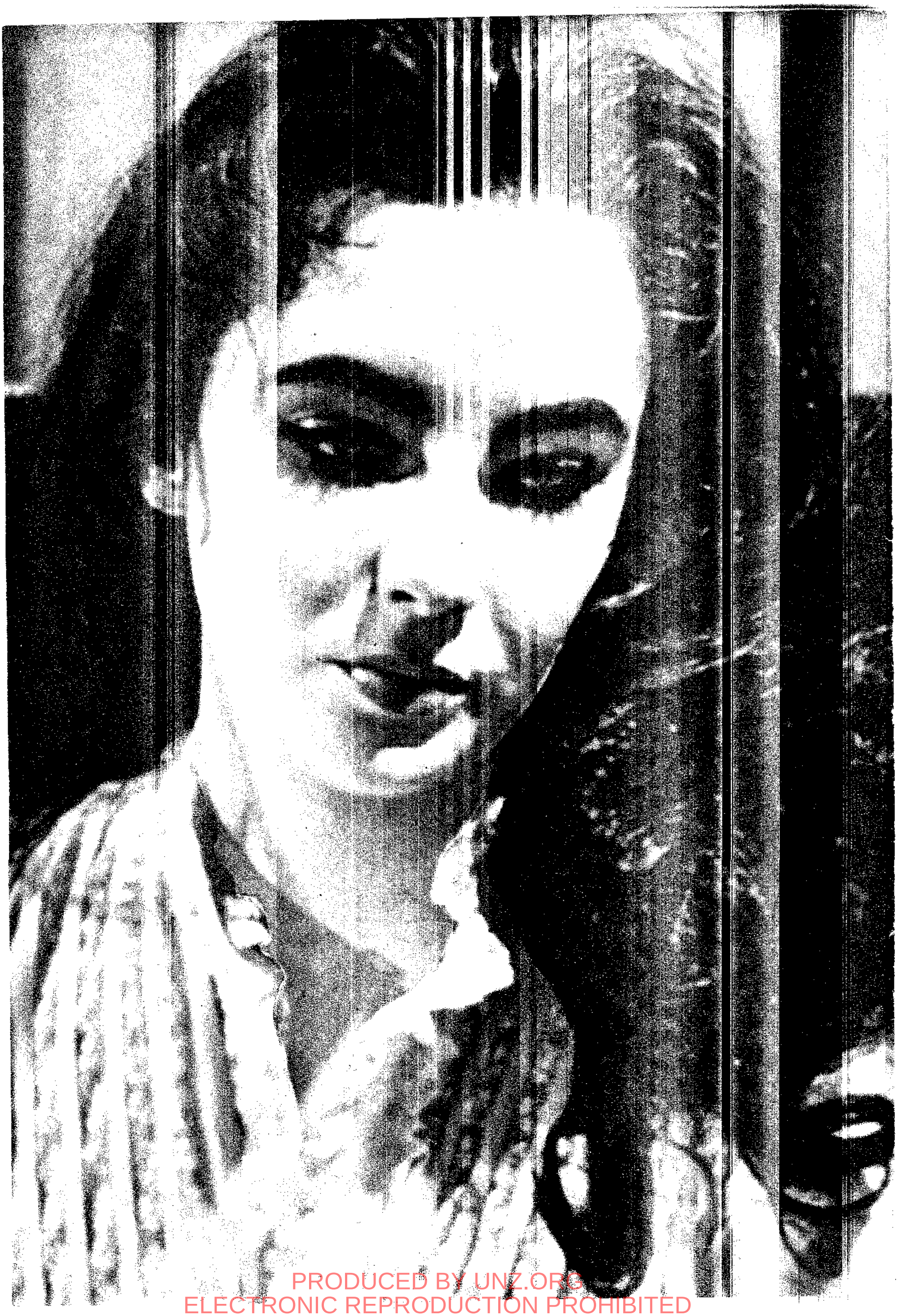
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANFORD ROTH

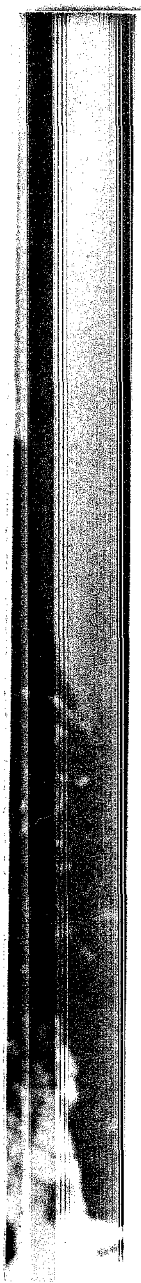
THE CAMERA can be fiendish when it wishes; but to Elizabeth Taylor, who bears beauty as a talisman, the camera yields, and becomes servant and lackey. Clowning with picture hat and parasol on the set of her new film, *Raintree County,* Miss Taylor shrieks in the very face of the lens—and still remains enchanting. Or she can confront it, herself as herself, unafraid—and even the cameraman breathes faster before that level gaze, before those lustrous heavy-lashed, purple-laden eyes.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB WILLOUGHBY

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANFORD ROTH





PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB WILLOUGHBY

THERE ARE FACES men see in dreams, contrived of desire and subtle remembrance. They are all men's visions and all men's secret worshipping, when a woman's eyes hold mysteries unfathomed, and the curve of cheek, the play of shadow and light, the hair's very disarray, stir memories deep as manhood. . . . This spell, too, Miss Taylor casts. Yet—so many the guises of beauty—she is the perfect symbol of the mother she is in real life, devoted to her sons, Michael, four, and Christopher, two.

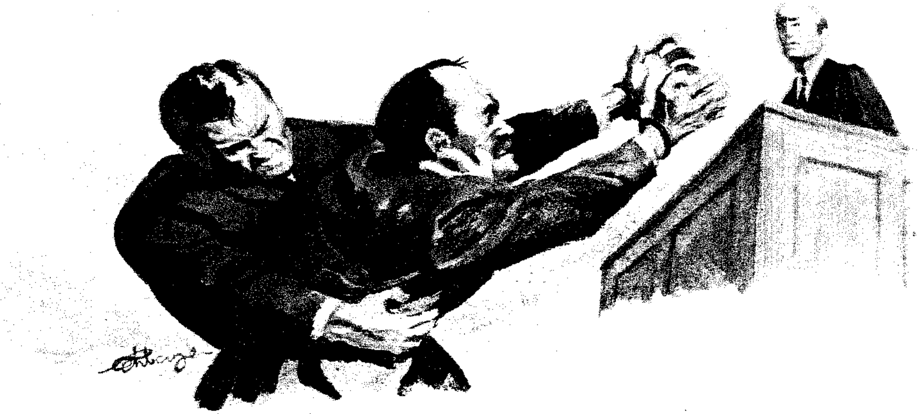
PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB WILLOUGHBY

MINX AND GAMIN, innocent and untouched, the child reaching just beyond girlhood—or regal and remote, princess of fiesta and smouldering fires yet to be awakened. . . . How many faces beauty knows, how many aspects loveliness wears! Is Elizabeth Taylor the most beautiful girl in the world? If beauty really is a strange and private thing, the undefined and unmeasured quality that lies in the eye of the beholder, then no man, no woman, can speak for any other. Nonetheless, having presented the camera's persuasive evidence—the defense rests.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANFORD ROTH

He Lived — and Died — for Hate

by Thomas Gaddis



He waged a one-man war against all humanity— and spent his last years demanding to be hanged

PROBABLY America's worst murderer entered the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia in Washington, D. C., on a gray November day in 1928. Ironically, the charge against him was "larceny and housebreaking."

Justice Walter I. McCoy looked down at the strange prisoner handcuffed and flanked by two burly armed guards. The prisoner stared back—a bear-like man of 37 with a round Roman head prematurely bald, a heavy black mustache and agate-gray eyes, hate-filled.

"Do you have an attorney, Carl Panzran?" Justice McCoy asked.

"I'll be my own attorney," Panzran snarled.

He remained impassive while Assistant Prosecuting Attorney William H. Collins presented the Government's case; and when it rested, asked to take the stand himself. As he walked to the witness chair, his eyes flicked toward the exhibit table where his revolver and burglar tools lay. A court assistant hurriedly removed them to a safe distance.

Panzran's great hands clenched as he told the astonished jury: "You got me charged with housebreaking and larceny. I'm guilty. I broke in and I stole. What I didn't steal, I smashed. If the owner had come in, I would have knocked his brains out.

"You got me on trial for stealing. You think that's a tragedy? To me it's a comedy. I've tried you, too, and found you guilty. I've executed some of you. If I live, I'll execute some more of you. *I hate the whole human race, myself included.*"

His eyes took on a smoky glare as they swung round to Attorney Collins.

"You think I'm playing crazy, don't you? I'm not. I know right from wrong. No delusions. I don't hear anything you don't hear. My conscience doesn't bother me. I have no conscience. . . ."

The jury reached a verdict of guilty in three minutes, and Justice McCoy sentenced the prisoner to serve 25 years in the Federal penitentiary.

Panzran's face broke into a grin. Fixing Justice McCoy with his eyes, he lifted his right hand and drew it slowly across his throat.

"Visit me sometime," he said.

CARL PANZRAN was shipped to the U.S. Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, where his first words to Warden Fred Zerbst were: "I'm going to knock off the first guy who bothers me. Put me anywhere, but leave me alone."

Assigned to the prison laundry, he repeated his announcement to the foreman, R. G. Warnke, a wizened, middle-aged civilian. Warnke told him to get to work.

To prisoners and guards alike Panzran was silent, indifferent and morose. In his cell he read Schopenhauer, a philosopher whose views concerning the human race he appeared to share.

Five months later, on a hot June day, Panzran smashed Warnke's skull with an iron bar, killing him instantly. Glaring balefully, he chased the other prisoners around the laundry, intent on killing them all. He was finally subdued and placed in isolation.

After his indictment for first-degree murder, Panzran wrote Federal Judge Richard J. Hopkins:

"I demand a jury trial and I refuse to accept the services of any counsel appointed to defend me. I do not intend to plead for either pity or sympathy. I demand justice. My conception of justice is that I be found guilty of murder in the first degree and that the sentence of death be carried out."

The authorities appointed a committee of psychiatrists to test Panzran's sanity. They found him to be of unsound mind; but to know the meaning of right and wrong; also that he was intelligent, well read and even "cultured." And on April 16, 1930, in Topeka, Kansas, he appeared in court for trial.

Panzran cursed Judge Hopkins and refused to consult with the distinguished Topeka lawyer appointed to defend him. This time he would not take the stand. After 45 minutes of deliberation, the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, without recommendation for mercy.

"Carl Panzran, have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced upon you?" Judge Hopkins asked.

"Hell, no," Panzran said.

When the Judge sentenced him to

hang on September 5, 1930, on the Federal ground behind the great wall of Leavenworth prison, Panzran's face slowly brightened into a smile.

"I want to thank you, Judge," he said. "By the way, Judge, just let me get my fingers around your neck for 60 seconds, and you'll never sit on another bench."

Visibly shaken, Judge Hopkins decreed a period of 90 days in which a motion for a new trial might be filed. Panzran raised a hand in protest. "I don't want a new trial, Judge. Let the sentence stand."

WHAT produced Panzran's strange hunger for death is probably one of the weirdest stories in the annals of American crime. He wrote it himself and many of his statements have been verified, none disproven.

According to Carl Panzran, he was born on a worked-out farm in the Middlewest. After his father disappeared when Carl was five, he was forced to work from dawn to dusk and was beaten repeatedly. He ran away twice, then was placed in reform school where he was abused and beaten. Instead of breaking or conforming, young Carl learned to hate. At 13, when he found himself powerless against his sadistic keepers, he arrived at a strange equation.

"If I couldn't hurt those who hurt me," he said, "I would hurt somebody else. Anybody. Might makes right. From then to now, I have followed that line."

The boy began by putting rat poison in the pudding of the head of the school. His attempt failed and he was whipped over a wooden block with a perforated leather strap. Panzran responded by burning the building.

On advice of an older boy, he pretended religion. As a result, he achieved parole, and rode westward on boxcars.

He learned to rob church poor boxes. And since he had been forced to pray before being beaten, he set fire to several churches. He moved from state to state, writing his wrath in a signature of fire on barns, sheds, fences, crops. He served time on road gangs, in city and county jails and in prisons. After each crime and punishment episode, he emerged bigger, stronger and more vengeful.

After a vagrancy sentence served in a Texas road gang, he escaped with an Indian. Together, they robbed and killed a vagrant in 1911 (Panzran's first murder). They were not apprehended.

"Up to this time I had only hated everybody else. *Now I started to hate myself,*" Panzran wrote later.

After serving three years in the U.S. Penitentiary at Leavenworth for striking an officer, and more years in county jails and prisons in Oregon and Idaho, he appeared on the East Coast, burglarized a home in New Haven, Connecticut, and used the money to purchase a seagoing yacht, the *Akista*. During a period of four weeks in 1921, while anchored near City Island, New York, Panzran assertedly killed ten sailors. His method was to recruit them in pairs at a particular street in New York City, with a promise of good pay and easy work. After serving them dinner, he plied them with wine, shot them, weighted the corpses and dumped them from a rowboat into the main channel.

Later he shipped out to West Africa where he admitted having killed a Negro in Loanga and six more at Lobito Bay. He returned to the East Coast in the summer of 1922 and murdered a boy near Salem, Massachusetts, and another in New Haven a year later.

Panzran, who had never been apprehended for a murder, was caught robbing the Larchmont, New York, express office and sentenced to five years in Dannemora. In an escape attempt, he broke both legs. He claimed the broken bones were not set properly and that he lived in agony in solitary confinement: "Always in pain, crawling around like a snake with a broken back, seething with hatred and a lust for revenge, five years of this kind of life."

In 1928, Panzran limped out of Dannemora planning to kill the entire population of the city there by placing a barrel of arsenic in the reservoir. He committed eight burglaries in an effort to secure enough money to buy the necessary arsenic. During this time he killed a youth near Philadelphia.

Shortly afterward he was arrested for breaking into a doctor's home and stealing a radio, jewelry and clothing. Held in Washington, D. C., for trial, Panzran told jail authorities about several murders, but they ridiculed his statements. Then he wrote a letter to the police in New London, Connecticut, informing them that a boy had been killed there, and described the terrain. He spoke of another murder in Massachusetts and of the killing of the youth in the environs of Philadelphia. He explained that he had killed so many people that the details were hard to remember.

Massachusetts authorities found that Panzran's statements checked with their findings. Pennsylvania investigators went to the spot described by Panzran and found a corpse. Governors of both states requested his extradition to face murder indictments. But Washington authorities, suspicious that Panzran was trying to avoid prosecution for a lesser crime by confessing to a greater one that was fictitious, refused.

In the Washington District Jail, a young guard named Henry Lesser became curious about Carl Panzran, spoke kindly to him and later gave the head tiersman a dollar for the prisoner, who needed cigarettes. The friendless killer at first refused to believe a guard had given him the dollar.

When Lesser walked by, Panzran limped to the bars. "You're the first guard that ever did me any favor," he said. "You're gonna have my story. See that I get pencil and paper. I want to write it out before I kick off so I can explain my side of it."

Lesser provided writing materials, and Panzran turned over to the guard probably one of the strangest and most terrible confessions ever written.

Horrified by the saga of crime, punishment and compounded revenge, Henry Lesser asked simply, "Why?"

"They done it to me and I done it to them," the big man replied. "But it could have been different."

As time wore on toward Panzran's execution date, Leavenworth guards reported that, whereas before his trial for murder, Panzran had sat morose, reading incessantly and pausing only to eat or to taunt them with threats of death, now they found him sociable. He gave civil answers, seemed content, and informed them he felt at peace.

One day Carl Panzran received a visit from a committee of Kansans opposed to capital punishment. The condemned man talked politely with them. Then the leader produced an Appeal for Presidential Clemency and asked Panzran to sign it. His face darkened and he roundly cursed the dumbfounded committee.

"Do you want to rob me of the only pleasure I ever had?" he roared. Guards hustled the group away. Shortly thereafter, the committee received a long missive from the condemned man:

"I Carl Panzran, No. 31614 of Leavenworth prison, write you this statement freely without advice or suggestion from anyone.

"On June 25, 1929, I murdered a man here and attempted to kill a dozen others. The only reason I didn't kill them was because I couldn't catch them . . . I was indicted, tried, found guilty and sentenced to hang . . . I now look forward to hanging as a real relief. . . .

"Finally, I tell you this: the only thanks you or mankind will ever get from me for your efforts on my behalf is this: I wish you all had one neck and that I had my hands on it. I have no desire whatever to reform myself. My only desire is to reform people who try to reform me. And I believe that the only way to reform people is to kill 'em.

"Yours,
"Carl Panzran"

As time went on, his main concern was whether the scaffold would be strong enough to hold him. Assured it would be, he smoked and read constantly, waiting for the death he had fought to meet.

To Henry Lesser he wrote, "I want to see if the next world is better than this ball of mud and meanness. There is nothing I can do to repay you for the favors you have done me. You are one of the very few men in this world I do not wish to harm. Good luck from—Carl Panzran."

On September 5, 1930, Carl Panzran walked briskly ahead of his guards to the gallows. He glanced contemptuously at the crowd, smiled, and quickly mounted the stairs. The trap was sprung at 6:01 A.M., ending the strange life of the man dedicated to death.

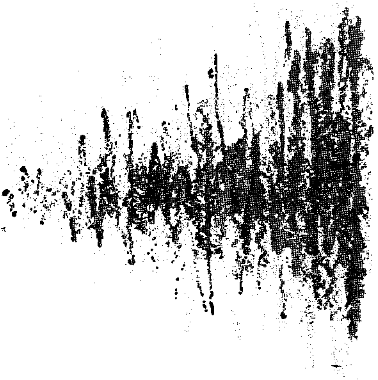
◆

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

(Answers to quiz on page 83.)

The passage was taken from William Thackeray's "Rebecca and Rowena." Thackeray chose these words: 1. fatal; 2. senseless; 3. distraught; 4. nourishment; 5. uttered; 6. moody; 7. partially; 8. bid; 9. hollow; 10. foray; 11. issued; 12. uttered; 13. quarter; 14. dread; 15. tide; 16. recounts; 17. retrieved; 18. remarked; 19. melancholy; 20. warrior; 21. feat.

Anesthesia—Round Trip to Oblivion



by John Kord Lagemann

Here's what happens, step by step, when you take that strange journey to the last way station of existence

YOU'VE BEEN to the doctor and he's told you that whatever it is that's ailing you has got to come out. You go to the hospital the night before the operation and there you meet your anesthetist for the first time. Probably you hadn't given him a thought. Yet he's just as important to you as your surgeon. He's going to be your guide on the strangest journey you ever took—a round trip to oblivion.

Let's call him Dr. Sanders—Samuel P. Sanders, M.D. He radiates confidence and good cheer. But his visit isn't entirely social. He's here to size you up, and to buck you up for tomorrow's expedition. Do you have an intolerance to any of the drugs he may want to use? Do you have a condition of heart, lungs or liver that would rule out certain drugs which put too much strain on any of these organs?

Even more important, Dr. Sanders is here to calm your fears and answer questions. He doesn't do this just to be nice. He knows that if you are tense and fearful, your journey to oblivion is going to be a lot rougher than it should be.

"Confidence," he says, "is the best anesthetic in the world." Here's the reason: fear tenses your body even when you're unconscious. A fearful patient requires up to three times more drugs to reach the relaxed stage at which the surgeon can operate. The more drugs used, the less resistance you have to the shock of the operation and the more slowly you recover. It may be news to you that most surgical patients take longer to recover from the effect of the drugs than from the initial shock of surgery.

Dr. Sanders' visit is really a kind of briefing for a flight into the rarefied outer space of existence. One by one, the reflexes by which your body maintains breathing, blood circulation, heat control, chemical balance and other conditions essential to life become weakened. But drugs and improved techniques enable your anesthetist to keep in touch with you every step of the way. Anesthesia actually exposes you to less risk than you run behind the wheel of your car. With 10,000,000 Americans making the trip every year, the route is well marked.

STAGE ONE is called analgesia, otherwise known as the "feeling-no-pain" or "don't-give-a-damn" stage. It starts in your room, an hour or so before the operation, when the nurse gives you morphine, scopolamine, atropine or some other premedication Dr. Sanders has prescribed for you.

The immediate effect is like hearing good news. Things could be much worse. You may have felt something like this after two or three drinks—a little lightheaded, perhaps, but clever, perceptive, able to see right into people's minds and ready to forgive everything. All the threat dissolves out of the world. You're amused and rather touched by the way all these people bustle about, taking everything so seriously. You wonder if they're out there or here inside your head where it's so bright and spacious. You don't know what time it is and you don't care. So you're in the operating room, so what. . . .

Dr. Sanders is bantering cheerfully with the surgeons and nurses. He straps your left forearm to a short board attached to the operating table, inserts a small needle in the fold of your elbow and tapes it there firmly. He will use this opening in your bloodstream to introduce any fluids you may need during the operation—glucose, blood, plasma, saline solution or a muscle relaxer like curare.

Right now, the needle in your arm is connected by plastic tubing to a bottle of sodium pentothol hanging upside down on a rack. Glancing at it, you notice silvery bubbles streaming upward like ack-ack tracers. For every bubble a proportionate amount of sodium pentothol is entering your bloodstream. Stage Two of your journey to oblivion has begun.

This stage is roughly comparable to the last and usually boisterous stage of drunkenness just before you pass out. Of course, the way you react early in this stage depends somewhat on the kind of person you are. The artist or composer will see vivid colors or hear music. A highly religious person may have religious visions. A writer may feel he has the plot for the great American novel.

You may think, very early in this stage, that you're spilling out your life's secrets. But probably the doctors and nurses hear only a blurred mumble. Occasionally a word or two is distinguishable. "Mama" is the commonest. Even people in their 70s and 80s sometimes mumble it. Once in a while a patient will have time to express an amorous sentiment: "Oh, doctor love you love me." Or a good intention: "Never write home. Going to write home now."

What happens next in this stage is that you are suddenly decivilized. As the drug numbs your higher brain centers you rush backwards a million years in evolution. You are left with only the original "animal" core of the brain still functioning. In the old days, patients sometimes rose off the operating table and started wrecking the place. But today, with quicker acting drugs, this state is so brief that it's over before anything can happen.

Are children cruel when they place their aging parents in a nursing home? Or should they sacrifice happiness and care personally for them? Read one woman's answer to this heart-rending dilemma IN APRIL CORONET

As you penetrate more and more deeply into the twilight regions of the unconscious, the last sense you leave behind is hearing. There is a point, just before you blank out, when you are literally all ears. Because none of the other senses are working, sounds are enormously exaggerated. The nurses' starched gowns crackle and snap like brush fire. Someone quietly clearing his throat sounds like a flight of startled quail. Words reverberate as if yodeled from alp to alp.

Doctors and nurses have to remember to say nothing that would alarm a patient, even after he is apparently dead to the world. Many a surgeon has been flabbergasted after an operation to have the patient say, "I heard everything you said, Doctor." And repeat some incautious remark.

As in a dream, time seems endless. Actually, you remain conscious no more than a minute, probably no more than a few seconds, after the sodium pentothol starts flowing into your bloodstream. As the last gleam of consciousness fades into blackness you enter Stage Three, which is usually called "surgical anesthesia."

Now that you're unconscious, Dr. Sanders nods at the nurses who immediately start to "paint" the area of the operation with a pink antiseptic solution. But at the opening of Stage Three you are still not ready to be operated on yet.

Most people think that the purpose of anesthesia is only to keep you from feeling pain. But even more important from a purely surgical point of view is the relaxation of your muscles. Light and relatively harmless amounts of drugs can make you unconscious to pain. But more drugs are required to get proper muscle relaxation for surgery—and this puts more strain on heart, lungs, liver and other vital organs.

The drugs also knock out one after another the protective reflexes which enable your body to ward off or recover from invasion of any kind—including surgery. That is why Dr. Sanders wants to know exactly where you are at every moment during your round trip to oblivion.

How does he keep track? From the time you enter the operating room, he continuously checks pulse, blood pressure, respiration, and records them on his chart. Fluctuations in depth of anesthesia are reflected in moisture and color changes in your skin. Now and then Dr. Sanders lifts your eyelid and looks at your pupil. The pupil gets progressively bigger as you advance through Stage Three.

No matter what he does with his left hand, the anesthetist's right hand never strays far from a little black rubber bag which protrudes at knee height from the inhalation machine. This bag is connected to your lungs, via an endotracheal tube which fits directly into the windpipe.

By keeping his fingertips on this bag, Dr. Sanders can tell exactly how you are breathing. With a quick squeeze he can rinse the gas out of your lungs and switch to oxygen. Or he can switch from a slow-acting agent like ether to a fast-acting gas like cyclopropane.

How deeply you go into Stage Three of anesthesia depends on the nature of your operation—and the skill of your anesthetician. Unless you are very weak or the operation is a terribly long and drastic one, it is very unlikely you'll ever go past the point at which you can safely find your own way back to consciousness.

The far side of Stage Three is a region which you will not explore. Blood pressure drops lower and lower. The pulse accelerates wildly. The eyelids drop open. The muscles of the throat begin to jump. Breathing grows fainter and more spasmodic until it ceases.

Cessation of breathing is usually considered the end of Stage Three and the beginning of Stage Four. But even if your breathing stopped, Dr. Sanders could use the little black bag to breathe for you till your lungs started up again.

Remember all this the next time you need an operation. It will give you confidence, the best anesthetic agent in the world and your passport to a happy journey to oblivion and back.

No Intermission?

During the middle of the wedding service, as my husband-to-be and I were standing at the altar reciting our vows after the minister, I heard my little niece Kathy's very dramatic stage whisper, "I have to cough, Mama, but I'll wait till after the show is over."

—MRS. JOAN CLEMES

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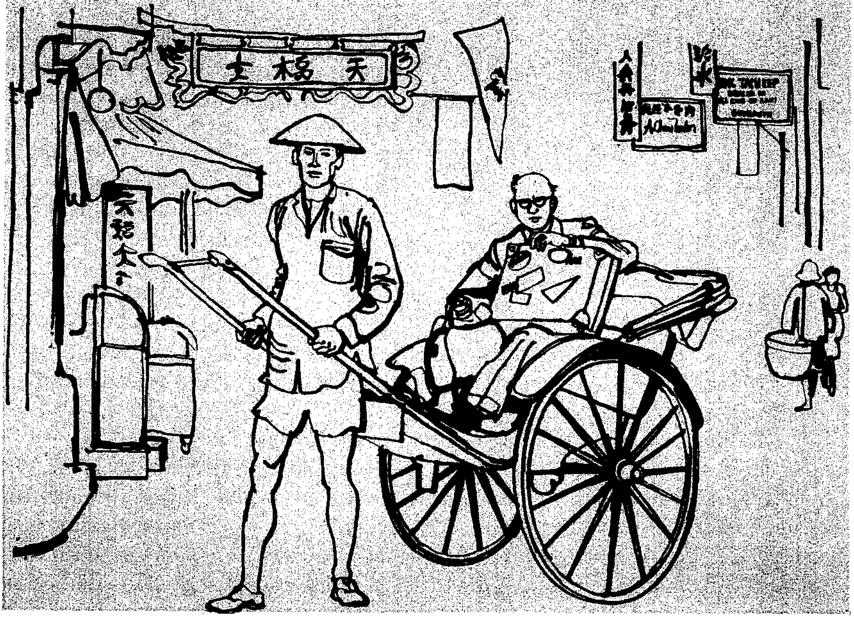
BOOK CONDENSATION

Peddler in Paradise

by AL RABIN

As a youngster they told him he was a "natural" salesman. And for 40 years he's had an Arabian Nights adventure traveling to the far places of the world by jet plane, train, ship, dhow—and even dog sled



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I'VE BEEN thrown out three times in 40 years as a traveling salesman. And each time it was lucky for me; it gave me the impetus to accomplish more. The last heave-ho by a prospective customer catapulted me out of a Los Angeles office and across the Pacific Ocean. Thanks partly to these expulsions I've eaten calves' eyes in Patagonia, cat in China and snake in Siam. I've traveled by jet plane, train, ship, dhow and dog sled in visiting 137 countries.

In Spalding, Nebraska, he spurned a drink—and almost got liquidated.

I was born with a timetable in one hand, a sample case in the other, and a head full of curiosity. As a kid, crossing the bottoms from Kansas City, Missouri, to Kansas City, Kansas, was an event. When I was 14, I took advantage of a $2.50 round trip between Kansas City and Sulphur Springs, Arkansas. I couldn't resist crossing another state line, seeing more country and different people.

When I was 15, in 1909, I spent the summer vacation with a traveling store owned by a friend of my father's. I sold my own merchandise —ladies' handbags and hose. And I crossed another state line, into Colorado.

My father was a traveling salesman, and his father before him had covered a territory by horse and buggy that extended from Altoona, Pennsylvania, to Medicine Lodge, Kansas. Both sold whisky. I planned to follow in their footsteps.

Because of this it was considered quite a joke when I won a contest sponsored by the W.C.T.U. with an essay titled, "The Value of Total Abstinence to a Life." But it attracted the attention of Mr. Block, senior partner in the concern which employed my father, and he gave me a job as soon as I graduated from high school.

I was disappointed when they said I was too young to go on the road at once; I looked older than my 16 years. So I spent 11 months in the office—until one day Mr. Block asked me to draw up a list of the unpaid accounts of a salesman who had quit after making one trip through northern Nebraska and the Black Hills area of South Dakota. I told the boss I thought I could collect the accounts, as well as sell more merchandise, if he'd give me the chance.

"Go ahead," he said, looking at me doubtfully.

I felt like a millionaire when Mr. Block gave me $40 in gold coins for expenses, and authority to draw up to $85 a week. This was high finance for a kid who'd kept 25 cents a day spending money out of $7 a week salary. I had always given the rest of my earnings to my mother.

The next Monday I was in Silver Creek, Nebraska—100 miles west of Omaha. I put two cigars in my pocket, then, with sample case in one hand and a business card in the other, I went to confront Mr. Sokol, the first saloonkeeper on my list of bad debts.

"Sure I owe 'em some money," Sokol said. And before I found my voice he wrote a check for $758 and handed it to me. "Been waitin' for someone to come collect and also sell me some goods," he went on. "I wasn't goin' to mail no check and order." Then he gave me a good-sized order almost against my will. I didn't even open my sample case. I just wanted to get to the bank and have Sokol's check certified, which was done without a moment's hesitation.

It was much the same in all the other towns in the territory. I was gone six weeks and not only collected every cent due but in each case got a new order. The "bad accounts" had simply been waiting for someone to come, collect, and take a new order. I knew very well that there was little salesmanship involved. But when I got back to Kansas City, Mr. Block said: "Allen, you're a natural-born salesman. That territory is yours."

I didn't drink liquor in those days. I'm still not a drinking man. Yet drink did almost "ruin" me in 1912.

I realized there would be trouble as soon as I entered a saloon in Spalding, Nebraska, on my third trip. The two brothers who ran the place were drunk. Greeting them as though I sensed nothing amiss, I invited everyone up to the bar for a drink. When everybody else had been served, one of the brothers shoved the bottle at me, menacingly.

"Pour yourself a snort!" he ordered.

"I'm not drinking just now. I'll have a cigar."

"What! You're not going to drink? Your own whisky?"

"Not—"

That's all I got out before he came around and pushed me up against his brother and punched me squarely in the face. I scarcely had come to my senses (and my feet) when they both grabbed me and threw me out through the door. I landed in a snowbank.

When I walked into the office in Kansas City, Mr. Block was the first one to see me. He was surprised, not only because of my still banged-up face, but because I was supposed to be in northwestern Nebraska. I told him what had happened, and that I thought I'd better quit selling to saloons.

"I haven't another territory open," Mr. Block said. "But we'll find a way to get you one."

"No. I'm going to leave your firm."

"Surely you're not going to give up selling? You're a natural."

"Oh, I'll stay on the road," I said, with confidence that brought inspiration. "I'd like a letter from you to Wakem and McLaughlin." They were importers who had an agency for many leading brands, such as Gordon's Gin, Hennessy Brandy, and Mumm's Champagne. I knew about this Chicago firm from my days in the office. "I'd like to sell to wholesalers," I added.

Mr. Block gave me a fine recommendation to J. Wallace Wakem, and I left for Chicago on Thanksgiving night. I went right from the train to find Mr. Wakem.

"That's a mighty fine letter Mr. Block wrote about you," he said. "Unfortunately, I haven't a place—"

"I'm not looking for a job," I interrupted. "I've just formed my own company," I rattled on, and it was exactly true. "Under my own name. I'd like to handle your lines."

Before I left his office, I had a working arrangement that amounted to a sort of sub-agency for Wakem and McLaughlin. Most of the country west of the Mississippi was my territory. I would do my own invoicing, on stationery I didn't yet possess, from an office yet to be rented. My money was to come from an overage on what they charged me.

When the drunken brothers of Spalding kicked me out of their saloon, they actually kicked me years ahead, businesswise, without my losing any of the intervening time from my life. I was barely 18. How much longer than the two years I worked for another might have passed before I was on my own, with my own company, but for them! That was the first time I was thrown out, while trying to sell. I've been thankful for it hundreds of times.

I sold enough of those wonderful foreign bottles the next day to convince me that "The Rabin Company" would be a success. I've traveled for that company ever since.

I don't think any 18-year-old ever had a better life. I did a tremendous amount of business. I lived high, stayed at the best hotels, used Pullman and dining cars, without being extravagant. On one of my first trips to California I signed a good winery to the same kind of agreement I had with Wakem and McLaughlin and was soon covering the entire country.

I remember my first trip to Boston. When I finally got in to see the buyer I introduced myself and stuck out my hand. He jumped back as though I were pointing a pistol.

"I see no reason to take your hand," he said. "I don't know you."

I told him I was sorry, that I was used to the West, where people expected handshaking and cordiality.

He taught me something. To this day I never offer my hand when I meet a new customer. Usually buyers are glad to shake hands when I leave. I've told my boys never to offer to shake hands or present their cards until they leave—simply say who they are and what their business is.

THE RABIN COMPANY, of which I was president, sales force, and bookkeeper, was a thriving business when the United States entered World War I in 1917. The entire staff of the company enlisted. "Join the Navy and See the World" may have influenced me, but the Great Lakes were as close as I got to any large body of water. I had traveled more in a week as a civilian than I did all the time I was in the Navy.

The most important event of the war, personally, was meeting Charlotte. A week later I proposed. Charlotte laughed and made me wait

"I tried to thank him for his magnificent gift —a silver- and jewel-encrusted opium pipe"

longer than any buyer ever has, but we were married before I got out of uniform.

I had no intention of letting The Rabin Company terminate completely because of the war. During the war years it had no personnel; and when the staff returned, it had no product. Prohibition had taken care of that. But it was still independent, its pre-war capital was intact, and it now had a wife. With unanimous, and eager, consent we moved the company to Los Angeles, where its main office still is.

I knew the wineries I'd had under contract must also be searching for an outlet and I went first to them. Their biggest problem was what to do with their grapes. So I went to the larger eastern cities and sold wine grapes. That led to figs. There was also a good market for California produce so I bought fields of cauliflower and dreamed of the Orient and learned to use chopsticks lunching with the Chinese cauliflower growers. I picked up anything I could sell, including avocados. But these were all seasonal items, until I got the idea of making an avocado soap. That led to cosmetics, household sundries, pharmaceuticals and drugs, not only sold by The Rabin Company but manufactured by it as well.

I first went abroad in 1927, and didn't stop visiting countries, and selling my firm's products until World War II came along. By that time I had traveled from Tierra del Fuego to Alaska, from Australia to Scandinavia, through Europe, South America, Africa and the Orient. I'd been just about everywhere but Russia, which has turned down my request for a visa three times.

At the end of the war, I was one of the first foreign salesmen to go to China. When I got off the Air Transport Command plane at Shanghai, I found the city was not the model for cleanliness it had been before the war.

I had the name of an important Shanghai distributor who apparently was potent in the tong which controlled the trade I was interested in. Tongs are business associations similar to ours within a given industry, with this exception: in China the tongs fixed prices, decided who could buy and sell and actually carried far more weight than government regulators.

I was therefore eager to see Yo Cho Tack without delay. I got Yo's address in Foochow Road transcribed into Chinese characters so that a ricksha coolie could find him, and left the hotel for the heat of the street and a ricksha.

The boy looked at the address, mumbled, nodded and set off at the standard trot. His white shorts had obviously once belonged to a sailor. The conical straw coolie hat, strongly tied under his chin, was strictly Chinese, and the pieces of rubber tied to his feet were scraps from Japanese tires.

At Alley 406, Foochow Road, a young Chinese sat behind a wicker cage, an abacus in front of him and a writing brush poised in his hand. He had a mole on the right side of his chin, from which grew a hair, the end of which not only reached the desk but rested on it for several inches. Family custom or superstition forbids a son to remove or cut this hair. I doubted that Yo Wah, for he was Yo Cho Tack's son, had only 18 years on his Chinese calendar. No hair should have grown that long in 18 years.

Momentarily overcome by this hair of filial piety, I almost forgot that China was one place where I did present a card on first meeting a buyer. It was a specially prepared card. My name was in English in the middle, and on each side Chinese characters proclaimed I was the president of the company and that the home office was in Los Angeles.

Yo Wah examined the card and came excitedly from his cage. Bowing ceremoniously, he led me to a teak table, adroitly placing a teak stool so as to place me in front of a teak cabinet which exhibited samples of the American goods of which his family was so proudly the "only importer." Factually that meant the sole importer at Alley 406, Foochow Road.

An amah brought tea, the pot warmly nestled in a quilted basket. She handed me a *mogun,* a cloth that had been saturated in water scented with lavender and menthol, and wrung nearly dry. These are used before eating, and frequently to sponge off residual drippings from underdone fish. I used mine to remove some of Shanghai's humidity. Yo Wah had disappeared behind a silk screened door. He returned with Yo Cho Tack, who entered with the charm and grace of an ancient prince, his hands folded over his silk coat and below his long gray beard.

I felt a little silly speaking pidgin to so dignified a character. Yo Cho spoke no English, so the amenities were a little difficult even with the son's attempts at translation. But when I opened my sample case all language barriers disappeared. Wonderment spread over the faces of father and son. It might have been a treasure chest, brought from far parts to ancient Cathay. The contents of the case represented items long absent from shopkeepers' shelves. They were treasures indeed, particularly so soon after the departure of the Japanese. Alcohol rubs, aspirins, calamine and cold cream, dentifrices and drugs, all the containers were handled as reverently as though they had been jade.

Yo did not understand English but he was thoroughly conversant with money symbols, whether U.S. dollars or Haikwan taels. He knew the terms "Free Alongside Ship," and "Cargo Insurance and Freight" as FAS and CIF, as well as any English Hong Kong merchant. Yo Cho Tack handled the bottles and spoke to his son, who spoke to me. The son drew characters and I wrote the orders to a quickening pulse. It was going to be a very large order. I hoped there would be no difficulties concerning payment, transfer of money, or any of the other unpleasant possibilities that might arise because of the late war and the uncertainties of government.

"Ba-ba likee gleen," the son smiled at me, pointing to the green labels and crosses on the bottles.

I didn't get a chance to discuss payment. When the order was written, Yo Junior flipped the ebony buttons on his abacus and arrived at the total before I could add up my figures. But both sums agreed: 38,000 and some-odd dollars. Though I nodded approval when Junior mentioned the sum, I was skeptical. Could I expect at least 10 per cent of that amount down?

Yo Wah invited me behind the silk curtains into a small room, bare but for a pearl-inlaid, square, teakwood table and four chairs. The walls, covered with finely split bamboo, were tastefully decorated. On the table lay an old-fashioned opium pipe, encrusted with silver and jewels. I could not but admire it, putting aside momentarily my concern over arrangements for getting all those dollars safely to a Los Angeles bank. Yo Wah could only partially make me understand the history of the beautiful piece. I'm sure he suspected that I thought his father an opium smoker. Frankly, I did.

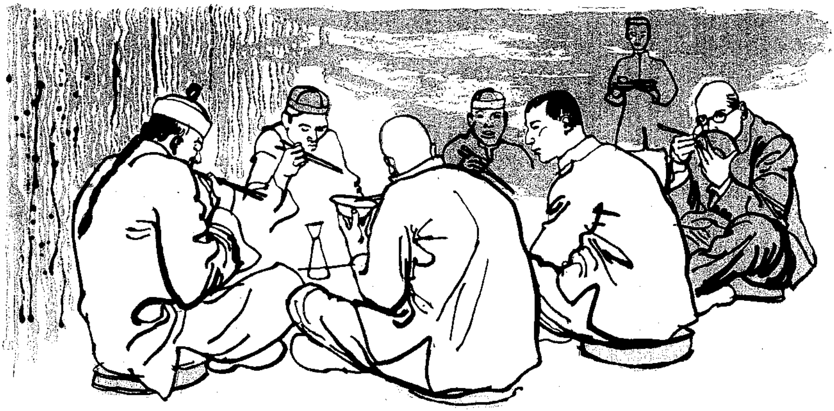
I had switched back from concern about the ethics of opium to those of Chinese business, while father and son were engaged in animated conversation. I hoped the size of my order was not the aftermath of a morning session with the pipe.

Yo Wah turned from his father, picked up the pipe and handed it to me.

"Ba-ba think you likee velly much. You takee please."

I couldn't believe what I heard,

He saved face by learning how to dine native fashion; and saved stomach by knowing how to avoid eating raw fish and unclean vegetables.



but "ba-ba" bowed. He left the room while I protested to his son against accepting so extravagant a gift. I tried to thank him, with the sincerity I felt. That pipe now lies on a table in my living room in Beverly Hills.

When Yo Cho returned, he carried a package wrapped in Chinese newspapers. He put this carefully down on the table and opened it, exposing a neat pile of good old American greenbacks. I thought of "Ba-ba likee gleen." He certainly had collected it, despite the supposed shortage. I wondered how much of it I would get as advance. I thought he wanted me to count it out as Yo pushed the pile toward me, nodding. I hesitated as to whether I should not ask more than 10 per cent, in the face of this pile on the table.

Noting my hesitation, Yo Wah started counting fifties and centuries from the main stack. When he had a total of $1,000 he handed the bills to me, and proceeded to count off another $1,000. I felt better as he neared the $3,800 mark; at least I'd get 10 per cent in cash. But Yo Wah never hesitated and I relaxed. When he had handed me a sum equal to the total at the bottom of my order sheet, it was I who felt I'd been on the opium pipe.

I accepted their invitation to dinner, and almost forgot to ask if they wished me to call with them on the more important members of their clientele. They agreed to the latter with alacrity. What greater face-giving gesture than to display the president of an American company who had crossed the waters and come up the Whangpoo to help fill up the starved markets of Shanghai!

That evening Yo Cho Tack gave a dinner for me in a private dining room at the Sun Ya Restaurant. In the center of each table were various *yeet fan* (hors d'oeuvres). Before each place reposed a turned-down teacup, a tumbler, a quart bottle of Old Taylor, and a pair of chopsticks. Those at my place were of ivory with my name etched in green characters—ba-ba's green.

Whatever the meaning of Yo's brief remarks in Chinese, it was lost in the *goong yee ho choys* which followed. All stood for these colorful toasts. Rice bowls were conspicuously absent, as whisky and raw fish were conspicuously present. And the glass in front of my quart bottle was an eight-ounce tumbler!

I'd learned an old trick before the war which I now fell back on. For I knew that as guest of honor I would have to take some of each dish offered. I also knew that no rice would be forthcoming—unless at the end of the feast, as a test of manners. To eat it would be like asking for bread from a hostess who has just served you a full-course dinner. I explained to Yo Wah that I knew the etiquette, but that because of the rigors of years of world travel I had acquired a peculiar stomach, and my doctor insisted that I have starch with all of the food I ate. Would Yo Wah please explain to ba-ba that I must have rice? My miserable stomach caused a little merriment as it was explained to Yo Cho, but shortly a small bowl of rice was placed before me.

I then explained that I had learned to eat rice coolie fashion

"We didn't have to advertise for help; we almost had to hire police to keep applicants out"

from Chinese farmers near Los Angeles. This was more amusing than my miserable stomach, but I could then hold the bowl close to my chin, masking from all just what I ate. Eagerly, as though I could not wait to partake of some morsel from the center dish, I secured the tidbit with the chopsticks, placed it on the rice in the bowl and conveyed it toward my mouth. If I did not want it, I then buried it in the bottom of the rice bowl, eating rice in its place. Thus have I avoided lurking parasites in strange, raw fish, undercooked meat, and unwashed vegetables. The Orient is noted for its "rapids." That is the last name; the prefix may be Shanghai, or any other city, depending on where the affliction originated. The Army treats it with paregoric and bismuth; but it is best to try to avoid it in the first place by avoiding suspect food.

I was served a fresh bowl of rice with each of the 35 courses. Of course, there were some items I liked, in which case my samplings were not buried in the rice.

The social formalities involved in doing business with Yo Cho Tack did not end at Sun Ya Restaurant. Yo had surprised me by sending a hired car to convey me to the restaurant; and on the morning of my departure there was a caravan of three to escort me to Lung Wa airport. Three cars in those early post-war days, occupied by civilians, formed a caravan of note.

I FIRST SAW Chen Lee outside of the factory we established in Kowloon, the flourishing city across the harbor from the main island of Hong Kong. He was looking for a job, along with dozens of other Chinese who had heard that a new factory was about to commence operations. We didn't have to advertise for help; we almost had to hire police to keep applicants out of our way while we were looking over the two-story building on Kung Tun Street. When Chen first came, I had engaged a number one man who could read, write, and interpret, and an amah. My amah, who came to be known as "Boss Amah," was a valet, maid and laundress. The number one man also had an amah.

I liked Chen Lee's smile, so we hired him as *saw dey yun,* at $100 a month, Hong Kong. In English that would be a sweep-boy at $16.

Chen, who was in his early twenties, weighed about 99 pounds stripped and a trifle more with his clothes on—that is, in shorts and tennis shoes. But he always wore a smile in addition to his clothes. He moved into the factory the minute he was hired. His room was the storage space, and his bed a rattan mat atop cases of empty cold-cream jars.

One corner of our courtyard was

stacked high with petroleum jelly drums. Stacked upright to enclose a rectangular space on one side of the yard, the drums formed the walls of a bunk room. During the day, they served as dining tables. Although we were not required to furnish sleeping quarters, there was little we could have done to deny them.

Hong Kong, with almost 2,000,000 refugees, lacked adequate housing facilities. Our people were happy with their quarters, which would not have passed inspection in a hobo town. Yet it was superior to the squatters' huts on the outskirts of the city.

I enjoyed eating with these apparently happy refugees, even though I could not understand their chatter. The number one man stayed away from these midday gatherings and urged me to do likewise. He said I would lose face. But I was gaining, not only in face but in better understanding of these people and their customs.

At first I enjoyed chile con carne, cold baked beans or some other canned item while my Chinese boys and girls chop-sticked their fish. None of them accepted any of my fare. But frequently I tried their fare and after a few weeks I found myself on a straight Chinese diet at noon.

They encompassed me with their foods. As their ancestors had absorbed invaders, so I was being taken in. They would not eat my chile, nor do I believe they will enjoy Russian borsch. On the contrary, if the Russians get deeper into China the Russians may end up eating *bak choy* (greens) and rice. The Chinese like neither strange food nor strange politics, whether they be American or Russian.

Chen Lee was frequently noticed not because he was obtrusive, but because of his industry. He was usually at the door to help pry my (then 235-pound) bulk out of the MG. I rarely found it necessary to point out a job. One night he calcimined one of the factory rooms and painted in Chinese characters on the walls, "No Smoking. No Spitting. No Dirt." That was the first indication I had that he could write.

Chen's eagerness to work was exceeded only by his desire to learn. When I showed the number one man how to mix formulas, Chen was at my elbow. He caught on to the conversion of weights from our system to the metric quicker than his superior. I learned at the airport, where he'd formerly worked, that he had watched with the earnestness of a scientist when engines were taken down and reassembled.

Chen Lee helped unpack a new filling machine and conveyor. The latest in streamlined equipment, the machine had been tested in our Los Angeles plant before shipment; and in the dismantling process, each part had been numbered so that the apparatus could be properly assembled. It did not work out that way. The humidity of Hong Kong hadn't been taken into consideration, and the ten-foot-long wooden guide rails became warped. The assembly was useless without guide rails true enough to feed it properly.

Operations were suspended until this equipment could be put in running order. I was in my office conferring with the number one man when his amah ran into the office. After a few excited words, number one man and boss were leaping down the steps. We found Chen Lee squatting in the yard near a corrugated iron fence. In one hand he held an old Chinese hatchet, called *chuey doh*. Between his bare feet he steadily held one of the guide rails. When I saw him chop into this piece of wood railing, I yelled the few Chinese cuss words I knew. I held my head. A precision-cut rail from the United States, which no local shop wanted to try to fix, being hacked up by a kid!

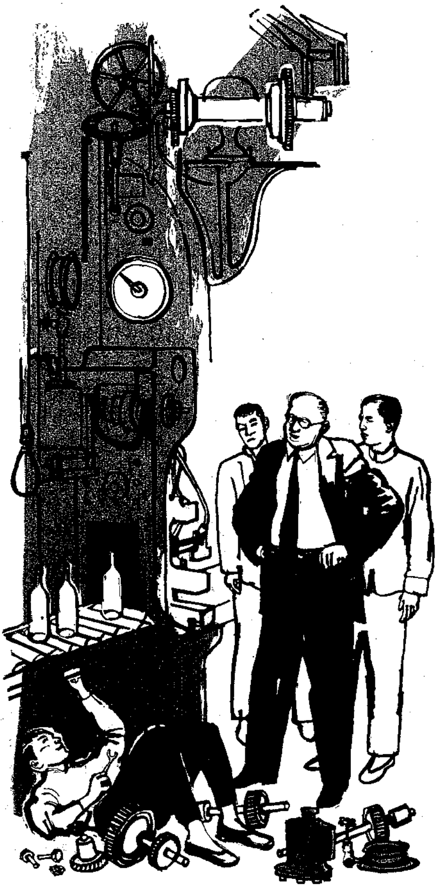
Chen Lee, hatchet in hand, the guide rail on his shoulder, and a smile on his face, calmly entered the factory. I followed. Before my surprised eyes Chen fitted the rail into its proper position, something we had been unable to accomplish for two fruitless days.

Without so much as a look or word, Chen Lee then went next door to the ironsmith and returned with a large U-shaped metal blade fixed into small wooden handles. He carried the rail back to the yard and before two silent amahs, stuttering number one man, and thunderstruck boss, finished the job. It worked as well as if it had been gauged by a micrometer in the hands of an expert.

When the machine was started, bottles went through all right but came out empty. The complicated high-speed vacuum filler did not function. The very friendly power company sent European-trained engineers to give assistance. For the next three days they studied this mechanical monster, but to no avail.

Chen Lee was now definitely in my way. He was sure he could make the machine run. I was sure he couldn't. He appealed to Boss Amah, and she tried to tell me, "Chen can do." I had number one man bring Chen into the office with Boss Amah. I asked one of the engi-

The untrained, untaught coolie proved to be a genius at fixing complex machinery.



neers to tell Chen in Chinese to keep his hands off the machine. He told him in the harsh manner so often used with the common coolie. The smile left Chen's face, and I felt sorry about it. That was one midday I had no desire to eat in the yard.

Two hours later, number one man let me into the factory. He said that the three engineers were still out for lunch. He walked through the main factory area toward the packing department. There Chen Lee squatted on the floor a few yards from the filler. Surrounding him were the guts of the equipment; the filling machine had been disemboweled.

How he got it apart, where he got the tools, how he could identify the parts he had removed, I never found out. At the time all I understood was that a piece of equipment worth $10,000 was ruined. It was too much for cuss words, Chinese or American. I just walked out of the factory.

The next morning as I started up the steps I heard machinery running. I changed my course and went to the packaging department. The motors were turning, the conveyors were moving, and the filling machine was filling. Bottles of hair oil were coming off the filling line. Chen Lee stood by the machine. The smile on his face was as bright and shiny as the hair oil itself. I couldn't believe it possible. I looked at Boss Amah who looked at the machine, beaming with pride. Nearby was her niece, Chuey Lee. She pointed toward the filling line, just as pridefully. The number one man just scratched his head.

I will never know how this uneducated, untrained kid did it. His salary was doubled on the spot, and was made retroactive to the day he came looking for a job. Later I went out to get special chow for lunch, taking Chen with me. Afterwards, we went to a shop where I had him fitted with a white shirt with collar, white shorts, and new tennis shoes. When he left the plant that night, Chen had new clothes on his back, money in his pocket, good food in his belly and Chuey Lee at his side.

Soon thereafter I revised our organizational plan. Chuey Lee became number one worklady of the packing line. Chen Lee was foreman of all work. Number one man confined himself to upstairs activities. Being a Shanghai-lander, he felt superior to the factory workers. I didn't want to disturb his position at the moment. I needed him as translator and interpreter.

THE GIRLS working in our plant had been started at six Hong Kong dollars, which was about the equivalent of one U.S. dollar, for an eight-hour day. It was higher than the approved scale. Payday was twice a month, and in addition they received rice. Many of them had only recently come to Hong Kong as refugees from Canton, Swatow or Foochow. Most of them were penniless until their first payday.

Early one afternoon I found two of the girls lying unconscious on packing cases. I assumed that the oppressive heat was responsible. But when this kept happening every few days, I investigated and discovered that many of them were eating only a small portion of their allotted rice. The major portion went to members of their families living in the squatters' village beyond the town. Rather than ask for assistance, they tried to work on short rations until payday. Some of them didn't make it. So to put an end to such ordeals I had the number one man announce that anyone could draw advance pay, and interest-free loans were granted in some cases. To a people accustomed to paying interest rates as high as 25 per cent a month, this was a great lift. It also lifted me to a position much higher in their eyes than an ordinary number one boss man.

On the day of my departure from Hong Kong, I decided on a further improvement for the workers' benefit, particularly the girls on the conveyor lines. The concrete floor had been covered with rubber mats where the girls stood, but I felt it must still be tiring. At home our women have chairs so that they can sit at conveyor tables. I decided that the Chinese girls should have the same comfort, and sent an order to this effect before I left Hong Kong.

Some months later, when I visited Hong Kong again, I learned that the stools had never been taken out of the go-down. Whereupon I had them hauled from the warehouse and placed in position at each station along the conveyor table. I showed the girls how to adjust the height of the backs for comfort. Pleased with this somewhat expensive contribution for their benefit, I left and spent several hours on business in the city. Late in the afternoon I stopped by the factory. As I approached the plant I saw our workers gathered in front of our building. Obviously there was trouble. The usual smiles were gone from the kids' faces.

Then number one man came out and reminded me that when the stools had arrived, he had not used them. He said I had forced the stools on the girls, compelling them to sit on those miserable contraptions, when all their lives they had been standing or squatting. If they wanted to rest sitting down, there were stools in the yard, or cases in the factory. If they were tired and wished to relax, they would squat. But they could never tolerate those stools with their torturous backs.

The stools went out of the factory, and the motors resumed their humming. Smiles were again on the faces of the girls as they worked at the conveyors, standing up.

I would have avoided this incident if I had used my head. One cannot think in terms of the West entirely, when trying to solve the problems of the East, where habits, customs, traits and religion are so different. I tried to force a change, which I considered beneficial, too fast.

There is an obvious parallel with political misunderstandings, which might also have been avoided if persons in America hadn't tried to decide what was good for those in Asia without taking into consideration the Asiatics themselves.

America was popular in China, right after the war. Popularity declined in direct ratio to our efforts to make them eat a political menu we believed good for them, and the Chinese chef we insisted must be the one to dish it out. They like him no better now that he has been forced to move his kitchen to Formosa. This, I believe, more than anything else, flung China into the arms of Russia. The people knew Chiang's crew. They figured they could fare no worse under Mao, and perhaps could do better. They may be disillusioned now.

In the jockeying for position after the war, we backed four wrong horses: Chiang, Bao Dai, Quirino, and Syngman Rhee. We are pigeonholed in their category in the minds of millions of Asiatics, since we upheld them in the name of Democracy. Bao Dai and Quirino now may be out of the picture. Chiang on Formosa waits for an incident that will cause us to try to help him back to the mainland and power. In the opinion of sound, anti-Communist men who know the facts, such a course would be hopeless. They are convinced that Chiang's forces would desert to the Communists, or sell their arms to the enemy and then fade away.

I stayed at the new Hotel Bando in Seoul, Korea, late in 1955. This hotel, which would do credit to any American city, will accept only American money in payment. It is owned by Mrs. Rhee, and is very expensive. I have never seen a country so rife with corruption. It is evident from the moment you arrive in Korea. Nor have I ever seen greater hatred of a ruler than in that unhappy land of hatreds, including hatred of the Chinese and Japanese.

My opinions may be unpopular. I have not garnered them from books, ideologists, nor in diplomatic cloakrooms. They have come from observation, from hardheaded businessmen whose interests force them to be realistic, and from shopkeepers and customers on the spot. Far Eastern people will tell you politely that we have meddled in their politics too much, and that we are fighting a paper tiger or painting a burning house to an almost insane degree. It might be wiser to back a nation rather than a man and a clique. There are Chen Lees of politics in China who can handle the Communist issue if given half a chance.

HONG KONG is my favorite city outside the United States, and Africa is my favorite continent.

If you are curious, adventurous, and work on salary and expense account, Africa will repay you. If there is a large demand for your wares, follow the lead of many American companies and have your goods manufactured under license or invest in local factories. Then you can be a peddler like me and show local salesmen, who are frequently natives, how to sell your goods from Cairo to Cape Town, from Addis Ababa to Dakar. You'll be a real missionary of the American Way, and you'll want to go back often.

As for expenses, the best costs the least in Africa. Your dollar will buy three times as much as it will at home. There are excellent hotels in the big cities, good hotels in smaller ones. There are interesting places to spend a night in villages or even in the bush. You'll see animals in natural surroundings, pygmies and giants, fine-featured natives and all manner of facial distortions practiced for the sake of enhancing

(Continued on page 152)

This Hungarian refugee mother's pensive face expresses all the uncertainty of life for her baby and herself in a strange land. Only the week before she was in the house where she was born with all the familiar things around her. She left them all, perhaps forever, to escape tyranny. But what now for her baby and for her?

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What greater story has ever been told in so few words as the labels around the necks of Hungarian children who arrive at the Austrian border, "Look after our children, we stay to fight to the end!"

Forever in the pages of history will be written the bravery of the Hungarian people in their effort to break the chains of slavery and become a free people. As Christ once looked over the city of Jerusalem and wept, so must He today weep over the city of Budapest.

Christian Children's Fund, with 224 orphanages in 33 countries, including Austria, is assisting Hungarian refugee children. Such children can be "adopted." The cost is $120.00 a year if you wish, payable monthly. You will receive your child's name, address, picture and story and can correspond. If you want to "adopt" such a child, please check here ☐.

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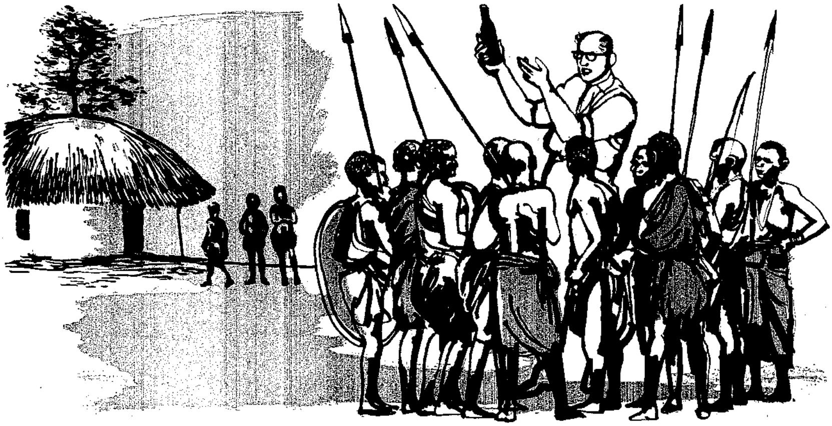

He delighted in Africa: pygmies and giants to sell to, bride markets to visit, elegant hotels and bush villages—an amazing land of contrast and challenge.

beauty on the bride market or for scaring away adulterous lovers. The environment contains jungles too thick to penetrate, wide savannas, parks of great trees where the sun shines down vertically through high leaves; also great rivers, snow-capped mountains, and high plateaus.

If you happen to sell drugs and cosmetics as I do, you'll call on doctors as well as on distributors. Your work will be educational, amusing and a contribution to the health, welfare and ideas of beauty in the least-known part of the world. And when you come home you'll have more to talk about than the weather and the scores of baseball games. You'll have enriched your life as nothing else is likely to enrich it, and if you aren't a better salesman for such a broadening of your base, you never should have gone on the road in the first place.

Thousands, probably millions, of people would like to live in America. Certainly I would not exchange my citizenship for that of any other country. If it were not for that citizenship, I could not have been what I am and what I must be until I run out of years. America is the basis for understanding what I find elsewhere; America is the way of life for which I am a missionary. The material product an American sells abroad is unimportant; what is introduced with it can make the world a paradise.

When I let my curiosity get the best of me, and wonder about other worlds than the earth, I wishfully think we may find life on other spheres within my time, and ways of traveling to them. I would be among the first to go, sample case in hand, to see what they are like, to try to understand the people, and to tell about our way of life.

Medical research reveals an easy way for dieters to achieve and maintain proper weight

CANDY
That Makes You Thin

by GEROLD NELSON

AMONG THE COMMONEST complaints of modern man—and woman—is the lament: "If I could only lose ten or fifteen pounds!"

Actually, obesity has been the bane of mankind for centuries. But only recently have we learned how dangerous overweight can be. Doctors emphasize that fat has become one of our most dangerous enemies, bringing in its wake a train of diseases. Insurance statisticians underline the alarming picture by pointing out that the death rate of overweight persons is about one and a half times that of slimmer ones.

Yet, in our weight-conscious country, it is estimated there are 35,000,000 men and women who recognize that they are overweight and try to do something about it by dieting. The trouble is, most people simply cannot stick to a diet. In the struggle between will power and appetite, will power usually gives up.

Recently, however, medical science has come to the rescue by developing "appetite depressants"—medically safe substances which help to curb one's appetite. Generally speaking, there are four types used in conjunction with a diet:

1. Bulk, such as methyl-cellulose wafers. These work by simply filling the stomach with non-nutritious bulk, giving one a sense of satisfaction so that the desire for food is dulled.

2. Dextro-amphetamine, a chemical substance that stimulates the central nervous system in such fashion that the stomach secretes a smaller amount of hydrochloric acid than usual. The effect of this is to lessen hunger.

3. Lozenges, containing vitamins and minerals.

4. Low-calorie, caramel-type candy containing vitamins and minerals.

While these substances enjoyed rather wide use, there had not been a conclusive experiment to determine which type of depressant was most effective. Not long ago, to learn all that could be learned about

(Advertisement)

diets, depressants and how people react to both, a series of exhaustive tests was undertaken by a famous New England clinic.

A team of experts—three medical specialists, a general practitioner and two psychologists—was appointed to conduct the experiments.

For their human guinea pigs, they chose 240 obese men and women, ranging from 21 to 70. These included persons in all walks of life—secretaries, executives, housewives, truck drivers, mailmen, policemen, bachelors, fathers, wives, spinsters.

By prior examination, the doctors screened out "compulsive eaters"—that is, men and women whose overweight was symptomatic of a deep psychological disturbance.

"What we sought," one of the medical team explained, "was a typical cross section of overweight Americans who have always wanted to lose five to twenty pounds, but never seemed to have the stamina to follow a reducing program."

When each subject was interviewed, the story was virtually the same. "I've tried everything to lose weight. I've gone on diets: I've even starved myself. But I just can't get down to my right weight."

To be sure, each patient had a different motivation behind his obesity. Some overate to satisfy a frustration or a fear, or to suppress tension, or because they craved certain foods, or because of environment. Others couldn't help eating between meals, or eating too much at mealtime, or simply didn't understand a balanced diet.

Some said they exercised moderately, others violently. All wanted to be slim again, but most of them subconsciously felt they were fighting a losing battle. As one man put it, "I've tried and tried, but always failed. Even if I lose weight and get down to a respectable figure—a few weeks go by and there I am, right up again!"

The doctors began their test by dividing the 240 men and women into six groups of about 40 each, according to age, sex, activity and degree of overweight. Four of the six groups were placed on a 1200-calorie diet and given one of the four appetite depressants. The fifth group received the same diet, but no depressants. The sixth group was given no diet, but advised to curtail food intake with the assistance of the caramel candy, to be taken before each meal.

Almost all patients rebelled at the suggestion of taking depressants. "Aren't those things dangerous?" they asked, recalling medical stories of the past which labeled old-time dietary aids dangerous.

The physicians alleviated their fears. Each of the products given in the test was free of dangerous side effects. However, it is known that one of the depressants—dextro-amphetamine, which can be obtained by doctor's prescription only—in certain cases can cause nervousness, sleeplessness and tremor. Since the patients were constantly under medical supervision, however, there was no need for concern.

The test ran from 60 to 64 days. Each participant was checked every ten to 14 days, the doctors taking care to see that diet and caloric intake were maintained.

The results were instructive. For example, the group on a straight diet without a depressant had the

(Advertisement)

most difficulty. After three days, a frantic housewife phoned in.

"Doctor," she exclaimed, "I'm so hungry that I'll be sick if I don't get a full meal tonight."

The physician tried to calm her.

"But so little food just doesn't satisfy my appetite!" she groaned. "I've got to eat more."

That night she went off her diet.

Each day, more and more in this group gave up. At the end of ten days, only four of the original forty were still on their diet. Although most of those who fell by the wayside shamefacedly came back the following week, their weight reduction program had been impeded and their peace of mind disturbed. For the remainder of the test, they were on-again, off-again.

Of the forty given dextro-amphetamines, nine were forced to discontinue because of nervousness, insomnia and general uneasiness.

Only those patients on the low-calorie candy were able to complete the test without side effects or digestive disturbances.

DURING THE 60-DAY period, those on dextro-amphetamines lost an average of 7.31 pounds. Patients on the straight diet alone lost 4.90 pounds. But the people who ate the candy lost 13.7 pounds!

Another group of patients given the candy without a prescribed diet lost more weight than those on the straight diet alone (5.92 pounds as against 4.90). This group even surpassed those taking lozenges with a 1,200-calorie diet. Those on methylcellulose wafers, in addition to the 1,200-calorie diet, lost 6.30 pounds.

These figures merely represent the average loss for each group. Some individuals lost from one to as much as 26 pounds.

According to the director of the clinic (name on request), and chairman of the team of physicians and psychologists, "the study was undertaken to assess the value of depressants as an aid to a standard 1,200-calorie diet.

"We felt it an obligation on the part of the medical profession to evaluate the safety and efficiency of depressants currently sold by prescription and over the counter in drugstores.

"The study convinced us that eight out of every ten overweight people cannot regain a slim figure or remain on a diet without the aid of a depressant. Furthermore, the eight out of ten who use a dietary 'crutch' lose weight faster and in some instances the weight loss is triple that of those with the unusual will power to remain on a low-calorie diet alone.

"The test further proved that Grandmother was right when she warned that eating candy before mealtime would spoil the appetite. Those of our subjects who were given AYDS, the caramel candy, before mealtime, lost about three times as much weight as those on a straight diet alone, and nearly twice as much as those using other depressants, including products prescribed by physicians."

After the tests, one woman patient told the doctors: "I didn't mind dieting this time. I had always looked upon candy as a forbidden food during a diet, but this candy actually lessened my appetite. The whole experiment was fun, and now I know how to keep my weight under perfect control."

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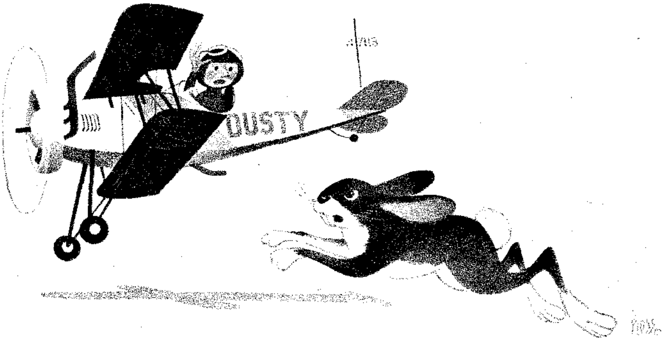


Animal Acrobats

by ARTHUR LARSEN

JACK BURGESS and Richard Lilya were flying low over an ice-bound Minnesota lake in a light plane not long ago when a 100-pound timber wolf leaped up, clamped its jaws on one of the plane's skis, and brought it smashing down.

The only casualties, fortunately, were the plane and the ambitious wolf.

Most people thought it a once-in-a-lifetime accident, but animals are involved in such lethal acrobatics year after year; and a wide variety of them could easily be charged with attempted homicide. After shooting a deer, a proud Utah hunter knelt Tarzan-like over his "kill." The not-so-dead creature kicked, hit the trigger of the hunter's gun, and shot him in the thigh. While in Texas, where everything is different, a freshly-caught catfish flopping around in the bottom of a row-boat sent a bullet into a startled sportsman.

In North Dakota, several years ago, a farmer was flying three feet above the ground dusting his crops when a jackrabbit with delusions of grandeur gave a mighty hop, hit the roaring propeller and grounded the plane.

In Salisbury, Maryland, a motorist submitted an odd accident claim to the State Farm Insurance Company. He complained that his parked car had been severely bitten by a horse, and won a $5 settlement for the damage.

Charles McDonough was fishing in the St. Lawrence River when he hooked a beautiful pike. After fighting and landing the fish, McDonough exuberantly picked it up and gave it a kiss. Not to be outdone, the pike kissed back, biting the fisherman in the face.

Susan Reed, an eight-year-old girl from Southsea, England, came home one day with a black eye. "A polar bear hit me," she told her mother gravely. When little Susan refused to change her story, Mrs. Reed investigated and discovered that her daughter was being quite truthful. Seems she had tried to pet a polar bear at a local circus and been smacked with a heavy paw for her familiarity.

He does for celebrities what a lamp did for Aladdin. He's a modern-day . . .

Genie with a Limousine

by DAN PAONESSA

ARISTOTLE SOCRATES ONASSIS, billionaire owner of Monte Carlo's fabulous casino, stepped out of a hired Cadillac limousine and instructed its chauffeur to pick up a package on Wall Street.

"What's in it?" the driver asked.

"Money," answered Onassis casually and told the chauffeur to deposit part of it in a New York bank and send the rest abroad. Then he walked off.

The package contained $210,000. But the chauffeur, Roosevelt Smith Zanders, hardly turned a hair. Unusual requests were routine in his unique business: Zanders' Auto Rental Service.

Once Mrs. Red Skelton handed Zanders her platinum wrist watch. "It needs repairing, but I'm afraid to trust it to just anybody," she said nervously. "It cost $13,000."

Zanders took the watch home with him that night. The next day he searched the city for its finest jeweler. So that Mrs. Skelton wouldn't worry, he sat and watched the jeweler as it was being repaired.

"Not that I didn't trust him," Zanders explains. "But keeping an eye on that watch was part of the Zanders Treatment."

Gertrude Lawrence's biographer and husband, Richard Aldrich, wrote of his wife's extraordinary friend: "Roosevelt Zanders, citizen of Harlem, owner of a Cadillac limousine for hire, driver of celebrities . . . had a proprietary interest toward Gertrude which was assurance he'd take good care of her."

The late Miss Lawrence was Zanders' first steady client when he began by only chauffeuring celebrities. But now his work includes everything from taking his clients' children to the zoo to transmitting diplomatic messages for foreign governments. His little black book lists the names, telephone numbers and needs of 135 famous clients—among them John Wayne, Nat "King" Cole, Eddie Fisher and Clark Gable.

During the Christmas season Zanders is kept busy filling lengthy shopping lists cabled him by foreign statesmen; and regularly the Panama Government assigns him the Santa Claus role of buying Christmas toys for its official orphanage. Once he was ordered to travel to Paris to choose a Christian Dior dress for a movie star's wife.

A tall, soft-spoken, smiling man of 42, Zanders was raised in Youngstown, Ohio. As a boy he worked week ends and after school at a large country club, where he developed his extraordinary knack of anticipating the wishes of the wealthy.

"I not only had to know how to be accurate and quick," he says. "But I also learned to memorize the names and the needs of nearly every member, so that when one stopped by after an absence of even several months he would get the kind of service he'd like without having to ask for it. I was just a kid then, working hard for tips. But the members were pleased with this sort of service."

His father, who was a college instructor, wanted Roosevelt to be a minister. But during one college vacation, young Zanders went to Atlantic City where he met a pretty schoolteacher named Marie Duffin. Roosevelt forgot about finishing college, impulsively followed Marie to New York City, and married her.

For a while Zanders worked as a drug salesman, then got a job chauffeuring Wendell Willkie during the election year of 1940. Remembering the country club, Zanders took mental notes of the likes and dislikes of the Willkies and tried to anticipate their every need.

During a Harlem rally, he turned up with two rented baby elephants.

"I thought they might be good publicity," he told the astonished presidential candidate.

"If that's what you call a part of chauffeuring, I hope you'll come and work for me," Willkie said. "If I get to the White House, that is."

But Willkie lost the election, and Zanders ended up chauffeuring B. Edwin Sackett, who was director of the FBI office in New York. He took a civilian construction job as engineer in North Africa before the invasion, and then went to Alaska to work with the Army on the Alcan Highway.

"I'd never seen such an isolated place in my life," he says. "A lot of us were sick with wanting a hometown newspaper. I had planned on chauffeuring when I got back. But now I decided to add a service where anyone could wire, write or phone any kind of wish and I'd be sure he'd get it."

Zanders started his Service with one rented Cadillac when he returned home. For the first two years he steadily lost money, and had to draw on the savings he had accumulated while he was with the Army.

But, gradually, with more and more satisfied customers, his business grew. Then, after patiently waiting a full two years, he finally got an opportunity to put his Zanders Treatment into full effect.

When U.N. meetings were still at Lake Success, Dr. Julian Huxley, Director General of UNESCO, introduced Zanders to General Carlos Romulo, who assigned him the monumental task of caring for not only himself and his family, but the entire Philippine delegation as well.

For six weeks Zanders chauffeured the delegation from New York to Lake Success and back, saw to it that their schedules were maintained and appointments kept, and acted as personal bodyguard to Romulo. Zanders' fee came to $7,000.

"That was my biggest job," says Zanders. "General Romulo would even read me some of his important speeches and ask what I thought were the strong or weak points. He said he wanted a popular reaction."

From then on his business began to mushroom, and each client got the plush Zanders Treatment.

In December, 1955, actor John Wayne called from Los Angeles: "We'll arrive tomorrow, Roosevelt. Four in the party." Then he hung up.

The next day Zanders checked on flight conditions and learned that bad weather would force the plane down in Philadelphia. When Wayne and his party landed in Philadelphia, Zanders was at the airport with one of his six Cadillac limousines to drive them to New York.

Some weeks later, at five in the morning, Zanders received a call from London. It was another steady client, Roberto Arias, Panama's Ambassador to England. Onassis was giving a party aboard his yacht in Monaco, Arias said, and he wanted to bring along a special kind of Panama headless shrimp.

"Get me 100 pounds of the shrimp," Arias went on. "But if I'm going to receive it in time to take it to Monaco, you'll have to get it on the 4 P.M. plane from New York."

"It'll be there," Zanders replied.

After the markets opened, Zanders spent hours locating the rare Panama shrimp. Then he had it crated, packed in dry ice, and somehow succeeded in clearing it quickly through customs. At 3 P.M. he wearily carried the shrimp aboard the plane.

"I had to be a combination diplomat and Philadelphia lawyer, and move at the speed of sound," he recalls. "The job took seven frantic hours, but I was finally able to cable Mr. Arias that the shrimp was on the way. I think he was as surprised as I was."

Usually, a day of the Zanders Treatment will cost a client on the average of $85, including expenses, although the rates vary with the service. The bill to Arias, covering the cost of the shrimp, dry ice and freight charges, totaled $223.75. Zanders' own fee was only $24.

Zanders keeps his business purposely small, and has only four employees on his staff, so that he can personally handle as many clients as possible. This keeps the chunky, swift-moving man so busy that he has few outside interests. He claims his hobby is photography, but actually he uses this as a part of his service, since many of his clients like to be photographed while they are in New York.

Recently, a movie company asked him to play himself in a film on the life of Gertrude Lawrence, but Zanders is reluctant to take any time off from the work he loves. Often he doesn't get to see his own wife more than twice a week.

"Marie jokes about my being married to my work, but luckily she's pretty understanding about it," Zanders explains. "When people like Mr. Wayne or Mr. Arias come into town, she expects me to disappear for four or five days and maybe end up in Paris."

Government officials from Panama have relied on Zanders so extensively that he has been referred to as "the Ambassador to Panama." Once, the late President Remón asked Zanders for theater tickets to a Broadway show that was sold out. There wasn't a seat to be had—even for the President of Panama.

Wisely, Zanders traced the purchaser of the choicest seats in the theater, and diplomatically talked the owner into surrendering his box to the President. And to round out the Zanders Treatment, Roosevelt contacted a caterer, and between acts Remón and his party were served hors d'oeuvres and iced champagne.

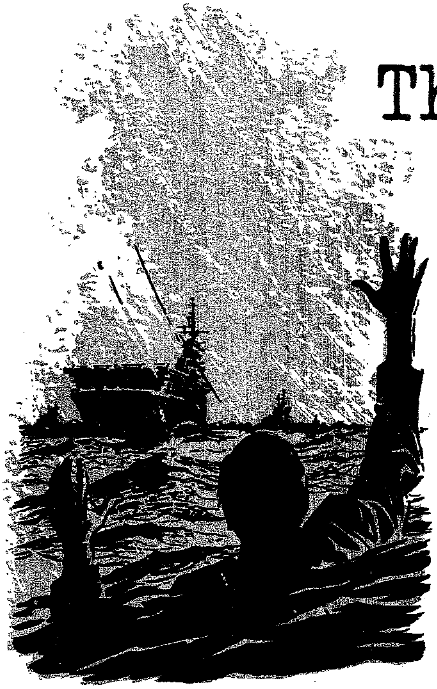
Ambassador Arias once assigned Zanders the job of caring for a friend who came to New York to be treated for cancer.

"I've deposited $3,000 in the bank for his needs," Arias said. "Be sure he gets everything he wishes, and the best medical treatment." And then he flew off to London, leaving his dying friend in Zander's care.

Zanders with Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl; (*below*) Senator Kennedy, Panama's E. A. Morales.

Zanders located the finest cancer specialists in New York, arranged for examinations and treatment, found the most suitable nurses. When the end finally came, Zanders arranged for burial in Panama.

"Mr. Arias told me that the man was so grateful he left me seven acres of land in Panama," Zanders says. "President Remón once took me to Panama on the 'Columbine,' President Eisenhower's plane. But we stayed only six hours. I haven't seen my land yet."



The Mystery

by ARTHUR WIDDER, JR.

ON THE MORNING of March 27, 1942, a U.S. Navy task force, Rear Admiral John W. Wilcox, Jr., commanding, zigzagged through the wintry North Atlantic bound for rendezvous at Scapa Flow off the North Coast of Scotland. In steaming position along with the admiral's flagship, the 45,000-ton *Washington,* were another battleship, the aircraft carrier *Wasp,* two cruisers and eight destroyers.

With five of its battleships lying on the bottom at Pearl Harbor and three others damaged, this was the strongest force the Navy would be able to muster for some time.

Only a year before in these same northern waters the British had lost the pride of their fleet, the battlecruiser *Hood,* to the first salvo of the German battleship *Bismarck.* Though the *Bismarck* had been sunk a few days later, there were still other German warships—including the *Bismarck's* sister ship, the *Tirpitz*—skulking in Norwegian fiords, a constant threat to convoys bound for England. Danger to the task force lurked anywhere.

On the *Washington's* bridge, Lieutenant (jg) William Fargo, officer of the deck, peered ahead into the snow and freezing spray, alert for air attack, torpedo sighting, or what might be.

Under the great battlewagon's bridge, the barrels of the forward 16-inch guns were glazed with rime ice. Waves slammed her bow, coursed her forecastle and streamed through her scuppers.

On the fantail in the lee of the after turret, a lookout shivering in his foul-weather gear swept the gray waves and churning wake with hand-shaded eyes as the forenoon watch wore on.

According to the flagship's log, it was 10:31 when the heart-stopping cry suddenly came: *"Man overboard!"*

Almost immediately, a telephone talker reported that the fantail look-

# of the Missing Man

out could see a man in the water. Captain H. H. J. Benson was on the bridge in a moment and the *Washington,* bound by radio silence, signaled the grim message by whistle and flags.

At once, two destroyers broke from position and closed toward the flagship's wake. The cruiser *Tuscaloosa,* in the murk a thousand yards astern, signaled that a man could be seen in the water "swimming strongly" toward a life ring. A few minutes later the destroyer *Livermore* reported sighting the man. But the moving ship was unable to recover him in the heaving seas. And there was no stopping in wartime.

Despite the foul weather—visibility had closed to 1,500 yards—the *Wasp* launched four scouting planes to search the area. They could find no one.

Aboard the *Washington,* meanwhile, from skipper to seaman ran the question: who is missing?

The roll of every officer and man of the crew of 2,000 was called. And to the bridge came the astounding report that *every single man of the Washington's crew was accounted for!*

There must be a mistake somewhere. True, nobody had seen him fall, but there could be no question that a man had gone overboard. In all, six men had actually seen him struggling in the water. The *Tuscaloosa* and *Livermore* had seen him.

Captain Benson ordered a new roll call taken. This time he directed officers to *sight* each man in his charge as his name came up on the roster.

Minutes passed as the flagship bulled on through sea and weather. The missing man, whoever he was, was long-since lost now. But *who* was he?

The officers' muster reports reached the bridge and were passed to the captain. *Still not a man of the Washington's crew was missing.*

Although there was obviously some error, the report must be submitted to the admiral. An officer took it to his cabin. The Marine sentry on duty outside opened the door.

Only the steady sighing of the ventilator blowers could be heard. The cabin was empty.

The answer to the puzzle became clear, since only one man was not carried on the ship's muster rolls. The missing man was Admiral Wilcox himself, the only U.S. admiral ever lost overboard at sea.

Exactly how Admiral Wilcox came to plunge to his death remains unknown. He is presumed to have been the victim of some incredibly rare accident.

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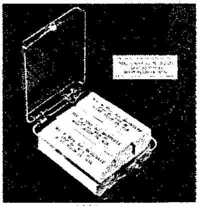
Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME



and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75c per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50c. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-Z, Lynn, Massachusetts.

HERE'S QUICK WAY TO BIG MONEY

Charles Kama, Texas, reports $1,000 a month profit. Possible for you, too, with amazing $4.95 Presto Fire Extinguisher. Amazing chemical snuffs out fires in seconds. Over 2,000,000 sold for homes, autos, boats, etc. Dramatic demonstration sells everyone. Spare time or full time. Sales Kit Free. Merlite, 114 E. 32nd St., Dept. X-114T, New York 16, N.Y.

GIANT 8-COLOR WORLD MAP $1

Spectacular value! 12 sq. ft. Wall-Size, 8-Color World Map shows every corner of Earth. Explicit, colorful, up-to-minute. Used by Gov't, newscasters. Follow Global strategy at a glance. Important ref. map for school, business, playroom, den. Heavy-duty stock, only $1 ppd. Same large map US $1—Money Back Guar. Radak Pub., Dept. C-3, 505 5th Ave., NY 17.

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS

Enjoy Your Work! Fascinating positions, in hotels, motels, clubs, apartment house projects as Hostess, Exec. Housekeeper, Mgr., etc. Alice Behr writes: "Am Hotel Hostess-Housekeeper, and my position is well paid." Write for Free Book. Approved for All Vet. Training. 40th Anniversary yr. Lewis Hotel Training School, Sta. CC-3201, Wash. 7, D. C.

PUT YOUR HAIR UP IN SECONDS—$2

Perfect natural curls every time with this new Automatic Hair Curler. Curls last longer. Just put strand in slot . . . push handles together for a quick curl — pull handles apart for reverse curl. Fast and easy! Guaranteed to do the job or your money back! Only $2 postage paid, from Sunset House, 815 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood 46, California.

WIDE WIDTH SHOES FOR WOMEN

Enjoy season's newest styling and comfort in Syd Kushner's customized shoes. Featured here. "Mara" in Black Patent; Navy, Red or Beige Calf, 3" heel all sizes 4 to 11, Widths C-D-E. Only $6.95 ppd. Money-back guar. Write for Free Catalogue with other styles in sizes 4 to 12, widths C to EEE. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

FREE RUG BOOK—SAVE UP TO ½

Olson Magic

Amazing Olson Broadloom Offer! Rich, new, extra thick, extra heavy, double wearing, Reversible Rugs and Carpets. Your old rug, carpet, clothing can Save you up to ½. Money back Guarantee. Easy Terms. Our 83rd year. Over 3 million customers. Free Broadloom Bargain Book–Model Rooms in color. Write today for your copy, Olson Rug Co., Dept. N-5, Chicago 41, Ill.

REMODEL YOUR OLD FUR COAT

. . . into glamorous new style Cape or Stole. Direct by mail. Save 50% at our one low price of $22.95 complete. We Clean, Glaze, Repair fur, Lusterize, Remodel completely with New Lining, Interlining, Your Monogram. Send for Free Style Book today. Many different styles available to choose from. I. R. Fox, 146 West 29th Street, Dept. H-14, New York 1, N. Y.

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 170

Silver Linings

After long months of separation, I was finally on my way to join my husband, who was then stationed with the Occupation Forces in Austria. I had never traveled much, and was extremely nervous.

My husband hoped to meet me in Salzburg, after my ten-day journey across the Atlantic and half of Europe.

In Detroit, where I learned I would have several hours to wait between trains, the redcap who took charge of my bags kindly said that he'd keep them for me and put them aboard the train beside my seat so I would have an opportunity to do a little sight-seeing. True to

FIGHT FATIGUE, COLD, TENSION

Stress & strain making you nervous? Colds leaving you weak? You may suffer from vitamin deficiency. If you are, hi-potency vit. give fast relief. Contain all 32 vit., incl. cold-fighting Citrus Bioflavanoids, Vit. C, blood-bldg. iron, Vit. B-12. Comp. formula in store $5.98. 1st mo. supply (reg. price $1.98) just 50¢. Vita-Plex, Dept. Y-30, 507 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

EASY WAY TO BRAID A RUG

For fun or profit with Braidmaster do-it-yourself rug kit. Use any old or new materials, clothing, blankets, hose. Contains everything you need: 3 self-adjusting Material Folders, Wax lacing Thread, Adjustable Cutting Gauge, Lacemaster & Braidmastery instruction book. $2.95 ppd. R. Peters Associates, Dept. C2, 19 W. 34 St., New York 1, New York.

KEEP ALL DATES—ON TIME

Ideal way to note appointments for immediate or distant future. "Appointment Pal" contains 3 years of calendar sheets. Complete month is visible at a glance. Open date blocks enable you to record dates, meetings, etc. Plastic bound, attractive leather-like covers. 8½"x11", $2.25 ppd. Commercial Press, Dept. C-1, 3521 Butler St., Pittsburgh 1, Pa.

MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME

Invisible Reweaving pays *up to $10.00 in an hour!* Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suit, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home, in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabricon, Dept. 393, 8342 S. Prairie, Chicago 19, Illinois.

BEFORE

AFTER

AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, New York.

FREE BOOK! IMPORT PAYS BIG

Men — women, coast to coast now making money on small imports, using plan based on our 30 years' experience. We show you how to import at bargain prices, for friends, stores and mail order customers — give you names of foreign suppliers who will ship direct, so no stocks to carry. Write for free book. Mellinger, Dept. G1343, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Success Stories in World Trade

(Continued on next page)

92 "AMERICA'S BEST" HOME PLANS

Choose your new home from 92 plans shown in "America's Best" book. 50¢. Exteriors, floor plans, up to 4 bedroom sizes. Many in color. Blueprints at low cost. Other books: "Deluxe Small" (112 plans) $1.00; "Homes In Brick" (114 plans) $1.00. All 3 for $1.50. All books postpaid. Garlinghouse Company, Dept. C-37, Topeka, Kansas.

SECRET OF HOW TO BE TALLER

Instantly, you can add almost 2 inches to your height! "Elevators", amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. Gain poise, prestige, confidence. Don't envy tall men, be one! Wear "Elevators"! Free booklet showing 31 styles. Write Stone-Tarlow Dept.C37.Brockton68,Mass.

HIDEAWAY SHELVES

Relieve crowded medicine cabinets! Keep jars, bottles, boxes neatly out of sight on linen, utility, closet doors. All Aluminum. 3½" deep 40" high. Six shelves, adjust from 11" to 20" wide. Fits all doors. $6.95 plus 35¢ postage. Thousands in use. Order several now. No C.O.D.'s. Steven Donay Co., Dept. M-3, 2940 S. 38 St., Milwaukee 15, Wis.

BORROW $100 to $600 BY MAIL

Pay Your Bills Now. Borrow $100 to $600 Cash by mail. Easy, quick, private. Repay in small monthly installments over 20 months. Loan payments may run ½ less than you now pay on old bills. Loan Order Blank mailed Free in plain envelope. Advise amount needed. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. K-250, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

GIANT STAMP ZOO FREE

Snakes, Leopards, Elephants, Rhinoceros, Zabu, Platypus, Koalabear, and other fierce Jungle beasts, from many strange countries! Colorful, Fascinating, exciting, entertaining. Used and unused. Approvals included plus Free Stamp Magazine. Send only 10c for handling. Lincoln Stamp Company, St. Catherines 570, Ontario, Canada.

Silver Linings continued

his word, there they were as I entered my compartment, very conspicuous with the many stickers and tags displaying my name and destination, but the redcap was nowhere in sight to collect for his services. He showed up just before the train was ready to pull out and with a wide grin refused the dollar I offered him.

When I asked why, he explained solemnly:

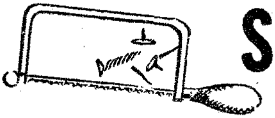
"When I looked at them bags and saw you were going to this here Saalfelden place, I figured a little mite of a thing like you will have to pay out a lot of money to a lot of different folks to have them bags carried before you get to where you're going. You just better hang onto that dollar, ma'am; you'll need it a whole lot worse'n I will!"

—JUDITH L. VAN NESS

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

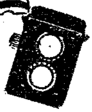
HIGH FLYING CLOTH SPACE-KITE

Exciting fun for all. This all weather 3 dimensional aeronautical kite won 1st prize many contests. Zooms, Glides, Climbs. Made of tear-proof acetate cloth in 3 brilliant colors. Sent pp. or COD with free storage case. 28" high, $1.98. 35" high, with 250 ft. kite cord, $2.95. Extra kite cord, 50c. Halco Co., Dept. E, 165 Dwight St., New Haven 2, Conn.



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



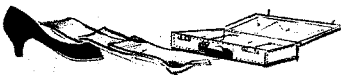
The ads below offer you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy Direct Via Mail. Our 5th Ave. shoes as low as $9.95. Perfect fittings. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28 page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

EARN $50 Fast sewing our precut products during spare time. $3.00 per hour possible. Information 3¢. Thompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.

CATALOG—Free, showing complete equipment for cake decorating and unusual baking. Ateco tubes and syringes, many outstanding instruction and recipe books, pans and molds to make your baking really different! A new customer writes, "I'm thrilled to death with your catalog—by far the most interesting Wish Book I've ever seen!" Baking makes perfect hobby, profitable home business. Maid of Scandinavia, 3245-C Raleigh. Minneapolis, Minn.



MAKE Money Sewing at Home, part or full time. We instruct. No Selling. Free details: Jud-San, 518 E. 105th, Dept. C-24, Cleveland 8, Ohio.

$2.00 HOURLY possible doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Write Sanco Manufacturing Company, 8507-A West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 48, California.

EARN money at home with your Typewriter or Sewing Machine! Turn spare time into dollars! Location doesn't matter. No special education needed! Write today for free details. Carl E. Edwards, 3912-C, 12th St., Des Moines 13, Iowa.

DESTROY Unwanted Hair—permanently—by using the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator in the privacy of your home. Enjoy new freedom and charm. Absolute money-back guarantee. Send 5c for informative booklet "New Beauty For You." Mahler's Inc., Dept. 327-C, Providence 15, R. I.

24 BOTTLETTES Genuine Imported French Perfumes only $1.00 ppd. Samples from world renowned Perfumers. Supply limited—this offer may never be duplicated at this low price. Order several sets Now for Guaranteed Prompt delivery! Perfume Importers Co., Dept. 160-E, Farmingdale, New York.

"MICKEY" Quilt Patches—80 square material. Each package contains 250 patches assorted colored prints. Shipped Postpaid at prices per package of 250 pieces quoted after each size. 2x2 inches 50c. 2x4 inches $1.00, 4x4 inches $2.25, 3x6 inches $2.50, 5x5 inches $3.50, 6x6 inches $5.00. No C.O.D. Please. John C. Michael Co., Dept. C, 1717 1st Ave. So., St. Petersburg, Florida.

EXPECTING? Free sample Birth Announcements! Unique! Save on cards that tie-in with Hobby, Sport, Work. Matching Thank You's. Printed-to-Order Formals. 40 designs. State hobby & expecting dates. Write Birth-O-Gram Co., Dept. C, Coral Gables, Fla.

"8 MISTAKES Parents Make." Every parent should have this new book about child training. It is free; no obligation. Simply address Parents Association, Dept. 1353, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

FOR THE MEN

BIG Men! Free folder shows the shoe styles you want in hard-to-find sizes 10 to 16, widths AAA to EEE! 54,000 satisfied wearers. Money-back Guarantee. Sold by mail only—at amazingly low prices. Write Today to King-Size, 163 Brockton, Mass.

WIDE-SHOES For Men! E to EEEE. Only—Sizes 5 to 13. We can fit you in the styles you like but can't find in wide widths. Top quality. Not sold in stores. Money Back Guarantee. Write for Free Catalog today. Hitchcock Shoes, Hingham 121, Mass.

FOR THE CHILDREN

IF your child is a poor reader—See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Send postcard for free illustrated folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Products, Dept. G-16, Wilmette, Illinois.

FOR THE FAMILY

FREE Trial. At Home quickly learn to speak French, Spanish, 34 languages by Linguaphone's World Standard Conversational Method—or it costs you nothing. Send for Free Book—Linguaphone Institute, T-C-37 Radio City, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

LEARN "By Ear" with Dormiphone-awake and asleep. Amazing new scientific invention gives you easy shortcut to learning languages, facts, new habits, speech. Used by educators, children, people of all ages, occupations. Free Book. Write. Modernophone, Inc., 337-037 Radio City, New York 20, N. Y.

FOR THE HOME

FOAM Rubber furniture cushions. Factory seconds —50% discount. Replace old spring and down cushions with comfortable lifetime Foam Rubber at ½ price. Send for free illustrated catalog. Perma-Foam. 236-K Rhode Island Ave., E. Orange, N. J.

FREE—New 44 page Broadloom Bargain Book with Model Rooms, in full color. Tells how you can Save about Half on beautiful, extra thick, extra heavy, double wearing, Reversible Rugs and Carpets—by sending your old rugs, clothing to Olson factory. No risk. Easy terms. For Free Book, write: Olson Rug Co., Dept. N-4, Chicago 41, Illinois.

FOR GARDEN FANS

REDWOOD seedlings (Sequoia Sempervirens); California's famous giant redwoods grow easily, anywhere. Thousands shipped since 1934. 8" to 10" trees. 3 for $1.00, postpaid. The Jolly Five, Box 708, Los Altos, California.

(Continued on next page)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 170

FOR PHOTO FANS

COLOR Processing—Fast Service and Low Prices. Highest quality prints returned by first class mail prepaid. Kodacolor developing 85c per roll: prints 27c each. Kodachrome 35mm processing: 20 exp.—$1.45, 36 exp.—$2.25. Wallet prints from your transparencies 25c each. Send for your complete price list and free mailers. Photo Mail, Madison Square Station, Box 216C, New York 10, New York.

FREE! Blackhawk's big sale catalog new and used 16mm., 8mm. films, 2"x2" color slides, used 16mm. sound projectors, closeouts photographic items. Biggest stock—biggest savings in USA. Blackhawk Films, 1711 Eastin, Davenport, Iowa.

COLOR-PRINTS from Kodachrome, Ektachrome, Anscochrome color film. Highest quality fast service. Money back guarantee. 2¼x3¼—25c; 3½x5—45c; 5x7—$1; 8x10—$2. Duplicate 35mm slides 25c. Write for complete price list. Colorfax Laboratories, 1160-0 Bonifant Street, Silver Spring, Maryland.

COLOR SLIDES

150,000 SLIDES in color in stock covering the United States and 70 foreign countries. Fill in the scenes you missed on your trip. Send 9c for 72-page Catalog to Capt. M. W. Arps, USN, ret. Box 1715, Washington 13, D. C.

FAMOUS Wolfe Worldwide Hi-Fi Color Slides on Approval. Everything from Paris night life to the Kremlin. Send 25c (deductible from first order) for 4-color catalog listing thousands of 35 mm slides. E. E. Wolfe, 1315 Westwood Blvd., L. A. 24, Calif.

FOR INVENTORS

PATENT Searches, including copies of nearest patents, $6.00. Reports airmailed within 48 hours. More than 100 registered patent attorneys use my service. Free invention protection forms. Miss Ann Hastings, P. O. Box 176-A, Washington 4, D. C.

INVENTORS—Inventions needed immediately for manufacturers. If you have an invention with good sales possibilities that you wish to sell or license on cash or royalty basis, write Kessler Corporation, 263, Fremont, Ohio.

FOR CONTEST FANS

WIN contest money. Every issue of the General Contest Bulletin has helped others win; gives hundreds of tips. Lists current contests and rules. Sample copy of magazine 25c. General Contest Bulletin, 1609 East 5th, Dept. 400, Duluth, Minnesota.

FREE copy of "Prize Ideas" the publication that has launched many successful winners. Packed with prize winning aids, entries that have won, news of current contests. All-American School, Dept. CO, 1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

FOR TRAVELERS & VACATIONISTS

SHANTYBOAT cruise—try something really different—six-day inland houseboat cruise; pleasant company, good food, swimming, fishing, adventure thru tropical Everglades Florida, $80 up. Write for free folder. Capt. Jim Nisbet, Box 1628-C, Ft. Myers, Fla.

FREE Florida Keys map & guide of attractions, mileages, motel & bungalow vacation accommodations, swimming, fishing, boating facilities, things to do and see in "Vacationland of Presidents." Key Colony Beach, Box CO, Marathon Shores, Florida.

STAMPS

ONLY 10c brings you 115 unusual stamps from all 5 continents incl. Airmails, Dead Countries, Old Classics, Pictorials etc. Value over $2.00, to introduce our superb Approvals of all U. S. and Foreign stamps. Globus, New York 10, N.Y. Dept. 04.

STAMP Collection Free. More than 100 diff. fascinating stamps—Europe, Africa, So. America, Scandinavia, Balkans, Asia, etc., used and unused stamps. Free to approval service applicants for 3c postage. Tatham Stamp Co., Springfield 33, Massachusetts.

SPECIAL Stamp Offer! To acquaint you with our better U.S. approvals, you get 2 different $5.00 U.S. stamps plus 20 others; Hi-Values, Air-Mails, Commemoratives, etc. Send 10c for Lot No. 20. Irwin, Box 11-45, Brooklyn 30, New York.

GIGANTIC Collection Free—Includes Triangles—Early United States—Animals—Commemoratives—British Colonies—High Value Pictorials, etc. Complete collection plus Big Illustrated Magazine all free. Send 5c for postage. Gray Stamp Co., Dept. CO, Toronto, Canada.

"WOW! 135 All Different Germany. 10c" Big collection includes old Zeppelins. Semi-Postals, Airmails, High Values, Giant and Midget-sized Stamps. Extra! Complete bargain catalog, free booklet. Approvals. Jamestown Stamp Co., Dept. A3COC, Jamestown, N. Y.

FREE-Mint British Colony stamps from Borneo, Cayman Islands, Seychelles, Dominica, Papua, New Guinea, Sarwak, Brunei. These exotic stamps absolutely free to those requesting our famous approvals. Viking, Great Neck 40, New York.

U. S. STAMPS—The World's Top Philatelic Investment—At Substantial Money-Saving Discounts. Send today for Giant Illustrated Cataloguide. Only 15c. (We also buy stamp estates, collections). Raymax, 35-VKT Maiden Lane, New York 38, N. Y.

FREE—New Issue, British Empire Stamps plus new, rare Bonus Offer! Big free collection of just released, pictorials, commemoratives, regular issues. Plus new valuable "British Empire Bonus Packet." From agents everywhere, unusual, seldom-seen stamps. No two packets alike. Coronations, Jubilees, Royal Visits, etc. Many Collectors' Items! Popular Collector's Guide, other offers for free inspection—limited offer! Send 10c postage, handling. Garcelon Stamp Co., Dept. CR3N, Calais, Maine.

65 PICTORIALS, beautiful worldwide quality selection, only 10¢ to adults requesting my economy approvals consisting of complete sets or ½¢-to-3¢ singles in books of 1,000. State preference. A. Farmer, 6919 Camrose Dr., Los Angeles 28, Calif.

FOR COIN COLLECTORS

FASCINATING foreign coins from Formosa (Free China) and Vatican City, etc., plus unusual foreign paper money (banknote) only 10¢ with coin approvals. Littleton Coin Co., Littleton S36, New Hampshire.

FOR DO-IT-YOURSELF FANS

LEATHERCRAFT, the most rewarding Do-It-Yourself hobby. So easy to make attractive Belts, Gloves, Purses, Billfolds, etc., with Larson Kits. Free Illustrated Catalog. Write J. C. Larson Co., 820 S. Tripp, Dept. 6660C, Chicago 24, Illinois.

FOR AUTHORS & PUBLISHERS

MANUSCRIPTS Invited for books. We have made and published books on the co-operative plan for more than 30 years; circular free. A world-wide publishing service is offered. Meador Publishing Co., 324 Newbury St., Boston, Massachusetts.

BOOK Manuscripts Considered by cooperative publisher who offers authors early publication, higher royalty and national distribution. All subjects welcomed. Submit MS to Greenwich Book Publishers, Inc., Atten. Mr. North, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

ALL the world loves an author! You too can win friends and royalty checks! If you write, we appraise/sell. Write/phone Daniel S. Mead, Literary Agent, 419-C Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., ORegon 9-1150.

AUTHORS! We can help you gain recognition. We will publish your manuscript—edit, design, promote advertise and sell it. Low subsidies, good royalties. Send for free booklet. Comet Press Books, Dept. CO3, 200 Varick Street, New York City 14, N. Y.

WRITERS! Become published authors. Free illustrated brochure reveals publishing, publicity, sales data for authors of fiction, non-fiction, poetry mss. Write to Dept. X, Exposition Press, 386 4th Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

FUND RAISING

CLUBS and Church Groups, earn $100 to $500 cash plus 24 handsome, sturdy card tables. No deposit. No risk. Has earned Good Houskeeping Seal. Write for details, F. W. Mathers, Advertising Card Tables, Dept. C. T., Mt. Ephraim, New Jersey.

SPARE TIME OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE Money Writing Short Paragraphs! No tedious study. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell; and supply list of editors buying from beginners. Many small checks add up quickly. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts. Benson Barrett, Dept. C-199-C, 7464 Clark, Chicago 26.

MEN And Women Wanted to start home business in spare time with little table-top rubber stamp machine. Easy to earn up to $9.80 an hour without previous experience. Full particulars Free by mail. Send postcard to Roberts, 1512 Jarvis, Room 2-C, Chicago 26, Illinois.

NEW Invention, $4.95 fire alarm, paying up to $1,100 a month possible. No wiring. Unlimited market. Dramatic demonstration. Free kit. Merlite (Alarm Div.), 114 E 32nd St., Dept. S-76T, New York 16, New York.

EARN $240.00 A Month at home, spare time doing only Two $5.00 Invisible Mending jobs a day. Big money paid for service that makes cuts, tears, disappear from fabrics. Steady demand. Details free. Fabricon, 8324 S. Prairie, Chicago 19, Illinois.

START Big Pay Business At Home in spare time. No experience needed to operate little table-top machine for bronzing baby shoes. Make $5.46 profit on every pair. Full particulars Free. Send postcard to Mason, 1512 Jarvis, Room 2-C, Chicago 26, Ill.

BIG Money-Making opportunity. Sell exclusive line of work uniforms. Jackets, pants, shirts, coveralls. Advertising embroidered. Every business a prospect. Outfit Free. Geo. Master Co., 459 Water, Ligonier, Indiana.

RUN Spare-Time Greeting Card and Gift Shop at home. Show friends samples of our wonderful new 1957 All-Occasion Greeting Cards and Gifts. Take their orders and earn up to 100% profit. No experience necessary. Costs nothing to try. Write today for samples on approval. Regal Greetings, Dept. 11, Ferndale, Michigan.

TURN Your Spare Time Into Profits! Sell unusual gifts, gadgets, toys, greeting cards. Over 600 items—up to 100% profit for you! Send for Free catalog. Greetings Unlimited, 395 Park Square, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

EARN Extra Money selling Advertising Book Matches. Every business a prospect. Start without experience; men, women. Free sample kit furnished. Match Corp. of America, Dept. GM-16, Chicago 32, Illinois.

MEN—Women! Start Money-Making Plastic Laminating Business at home in spare time. Material that costs 11¢ brings back $2.58. No canvassing or selling but mail orders bring in $20 a day. Write for full particulars Free. Rush name on postcard to Warner, Room 2-C, 1512 Jarvis, Chicago 26, Illinois.

MAKE Extra Money—Cash commissions. Full or part time. Everybody buys easy-selling Advertising Book Matches. Union label. All styles. No experience necessary. Powerhouse selling kit Free. Superior Match, Dept. N-357, 7530 Greenwood, Chicago 19, Ill.

$1,000 MONTHLY Possible, raising Earthworms! Backyard. Garage. Basement. Complete Illustrated Booklet explains raising, feeding, packing, marketing. Only 25¢ postpaid! Ozark Worm Farm-21, Willow Springs, Missouri.

$1,000.00 A month possible for making dramatic 3-second demonstration of amazing lightweight Presto Fire Extinguisher. New chemical used by Airforce snuffs out fires instantly. Only $4.95. Terrific commissions. Millions want it. Free kit. Merlite, 114 E. 32nd. St., Dept. P-73T, New York 16, N. Y.

WANT To Make Big Money At Home? $10 profit in an hour possible with Invisible Reweaving. Make tears, holes disappear from clothing, fabrics. Steady demand from cleaners, homes. Details Free. Fabricon, 8322 S. Prairie, Chicago 19, Illinois.

60% PROFIT Possible on Cosmetics—Why make less? Famous nationally advertised Studio Girl Hollywood Cosmetics pay up to 60%! Make up to $25 day and more! Hire others. Write or wire for free samples, details. Studio Girl, Glendale, California, Dept. 1873E.

ANYONE Can Sell famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon, dacron, orlon. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment free. Hoover, Dept. C-131, New York 11, New York.

IF You Want to earn money fast, I'll send you Free Sample Stocking Of newest Stretch DuPont Nylons to sell at only $1.00 a pair. American Mills, Dept. 611, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

IMPORT-Export opportunity, profitable, worldwide, mail order business from home, without capital; or travel abroad. We ship proven plan, for no risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free details. Mellinger, Dept. 13, Los Angeles 24, California.

MAKE Extra Money Fast! Show friends Big Value $1.00, $1.25 Birthday, Get Well, Easter Greeting Card assortments. No experience needed. Bonus. Write for Samples on approval. Hedenkamp, 361 Broadway, Dept. C-6, New York, N. Y.

(Continued on next page)

BARGAIN Catalog! 30-80% Discounts! Appliances, Musical Instruments, Typewriters, Tools, Watches, Jewelry, Cameras, Housewares, etc. Consolidated Distributors, 1300 Main, Clifton 19, New Jersey.

MONEY-MAKING Opportunity! Take big profit orders for world famous Patented Varieties Fruit Trees. Also Flowering Shrubs, Roses, Vines. Big Sales outfit Free. Stark Bros., Desk 3637, Louisiana, Missouri.

START Home Manufacturing Business. Use basement, garage. Make Cleaners, Polishes, Soaps, Insecticides, Auto Products, Cosmetics, Perfumes, Flavors, Hand Cleaners, most anything. No machinery. Free literature. Kemico, Park Ridge 2, Ill.

SELL hamburgers, sandwiches, pie. Use your own kitchen without capital. Or operate small diner, cafe. Free details reveal plan. Restaurant School, MO-273, Freemont, Ohio.

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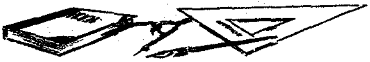

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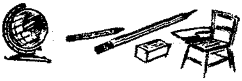

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THEY CALLED IT JUSTICE

by WILL BERNARD

TWO WRONGS can't make a right? Listen: a man on a bicycle pedalled up to the air pump at a Mansfield, Ohio, repair shop. Pointing to a soft front tire, he told the owner: "Fill 'er up!"

Morosely, the owner bent to his task. But when he finished, he looked up with a malevolent gleam: "That'll be five cents, sir."

"What!" the cyclist cried. "You're charging me for air?"

"Sure," he said coolly. "That's not plain ordinary air. It's condensed air—and that costs money."

"Well," scowled the man, "I'm not buying. You can take your condensed air right back out of my tire."

Muttering, the repairman squatted down to let out the air.

But now the cyclist's eye had a gleam. "Remember," he warned, "that tire was half full when I came in. Don't you dare let out any of *my* air."

Just then the valve jammed and all the air hissed out. Later the two men appeared in court, each demanding damages from the other.

"All I know," stated the repairman, "is that I can charge whatever I please for my own merchandise."

"And all *I* know," countered the cyclist, "is that I ended up with less air than I started with."

The judge gravely ruled that both sides were right, then awarded the repairman a nickel for *his* air and the bicycle owner a nickel for *his* air. They traded nickels and left the courtroom, each a happy winner.

Or take the case of the Chicago man who was charged with using counterfeit money to pay a bill. At his hearing, the defendant pleaded that he hadn't known the money was phony. Pressed for proof, he blurted: "Because I stole it. Would I be stealing money if I thought it was counterfeit?"

That made such good sense to the judge that he tossed out the charge of passing counterfeit money, but substituted a new charge: theft.

"Sure, I stole it," the defendant conceded amiably, "but counterfeit money has no legal value. Since when is it a crime to steal nothing?" No one could find any flaws in this logic, so the man went free. All of which shows that two wrongs—if the breaks are with you—*can* make a right.

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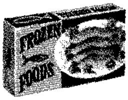

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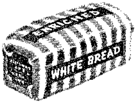

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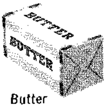

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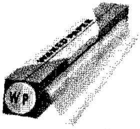

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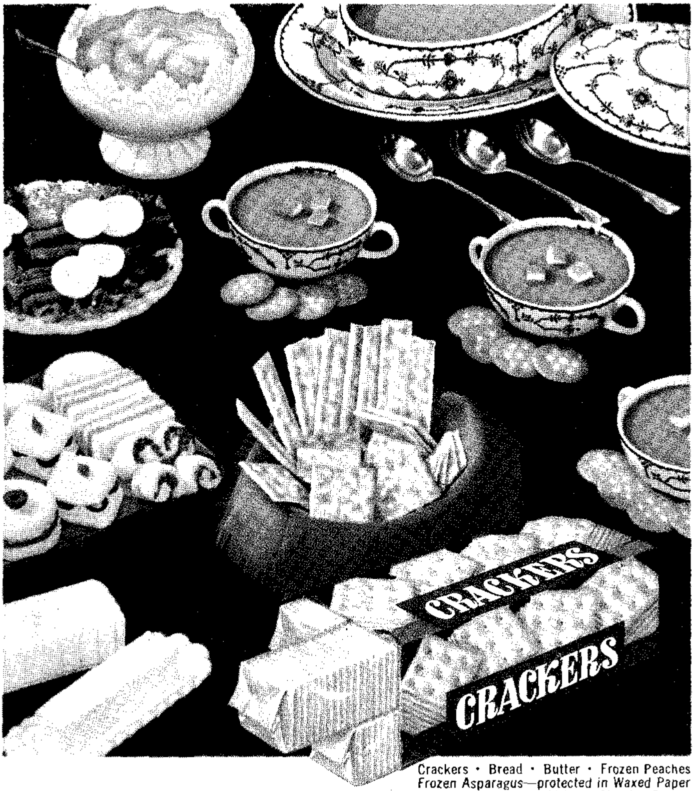

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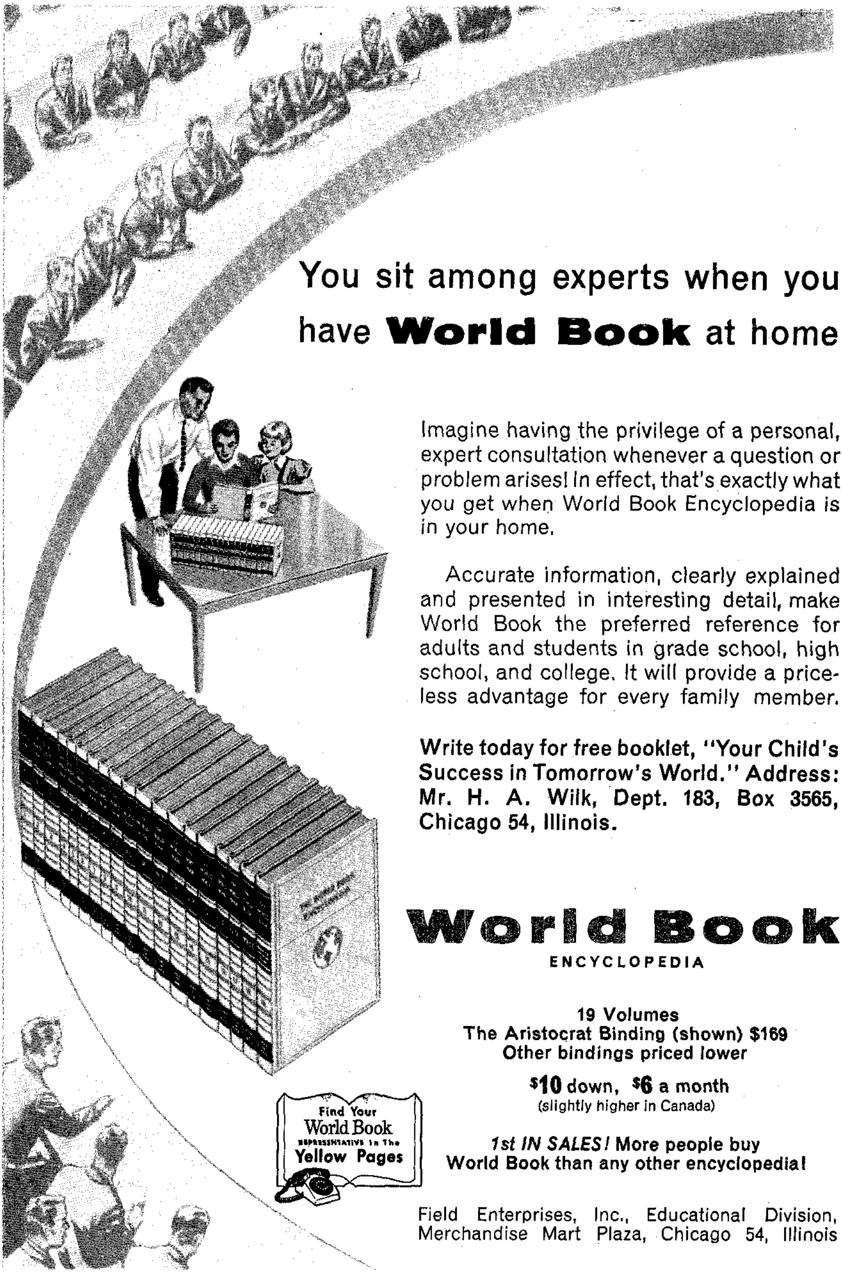

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